Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 354 0

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

P Library

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXIV.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
111 WASHINGTON STREET.
1857.

051
N1-84

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXIV.

Art.		Page
I.	Robin Hood	1
	1. Robin Hood: a Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw; to which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life. Carefully reprinted from Ritson.	
	2. The Robin Hood Garlands and Ballads, with the Tale of the Lytell Geste: a Collection of all the Poems, Songs, and Ballads relating to this celebrated Yeoman; to which is prefixed his History and Character, deduced from Documents hitherto unrevised. Edited by John Matthew Gutch, F. S. A.	
	3. Mr. Hunter's Critical and Historical Tracts. No. IV. The Ballad Hero, Robin Hood.	
II.	Professor Channing and his Lectures	34
	Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College. By Edward T. Channing. With a Biographical Notice by R. H. Dana, Jr.	
III.	The Danish Sound Dues	48
	1. The Sound Dues of Denmark, and their Relations with the Commerce of the World. By F. Hessenland. Translated in Hunt'sMerchant's Magazine, October, 1855.	
	2. Message from the President of the United States, transmitting Correspondence in Relation to the Imposition of "Sound Dues" upon our Commerce to the Baltic. May 30, 1854.	
	3. Annual Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, with Accompanying Documents.	
IV.	The Danubian Principalities	70
	Provinces d'Origine Roumaine. Valachie, Moldavie, Bukovine, Transylvanie, Bessarabie. Par M. A. Ubicini.	
V.	Results of the Arctic Search	95
	1. Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, during the Years 1853, '54, '55. By Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N.	

2. The Last of the Arctic Voyages; being a Narrative of the Expedition in H. M. S. Assistance, under the Command of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C. B., in Search of Sir John Franklin, during the Years 1852, '53, '54.

VI. Life and Character of Beaumarchais 122

Beaumarchais et son Temps; Études sur la Société en France au XVIII^e^ Siècle d'après des Documens inédits. Par Louis de Loménie.

VII. Landscape and its Treatment 146

Village and Farm Cottages. The Requirements of American Village Homes, considered and suggested, with Designs for such Houses, of Moderate Cost. By Henry W. Cleaveland, William Backus, and Samuel D. Backus.

VIII. Hudson's Edition of Shakespeare 183

1. The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare; with Notes original and selected. By Samuel Weller Singer.

2. The Works of Shakespeare; the Text carefully restored according to the first Editions; with Introductions, Notes original and selected, and a Life of the Poet; by the Rev. H. N. Hudson.

3. The Works of Shakespeare; the Text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632, containing early Manuscript Emendations, with a History of the Stage, a Life of the Poet, and an Introduction to each Play; by J. Payne Collier.

IX. Contemporary French Literature 203

1. Guillaume Guizot: Alfred le Grand.
2. Amédée Thierry: History of Attila.
3. M. Thiers: Consulat et Empire. Vol. XIV.
4. Scribe: New Edition of Dramatic Works.
5. Lamartine: Entretiens Familiers. Nos. 9, 10.
6. Edmond et Jules de Goucourt: La Lorette.
7. Ampère: L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.

X. Late German Works on Roman History 226

1. Die Geschichte der Römer. Von Fr. Dor. Gerlach und J. J. Bachofen.

2. Römische Geschichte. Von Dr. A. Schwegler.

3. Geschichte Roms in drei Bänden. Von Dr. Carl Peter.

4. Römische Geschichte. Von Theodor Mommsen.

XI. Little, Brown, & Co.'s Edition of the British Poets 240

The British Poets. Edited by Professor Child.

XII. Critical Notices 254

New Publications Received 282

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXV.

Art.		Page
I.	Mirtsa-Schaffy: a Sketch from Oriental Life 1. Tausend und Ein Tag im Orient. Von Friedrich Bodenstedt. 2. Die Lieder des Mirtsa-Schaffy. Von Friedrich Bodenstedt.	291
II.	Influence of the English Literature on the German 1. Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung. Von G. G. Gervinus. 2. Die deutsche Literatur. Von Wolfgang Menzel. 3. Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur. Von A. F. C. Vilnaar.	311
III.	Holidays 1. Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Benjamin Franklin, in his Native City, September 17, 1856. By Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. 2. Proceedings on the Centennial Anniversary of the Setting up of the First Printing-Press in New Hampshire. 3. The Public Reception to George Peabody, at Danvers. American Journal of Education for December, 1856, Art. IX.	334
IV.	Hickok's Empirical Psychology Empirical Psychology; or, The Human Mind as given in Consciousness. By Laurens P. Hickok, D. D.	364
V.	Ruskin's Last Volume Modern Painters. Of Many Things. By John Ruskin, M. A. Vol. III.	379
VI.	Biography Essays, Biographical and Critical; or, Studies of Character. By Henry T. Tuckerman.	406
VII.	Oliver's Puritan Commonwealth The Puritan Commonwealth. An Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts, in its Civil and Ecclesiastical Relations, from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. Together with some General Reflec-	426

tions on the English Colonial Policy, and on the Character of Puritanism. By the late PETER OLIVER, of the Suffolk Bar.

VIII. SPRAGUE'S AMERICAN PULPIT 469
Annals of the American Pulpit; or, Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year 1855. With Historical Introductions. By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Vols. I. and II. Trinitarian Congregationalists.

IX. ROBERT HERRICK 484
Hesperides: or the Works both Humane and Divine of ROBERT HERRICK, ESQ.

X. THE BRITISH ESSAYISTS 502
The British Essayists. With Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by A. CHALMERS, F. S. A.

XI. CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE 514
1. MICHELET: La Ligue et Henri IV.
2. JULES JANIN: Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique.
3. JULES JANIN: Les Petits Bonheurs.
4. DR. VÉRON: "Quatre Ans de Règne, où en sommes nous?"
5. MARÉCHAL DE RAGUSE: Mémoires de 1792 à 1837.

XII. THE REAL AND THE IDEAL IN NEW ENGLAND . . 535
1. Margaret: a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom; including Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi. By the Author of "Philo," "Richard Edney," &c.
2. Compositions in Outline, by FELIX O. C. DARLEY, from JUDD'S Margaret. Engraved by KONRAD HUBER.

XIII. CRITICAL NOTICES 560

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED 577

INDEX 583

ERRATA.

Page 339, line 23, for "*mezzono*," read "*mezzano*."
" " " 24, for "*boleio*," read "*bolero*."
" 356, " 21, for "gourmand," read "gownsman."

FITCHBURG
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXIV.

JANUARY, 1857.

ART. I. — 1. *Robin Hood: a Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads now extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw; to which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life.* Carefully reprinted from RITSON. 1840.

2. *The Robin Hood Garlands and Ballads, with the Tale of the Lytell Geste: a Collection of all the Poems, Songs, and Ballads relating to this celebrated Yeoman; to which is prefixed his History and Character, deduced from Documents hitherto unrevised.* Edited by JOHN MATTHEW GUTCH, F. S. A. In 2 vols. 1850.

3. MR. HUNTER'S *Critical and Historical Tracts.* No. IV. *The Ballad Hero, Robin Hood.* 1852.

ROBIN HOOD! all over England it is a name of affection, heroism, and gladness. It is so even where the ballads about him have been long forgotten, and where no recollection of his history survives. But how is this? His history quite forgotten, why should his name excite such feeling? It is because of the past; because of its having become a name of feeling. Just as *love* means *affection*, even with persons ignorant of the Saxon word of a thousand years ago, whence it is derived, so it is with the name of Robin Hood. Among the poor, at least, it has been repeated from father to son, with such deep

emotion that its import could be more truly divined from the tones in which it is pronounced, than from any information preserved by historians. A robber he has been called, and so has been dismissed from all consideration by writers, who yet have been enthusiastic for "William Walleys, that mayster was of thieves." An outlaw! as such he has been overlooked as unworthy of notice by historical writers, as though there could be no outlaw of any other character than a fugitive from some such warrant as might be issued against him in the name of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who might secrete himself in some cellar from a man called a constable, dressed in scarlet plush, with a three-cornered hat. A very different outlaw from this was Robin Hood, and one who put himself beyond the reach of very different laws from those administered under Queen Victoria, and who showed himself hostile to very different usages from any which exist now, either between castle and cottage or monarch and subject, — a man whom we can understand at all only by seeing him with his bow in his hand, and his enemies about him, — only by our seeing who the persons were whom he helped, and who the men were whom he might have been willing to shoot, — only by knowing what was aristocracy, and what was serfdom, what the Church was, and what the court was, and what was forest law under the first Edwards.

It is very singular how silent history has been on Robin Hood, considering how great a name, how wide a place, and how abiding a reputation he has had in England. History in England has not been of the people, or in the fourteenth century it would have been of Robin Hood. Indeed, it has not been of the people so much as it has been of geography and shifting boundaries, of royal families, their cruelties and imbecilities, and of old dates that have become almost void of meaning. Even Turner and Hallam have held Robin Hood beneath their mention. Yet really there was no man more important to their purpose; for to understand him was to understand the people of his day. During a long era, Robin Hood was, as it were, the English people, — was their hero, — a man who writhed with their sufferings, hated with their hatreds, and whose motives in strife were feelings like

their own, — a man who, by skill and power, did very nearly such things as they would all of them have wished to do.

The writer who seems first to have discerned any historical significance in the life of Robin Hood was Thierry, in his History of the Norman Conquest. In the volumes of Mr. Gutch are gathered together all the ballads on Robin Hood, together with a large amount of matter, pictorial and antiquarian, illustrative of the life and locality of the famous outlaw. In Mr. Hunter's Critical and Historical Tract on the "Ballad Hero" we have some very precise and singular information about him, published now for the first time; and, with this guidance, we are enabled to identify Robin Hood at the court of Edward II., and also at a manorial court held at Wakefield we can hear a name called which sounds like Robin's. This tract is worthy of the author's learning and sagacity, and of the opportunities which he enjoys for research among ancient documents.

Let us now examine some of the ballads for information as to Robin Hood. But if it should be thought that, on account of their poetical form, they must be worthless as history, then let it be understood that perhaps their character is altogether misconceived; for they may not at all have been intended as poetry, in our sense of the word. Anciently ballads were often literal narratives; and if rhymes and verses seem a strange form for history, then let it be considered that ballads were narratives designed for the use of those who could not read, — histories published among the ignorant in such a way as was possible. Nor yet did a man become a subject for ballads only after he was long dead. About a living man, ballads went among his contemporaries from mouth to mouth, and from county to county, in something like the manner of a weekly newspaper. No doubt, through the oral way in which they were published, these old ballads were liable to corruption; but also, for the same cause, they were easily capable of correction, and subject to it; and certainly for some of these poems on Robin Hood there may be claimed all that Selden meant when he said that there are ballads which are of better authority than many histories.

Of the Robin Hood poems the longest and the most important is "The Lytell Geste in Eight Fyttes." The oldest copy

of it in existence is in black-letter, and was printed by Wynken de Worde, about the year 1520. It is in the language of the fourteenth century, and it sounds as though it might be an authentic account. In all probability, as a history of occurrences, it is worthy of entire trust, corroborated as it now is, after five hundred years, in the most important particulars, from the Royal Journals of the Chamber, the Fœdera, and other documents. The main part of the ballad concerns Robin Hood and a knight, who proves to be Sir Richard at the Lee in Lancashire. At the beginning of it, it is said that

"Robyn was a proude outlawe,
Whyles he walked on grounde;
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was never none y-founde."

It is stated to be Robin Hood's custom never to dine without company. Also it is told, —

"A good maner than had Robyn
In londe where that he were,
Every daye or he woulde dyne
Thre messes wolde he here:

"The one in the worshyp of the fader,
The other of the holy goost,
The thyrde was of our dere lady,
That he loved of all other moste.

"Robyn loved our dere lady;
For doute of dedely synne,
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne."

Little John asks his master for directions for their conduct.

"Ther of no fors, sayd Robyn,
We shall do well ynough;
But loke ye do no housbonde harme
That tylleth with his plough;

"No more ye shall no good yeman,
That walketh by grene wode shawe,
Ne no knyght, ne no squyer,
That wolde be a good felawe.

"These bysshoppes, and these archebysshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hye sheryfe of Notynghame,
Hym holde in your mynde."

So Little John, Much the miller's son, and William Scathelock, go out to look for a guest for Robin. At last, in a gloomy spot, near the old Watling Street, they meet a knight of no proud look, with his hood hanging over his eyes, and riding with one foot in the stirrup and with the other waving loose. Little John kneels to him, and invites him into the woods, to dine with his master. When he is brought to Robin Hood, they wash and wipe themselves, and sit till dinner; when they have plenty of bread and wine, and deer's umbles, swans, pheasants, and every little bird of the brier. After he has dined, the knight remarks that he has not had such a dinner for three weeks; and he promises that, if ever he should come into that neighborhood again, he will return his host's kindness. "Grammercy," says Robin, "when I have had one dinner, I was never so greedy as to be already craving another. But pay for your dinner now before you go. Pay for you I cannot, because I am only a yeoman, and you are a knight." The knight answers, that he has nothing which he can offer for shame, and that indeed he has only ten shillings in his coffer. Little John spreads his mantle on the ground, and finds in his coffer only half a pound. Then Robin remarks about the knight, that his clothes are very thin, and he asks him to drink more wine and tell his history. The knight explains, that he has been at great expense on account of his son, who has had the misfortune to slay a knight of Lancashire and his squire; that he has therefore been obliged to mortgage his lands to the Abbot of St. Mary's at York; and that the next day he must lose his estate unless he can pay to the abbot four hundred pounds. Here the knight sheds tears, and turns to go away. Little John, Scathelock, and Much the miller's son, weep along with him for pity. But Robin orders them to fill with the best wine, and swears

"By hym that me made,
And shope both sonne and mone."

Then the knight has a loan made to him of four hundred pounds, by his host; and also has given to him cloth of every color, and a horse to carry his presents, likewise a pair of boots. Little John adds a pair of gilt spurs, and accompanies the knight on his journey. Thus ends the first fytte. In the second fytte, the abbot tells his convent that twelve months ago he made a loan to a knight of four hundred pounds on his land; and that now he expects to have the land forfeited to him. And he seems to have provided himself with legal means for hastening and securing the forfeiture. The prior hopes the abbot will not exact it, and be so light of conscience. The abbot answers the prior, that he is always in his beard. A fat-headed monk, the high-cellarer, swears that the knight is either dead or hung, and that they shall have his four hundred pounds a year to spend in their abbey. The High Justice of England is in waiting as a legal officer, and avers that he will undertake to say that the knight will not come yet. Just at this moment he does arrive, meanly dressed, and looking very sad. He entreats the abbot for a little longer time for payment, but is refused. He prays the Justice for his assistance, to prevent his being wronged; but the Justice is in some complicity with the abbot, and so refuses him, on which the knight starts up, and on a round table shakes four hundred pounds out of a bag.

"The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall chere;
He cast his hede on his sholder,
And fast began to stare."

Then the knight went out of the abbey; and in the gateway probably he put on his good clothes, and left his old ones there. He was very merry on his return home, to Uttersdale. At the gate, in the evening, his lady met him, and asked him if his goods were all lost.

"Be mery, dame, sayd the knyght,
And praye for Robyn Hode,

"That ever his soule be in blysse,
He holpe me out of my tene;
Ne had not be his kyndenesse,
Beggers had we ben."

In the third fytte is told, with many humorous details of the management of Little John, how there was brought into Robin Hood's power his great enemy, the Viscount of Nottingham, or, as the Saxons called him, the High Sheriff. He was soon set down to supper, and Robin bids him be cheerful, because his life will be spared for the sake of Little John. He orders the sheriff to be divested of his hose, shoes, kirtle, and coat, and to be wrapped in a green mantle. And then all night he has to lie under the trees, — that proud sheriff. His sides smart; and no wonder, although it is in the greenwood. Robin bids his guest be glad, because this is their order of life in the forest. The sheriff replies, that it is a harder order than any friar's or anchorite's. But Robin tells the proud sheriff that he must learn to be an outlaw, as he will have to stay with his host in the woods twelve months. The sheriff is much frightened at this announcement, asks to have his head cut off, and says even that he will forgive his executioner. He proposes also that he should be released, and promises that he will be the best friend that Robin ever had. And ultimately he takes an oath that he will never lie in wait for Robin; and that if ever he finds any of his men, he will help them all he can.

"Now have the sheryf sworne his othe,
And home he began to gone;
He was as full of grene wode
As ever was hepe of stone."

In the fourth fytte, Robin Hood is expecting the knight to come and repay the loan of twelve months ago; and at the Sayles, near Barnsdale, Little John with two others is on the outlook for him. A large company comes in sight. It proves to be a monk with seven sumpter horses and a great escort. The men of the escort are soon put to flight; and the monk is carried to Robin Hood. Robin puts his hood down, but his prisoner is not so courteous. However, very soon the monk is made to wash and wipe himself, and to sit down to dinner. And now the monk is asked who he is, and where he belongs.

"Saynt Mary abbay, sayd the monke,
Though I be symple here.
In what offyce? sayd Robyn.
Syr, the hye selerer."

It was for love of the Virgin and with faith in her that Robin had loaned the money to the knight; and now he professes to believe that he is about to be repaid by the monk, as her messenger. The monk avers that he has no more money than twenty marks. Robin answers, that if it is so, he will not take even a penny from him, and that if he has need of more, he will lend him money; but that if there be found in his possession more than the twenty marks, then he will have to forego it. Eight hundred pounds are found in his box; which, indeed, he was carrying with him to London, to a great court which was about to be held there, and at which he hoped to be able to get under foot the knight who had been his abbot's debtor. Hardly was the monk gone when the knight appeared, bringing four hundred pounds for the repayment of the loan, twenty marks as an acknowledgment to Robin Hood, and also, as a present to Little John, a hundred bows, and a hundred sheaves of arrows, of which every one was an ell long, feathered with peacock feathers, and notched with silver. But Robin says that the Virgin Mary had been accepted by him as security for the repayment of the loan, at the time when he made it; and that now, indeed, the four hundred pounds had been repaid to him twice over, and not without the concurrence of Our Lady, through one of her officers, whom she had made her messenger from York. The bows and arrows are accepted; but in return for them Robin orders Little John to give the knight the four hundred pounds which he reckons that he was overpaid by the high-cellarer of St. Mary's. He wishes the knight to provide himself with horses and good harness, and also to have his spurs gilt anew. And if ever he should need money again, Robin invites the knight to apply to him; but he advises him never to make himself so bare again.

In the fifth fytte, it is told that Robin Hood and his men were living quietly, when the sheriff of Nottingham proclaimed "a full fayre play," at which all the best archers of the

North were invited to contend for a prize, — an arrow, of which the shaft was white silver, and the head and feathers rich red gold. Robin hears of this shooting-match, and tells his men that he will attend it, and will test the faith of the sheriff. At Nottingham stands the proud sheriff by the butts. The prize of the arrow is adjudged to Robin Hood, who receives it very courteously. But when he turns round towards the woods, there is an outcry against him; great horns are blown, and an ambush is disclosed. Then ensues a close fight. Little John is wounded in the knee, and begs his master to kill him outright, and so prevent his falling into the hands of the sheriff. However, he is taken up on the shoulders of Much. At last, fighting and retreating, they reach a castle, double ditched and walled.

"And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,
Syr Rychard at the Lee,
That Robyn had lent his good,
Under the grene wode tree."

The knight receives Robin and his men into the castle, defies the sheriff, and says that he will answer to the king for the matter, whereupon the sheriff withdraws and goes to London.

"I woll be at Notyngham, sayd the kynge,
Within this fourtynyght,
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,
And so I wyll that knyght."

Robin Hood returned to the forest. One day, as he was hawking, the knight was captured by the sheriff. Immediately his lady resorts to Robin Hood, and entreats him to save her husband, now in danger of life for love of him. Robin runs with his men, faster than he has before for seven years, straight into Nottingham. He meets the sheriff, and kills him in the street.

"Lye thou there, thou proud sheryf;
Evyll mote thou thryve;
There myght no man to the trust,
The whyles thou were alyve."

After the death of the sheriff and the rout of his men,

Robin proceeds to release the knight, and tells him that he must learn to run, and must accompany him, without any talk, through mire and fen, into the greenwood, and there wait till they can get grace from King Edward.

In the seventh and eighth fyttes it is told how the king came to Nottingham, and how during six months he could not get either sight or sound of Robin Hood. At last, on the advice of a forester, the king disguises himself and five attendants as monks. They then go into the woods, and soon find themselves in the presence of Robin Hood. Speedily the king has a good dinner, and not a little amusement. In a little while, he is recognized in his monkish habit, and is duly reverenced. He invites Robin Hood and his young men into his service at the court. Robin Hood assents to the king's proposal, perhaps with some view to the good of the fugitive knight. The king and his followers dress themselves in green, and return to Nottingham with Robin Hood and his men, in great glee. The knight was pardoned, and reinstated in his castle and lands. Robin maintained his connection with the court fifteen months. With his generosity to every one he found himself growing poor; and by the desertion of his men he was becoming lonely. One day he saw some young men shooting skilfully; and then he was reminded of his former self.

"Somtyme I was an archere good,
A styffe and eke a stronge,
I was commytted the best archere
That was in mery Englonde.

"Alas! then sayd good Robyn,
Alas and well a woo!
Yf I dwelle longer with the kynge,
Sorowe wyll me sloo.

"Forth than went Robyn Hode
Tyll he came to our kynge:
'My lorde the kynge of Englonde,
Graunte me myn askynge.

"'I made a chapell in Bernysdale,
That semely is to se,
It is of Mary Magdalene,
And thereto wolde I be.

"'I myght never in this seven nyght
No time to slepe ne wynke,
Nother all these seven dayes,
Nother ete ne drynke.

"'Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,
I may not be therfro,
Barefote and wolwarde I have hyght
Thyder for to go.'"

He obtains leave of absence from the king, and

"When he came to grene wode
In a mery mornynge,
There he herde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge.

"It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,
That I was last here,
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne dere."

Soon he was surrounded by seven score of young men; and, notwithstanding the fear of the king, he would not again return to the court. Twenty years more he lived in the woods. At the end of this time, needing to be bled, he went to Kirkesley Convent, the prioress of which was his relative. But she sacrificed her kinsman to her paramour, Sir Roger of Doncaster.

"And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,
Through theyr false playe.

"Cryst have mercy on his soule,
That dyed on the rode!
For he was a good outlawe,
And dyde pore men moch gode."

Thus ends "The Lyttell Gest." The other poems on Robin Hood are ancient, nearly all of them, yet not all of them equally so. Some of them have probably been altered in language from their originals, and perhaps also in sentiment and incidents. The one entitled "A Tale of Robin Hood" undoubtedly is ancient. And there is a copy of it now in existence, which is probably of the age of Robin Hood himself, and certainly is very closely connected with that time. It begins in a way which shows what a feeling there was for the country, in their poet at least, if not in the outlaws themselves.

"In somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song.

"To se the dere draw to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Under the grene wode tre."

It is a May morning, and also it is Whitsuntide.

"This is a mery mornyng, said litulle Johne,
Be hym that dyed on tre,
A more mery man than I am one
Lyves not in cristiantè."

But though reminded of the joyful season, and the fine morning, and urged to pluck up heart, —

"Ze on thynge greves me, seid Robyne,
And does my hert myche woo,
That I may not so solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.

"Hit is a fourtnet and more, seyd hee,
Syn I my sauyour see."

Robin determines to adventure himself in Nottingham; and Little John accompanies him on the road. But as they walk along together, they quarrel; and Little John leaves his

master, as he says, for ever. While Robin Hood is kneeling at mass in St. Mary's church, there stands beside him a great-headed monk, who suddenly rushes out of the church, has every gate in Nottingham fastened, and then alarms the sheriff. Robin is attacked, has his sword broken in his hand, and is captured. Little John is the friend to rescue him, with much ingenuity, some fighting, and some humorous tricks, in one of which the king himself is involved.

In a ballad entitled "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne," on account of some quarrel, Little John is said to have left his master; and he very soon fell into the power of the sheriff. But, as it happened, on that very day Guy of Gisborne was searching for Robin Hood, with a view probably to some reward as his captor. He encounters Robin, but is himself slain. Robin dresses himself in the clothes of his enemy, and disguises the body of Guy with his own gown of green. The sheriff promises any reward that can be asked to the conqueror of Robin Hood. But Robin asks only that he may be allowed to be the executioner of Little John. Soon he has admission to him; and having loosed him, hand and foot, he gave him Guy's bow.

"Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

"Towards his house in Nottingham towne,
He fled full fast away,
And soe did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay."

In other ballads are narrated other adventures of Robin Hood, with the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield; with a Bishop; with a Tinker, by whom he was beaten; with a Shepherd, by whom also he was worsted; with the Curtal Friar of Fountain's Abbey; with Queen Catherine; with Four Beggars; with the Bishop of Hereford; with a Butcher; with a Knight; with a Ranger; and with King Edward. There are also accounts of his rescuing three squires, who were about to be

hung for deer-stealing, and also the three sons of a widow, and of his setting Will Stutley free, even at the gallows, surrounded by the sheriff and his men.

In "Robin Hood's Death and Burial" is told the manner of his end more fully than in "The Little Gest." Robin was ill in the neighborhood of Kirklees; and speaking with Little John, he said:—

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

On his coming to the convent door, his cousin is the first to meet him.

"'Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

"'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
'Which you did never see;
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

"She took him by the lily-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

"She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And lock'd him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon."

At last he bethinks him of a casement door, and he blows at it three weak blasts on his bugle. Little John hears him, and breaks his way through two or three doors to his master, of whom he begs that he may be allowed to burn Kirkley Hall with the nunnery.

"'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I 'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I 'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

"'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow at my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

"These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys."

Such are the ancient poems and ballads, which are still extant, concerning Robin Hood. And judging of the original by these echoes of its making, among the hills and against the castle walls of England, — estimating the person by the tone of what was written about him, he must have been a man for whom enthusiasm was far from disgraceful in the English people, the commonalty, — notwithstanding they were so often reproached by scholars with their fondness for tales of Robin Hood. Judging the barons of England by the verses written for them and their vassals, and the burghers by their ballads, — those at least which have Robin Hood for their subject, — it may be said that there was a much sounder heart, much more generosity of character, and a much purer

moral taste, in the houses of the yeomen and traders, and even of the serfs, than in the castles of the lords.

Our modern scepticism is more credulous of the non-existence of persons than even the easiest faith ever was of there being giants and wizards; and in its estimate Robin Hood has been a myth, and something less, — a reputation which began of itself. And although throughout the Little Gest one can feel the beating of a pulse, and hear voices as though from among leaves, and almost perceive how the archer's muscles swell as he bends his bow for fight, yet, notwithstanding all these signs, it has been doubted whether there was a living man behind. A scepticism this is of that foolish sort which does not know that there may be better proofs of a man's existence than even some momentary glimpse of him, such as history might perhaps give, and in which he might appear labelled with his name and his proper dates, and yet be seen only as a stiff, unanimated figure. In the belief of the English peasantry in Robin Hood, in the things which they believe about him, and in the tone of voice with which they speak of him, there is good proof of his having lived, just as whether we actually see the sun or not, yet we know of him, and by the laws of light are sure of his place, even though we infer it only from the rainbow, — that thing which never can be touched, — a thing merely of distance and beauty.

It is singular how inadequately Robin Hood has been estimated by writers under whose cognizance he ought to have come; for, very obviously, he never could have been the idol of the English people merely as a robber, — and their idol, their hero, he was for hundreds of years, and in a way most extraordinary and quite unaccountable on the supposition that he was merely one out of the thousands of highwaymen by whom, in the course of ten centuries, the English roads have been infested. A robber, with something of the character of Dick Turpin, is the idea of Robin Hood common with persons who disregard not only the traditions, but also the feelings, of the peasantry concerning him. And truly enough, his actions are those of a mere thief, if they are viewed apart from all historical connections. His life, however, was not an isolated, disconnected existence, but a page in the history of

England, — a page which, in order to be rightly understood, must be read in connection with at least those few preceding pages which tell of the conquest of England by the Normans, and of the depressed condition of the Saxons, — of the mal-administration of church property by foreign incumbents and lordly abbots, — of large tracts of land afforested, emptied of their inhabitants, and stocked with deer, — of yeomen suffering from baronial lawlessness, and of peasants who were slaves, — of struggles against the king by the barons, such as occurred at Runnymede and Evesham, — and of longings for liberty by the serfs, such as in the course of time found utterance from the lips and the pen of John Ball of Norwich. But the era of Robin Hood has now been long forgotten; and so has his connection with his times. Hence has arisen the singular discrepancy between the way in which he has been estimated by the peasantry and the manner in which he has been regarded by historians; by some of whom he has been accounted unworthy of notice, while by others he has been reckoned only a very lucky thief. Even those historians who have been most favorable in their mention of him have yet not done him justice, from their not knowing when it was he lived, and from their not considering what his circumstances were. Camden could only describe him as "the gentlest of thieves." Fuller also writes of him as "rather a merry than a mischievous thief, complimenting passengers out of their purses." And in the same manner, Major, an old Scotch chronicler, says of him: "I disapprove of the rapine of the man. But he was the most humane and the prince of all robbers."

But it was not only in the songs of the people, that Robin Hood was commemorated, but also in their games, their festival-days, and their dramas. He was introduced into the old May games, remnants in England of the Roman worship of Flora. He was incorporated among the morris-men, in that dance which the Crusaders probably learned from the Moors. He and his companions were the frequent subjects of the parish interludes which in Catholic times were played under the auspices of the church-wardens. Always and everywhere he was remembered, when young men exercised themselves in archery

at the town-butts. In many parts of the country are places which are called by his name, — wells, rocks, hills, bays, fields, — some of them as having been resorted to by him, and others of them as having been appropriated to archery, in the practice of which the young men would often elect one of their number to impersonate Robin Hood.

As a still further evidence of a fame which was once universal, from Robin Hood many proverbs have their beginning; and they will witness of his skill with the bow perhaps long after guns have been superseded. To the great multitude in England, Fairfax is a forgotten name, and so is Marlborough. The people know not who they were, or what they were, or whether it was with the sword or the pen they were great, or whether it was in courts, in campaigns, or among books. But still the great outlaw is remembered with some correctness; and when boasters are to be rebuked, it is said: "Many men talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow." And when the excessive civility of fear is to be laughed at, it is said: "*Good* even, *good* Robin Hood." When large measure is given by a reckless salesman, the purchaser congratulates himself on a "Robin Hood's pennyworth." And when exploits are too much vaunted, they are derided as having "overshot Robin Hood."

Plays and chap-books almost innumerable show what a popular subject Robin Hood was, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is an unfinished drama by Ben Jonson, with the title of "The Sad Shepherd, a Tale of Robin Hood." In Shakespeare, there is mention of him; and so there is in Coke's Commentaries, in Holland's Plutarch, in Harrington's Ariosto, in the Paston Letters, in Chaucer, and at some greater length in Albion's England by Warner. Also in Drayton's Polyolbion is a fine description of the career of Robin Hood and of his life in the forest; and it is said: —

> "In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
> But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
> And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
> Of Scarlock, George à Green, and Much the miller's son,
> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
> In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.

An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew."

In the Memoirs of Henry VIII., written by a chronicler contemporary with him, it is narrated, that, soon after the coronation, the king and queen were at Westminster with all their train; that the king, with the Earls of Wiltshire and Essex and other noblemen to the number of twelve, suddenly in the morning entered the queen's chamber, dressed in short coats of Kentish Kendal, and with hoods and hose of the same, and armed each one of them with a bow and arrows, sword and buckler; and after dancing awhile they withdrew, leaving the queen and her ladies much abashed both at the strange sight and their sudden coming. Seven years later in the same chronicles we are told that the king and queen were riding on Shooter's Hill, on May morning, when they encountered a company of two hundred archers, one of whom called himself Robin Hood, and invited the king and queen to see his men shoot, and also to come into the woods and see how the outlaws lived.

"Then sayd Robyn Hood, Sir, outlawes brekefastes is venyson; and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the kyng and quene sat doune, and were served with venyson and vyne, by Robyn Hood and his men, to their great contentacion. Then the kyng departed and his company, and Robyn Hood and his men them conduicted; and as they were returnyng, there met with them two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawen with V. horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written, ... and in the chayre sat the lady May, accompanied with lady Flora, richely appareled; and they saluted the kyng with diverse goodly songes, and so brought hym to Grenewyche. At this maiying was a greate number of people to beholde, to their great solace and comfort."

Thirty years later than this, in a sermon before Edward VI., Bishop Latimer tells of his experience at some church, one morning, probably on a May-day.

"I came once myselfe to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town, that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holyday, and methought it was

a holydayes worke: the churche stode in my way; and I took my horsse and my companye and went thither: I thought I should have found a great companye in the churche, and when I came there, the churche dore was faste locked. I tarried there half an houre and more; at last the keye was founde; and one of the parishe commes to me, and sayes, Syr, thys ys a busye day with us, we cannot heare you: it is Robyn Hoode's Daye. The parishe are gone abroad to gather for Robyn Hoode: I pray you, let them not. I was fayne there to geve place to Robyn Hoode. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, thoughe I were not: but it woulde not serve, it was fayne to geve place to Robyn Hoodes men."

That Latimer could tell this of himself shows the intensity of that passion, which there once was all over England, for celebrating Robin Hood. It is a great instance of the popularity of the man, and of the way in which he was kept in memory.

Whence now was this great interest in Robin Hood? Did the memoirs of his life — did those ballads — make him popular? Or rather was it not interest in him which occasioned the popularity of the ballads? It may be said confidently, that these ballads could never of themselves have become very popular, and that still less could they have raised for an outlaw enthusiasm, for many generations greater than was ever felt for any king in England, and perhaps for any saint. They were not the only songs of the people in the fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries. They were only a few out of the great numbers which the gleemen sang, and probably by no means the most laughable or exciting. Evidently they are not so much themselves famous songs, as they are songs about a famous man. And they are not so much the life of a man, as they are incidents in a life otherwise well known as to its character. Let us ascertain the time when this character was well known; and then perhaps, when we have placed ourselves under the same sun with the outlaw and his men, we shall be able to discern things about them which now we cannot see.

Thierry, in his History of the Norman Conquest, conjectures that Robin Hood was an outlaw by birth, and the last of the Saxons who refused to recognize the Norman rule;

and he supposes him to have been an opponent of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Mr. Spencer Hall, in his Forester's Offering, imagines him to have been one of the followers of Simon de Montfort, and a fugitive from the battle of Evesham. A still later author, Mr. Wright, in his Essay on the Middle Ages, argues that, because the legends of the peasantry are the shadows of a remote antiquity, therefore they may be confidently trusted, as enabling us with tolerable certainty to place Robin Hood among the personages of the early Teutonic people.

The first mention of Robin Hood by any author whose name is now known, is to be found in the Vision of Pierce Plowman, where an ignorant priest confesses that he knows more of Robin Hood than he does of the personages of his religion :—

> "I cannot parfitli mi paternoster, as the preist it singeth,
> But I can ryms of Roben Hode, and Randolf erl of Chester,
> But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all."

These lines probably were written soon after the year 1360. The most ancient manuscript of any one of the ballads, there is good reason for believing, either is itself of about the year 1330, or else is an exact copy made from a writing of that date. Ought we not, then, to suppose that not improbably Robin Hood is of that century in which we first find him named? In the poems about him, which are of any authority on the subject, there is nothing whatever of history, language, or sentiment, which is necessarily of an earlier period than the fourteenth century. Why, then, is it not proper to conclude that it is to the fourteenth century that the earliest of these ballads belong? Apart from any further evidence on the subject, it would accordingly seem that it ought to be inferred, from the language and incidents of the poems which relate to Robin Hood, and from the earliest mention of him by any writer, that he belongs to the first half of the fourteenth century. But there exists direct evidence which can be adduced on the subject.

In the Court Rolls of the Manor of Wakefield for the year 1315, there is mention of Robertus Hood as respondent in a suit brought by Anabel Brodehegh. Also in the records of

the same court in the year 1316, there is mention made of Robertus Hood; and he is described as being of Wakefield, and as having a wife of the name of Matilda. Now Wakefield is the name of a place much associated with Robin Hood, and is near Barnsley Dale, where Robin the outlaw lived. Moreover, although, in the more important poems relating to Robin Hood, there is no mention of his wife, yet in the traditions about the outlaw, and in some of the ballads, much is made of his relation to a personage called Maid Marian; and there is one of the ballads, not however in its present form one of the oldest, which states that the original name of Maid Marian was Matilda, — a name which she changed when she accompanied Robin into the forest, on his becoming an outlaw.

Now on the supposition that Robin Hood was once an inhabitant of Wakefield, the question is, What event was there by which we can suppose that he might have become an outlaw, and yet retained for himself respect and even honor? Murder, theft, — certainly these never could have been the beginning of a career by which he was almost canonized. How was it, too, that there were as many as a hundred men or more living with him in the greenwood? Of mere outlaws, who had become so by being cried in a court of justice, there hardly could have been so many in one district. It would seem as though so many men together must have betaken themselves to the woods through some great act of outlawry, covering a wide space of country, and implicating a large number of persons. It is also to be accounted for, how these companions of Robin in his outlawry, being so numerous, should all of them have been such skilful bowmen, and persons inured apparently to something of military obedience.

Now there did happen in the year 1322 an event by which men to this number, and of this character, might have become outlaws, and also in a way by which they would have drawn to themselves great interest and regard from all the Saxon population of England. In the year 1322 occurred the insurrection of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. Though he was of Norman origin, yet he attracted to himself much sympathy

from the Saxon population, partly for his character, and still more on account of the reasons for his rebellion. There was something Anti-Norman in his outbreak. In his cause there was some matter with which Robin Hood could sympathize. And also in the feeling on behalf of the Earl, which prevailed over the West Riding of Yorkshire, there was a strong tendency to carry a man like Robin Hood into the army of the Earl's retainers. It is possible, as Robin Hood appears to have been a landholder, that he may have followed the standard of the Earl of Lancaster, not merely from his own feeling, and the public feeling of Wakefield, but also in conformity with some feudal claim upon him. In March, 1322, was fought the battle of Boroughbridge, and with it ended the rebellion of the Earl of Lancaster. His army was routed, and he himself, with many others, was executed. It was not far from Wakefield to Boroughbridge; and it was not far from Boroughbridge to the forest of Barnsdale. Now there is good evidence that Robin was in the woods as an outlaw in the year 1324, together with a great company of archers, who owned him as their leader. Is it not, then, a probable supposition that they were living in the forest as fugitives from the battle of Boroughbridge, and that they had incurred their outlawry as rebels against Edward II.?

In the Little Gest are some statements which are corroborated in a very singular manner by papers in the possession of the English government. In that poem it is said that King Edward went to Nottingham, and that then during a space of six months he traversed all Lancashire and the surrounding region, till he came to Plumpton Park; and that finding everywhere a great scarcity of deer, —

"The kynge was wonder wroth withall,
And swore by the trynytè,
I wolde I had Robyn Hode,
With eyen I might him see;

"And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtes hede,
And brynge it to me,
He shall have the knyghtes londes,
Syr Rycharde at the Le.

"I gyve it hym with my charter,
And sele it with my honde,
To have and holde for evermore
In all mery Englonde."

Also in the poem, as we have already seen, it is said that the king got sight of Robin Hood, and carried him and some of his men to London, to the court, where Robin remained eighteen months; at the end of which time he took his leave, alleging the plea of ill health.

Now Edward I. never was in Lancashire, after he became king. Edward III. probably was never in Lancashire at all, certainly not during the earlier part of his reign. This visit of a King Edward to Lancashire and the neighboring districts must then have been made by Edward II. Now that king did make a progress into Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the adjoining districts; and from existing documents, it is ascertained to have been made in the year 1323. Altogether, at this time the king was eight months in the North of England, and among other places he was at York, at Pickering, at Jervaulx Abbey, at Haia Park, not far from the Plumpton mentioned in the ballads, at Blackburn, at Liverpool, where he sailed upon the Mersey, at Wharlton Castle, where he paid Eleanor Reed and Alice Wharlton four shillings for singing him songs on Simon de Montfort and other subjects, at the monastery of Dale Royal, at Sandbach, and, on the 9th day of November, at Nottingham. Now all this is a very satisfactory corroboration of the Little Gest, in the account which it contains of the king's having visited Nottingham, and inspected Lancashire and Yorkshire.

In the Little Gest, it is said that when the king returned to London, after his Northern progress was completed, he had Robin Hood and some of his men with him, in his service at the court. Now the king spent the Christmas at Kenilworth Castle, and did not return to London till the beginning of 1324. Therefore, according to the ballad, Robin Hood must have reached London, as an attendant on the king, at the beginning of the year 1324. And in an original authentic document still in existence occurs the name of Robyn Hode as having earned wages in the royal service, and been paid in April of

that year. It does not appear that there was any person of the name of Robin Hood in the service of the king before his visit to Nottingham. Thus the name of Robin appears, and it also disappears, from the Journal of the Chamber, in a manner which completely corroborates the account of Robin Hood contained in the Little Gest. The Journal of the Chamber is a record of the royal expenses, and it is still preserved in one of the public offices in London; and in the volumes for the seventeenth and eighteenth years of the reign of Edward II. occur several entries of the name of Robyn Hode, as a "vadlet, porteur de la chambre." The last time that he was paid his wages there was deducted the pay of seven days; being the exact time during which, in the ballad, he tells the king he has been unable either to eat or sleep. Also from the Journal it appears, that, two days before the monthly payment of his wages had become due, five shillings were paid him, as a gift by order, because he could no longer work. This again agrees exactly with the Little Gest, when it tells that Robin went to the king and begged that he might be allowed to go down to Barnsdale, as being in ill health.

"Yf it be so, than sayd our kynge,
It may no better be;
Seven nyght I gyve the leve,
No lengre, to dwell fro me.

"Gramercy, lorde, then sayd Robyn,
And set hym on his kne;
He toke his leve full courteysly,
To grene wode then went he."

And now with full confidence it may be concluded that the Robin Hood of the poems and the Robyn Hode of the court are the same person. With high probability, it may also be supposed that this same person, who was an outlaw in the woods, and afterwards an attendant at court, came into the woods as a fugitive from the battle of Boroughbridge; and also was the same person with the yeoman, Robertus Hood, whose name was called in the Manor Court at Wakefield, on two different occasions, a few years previously.

At the end of the Tale of Robin Hood, the king says that Little John loves Robin better than any of the persons at the court, which would be a very feeble remark, if Little John had never known them. No doubt he was at court with his master, as the Little Gest relates. What the name of Little John really was is not known; so that, even if it exist in any record, it would not be recognized. Probably it was not entered on the same page with Robin Hood's, because from the ballad he would appear to have held a different office from a "vadlet, porteur de la chambre." After Robin's return to the forest, he fell into the custody of the sheriff, and was likely to lose his life; but Little John released him by an artifice, in which the king was one of his victims.

"Litulle Johne has begyled us bothe,
And that fulle wel I se,
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shud he be.

"I mad hem zemen of the crowne,
And gaf hem fee with my hond,
I gaf hem grithe, seid oure kyng,
Thorowout all mery Inglond.

"I gaf hem grithe, then seide oure kyng,
I say, so mot I the,
For sothe soche a zeman as he is on
In all Ingland are not thre."

Little John had been made a yeoman of the crown by the king; and from this appointment we may infer the esteem in which he was held, although he had been first known to the king as an outlaw; because in the Curialia the yeomen of the crown are described as "twenty-four most seemly persons, cleanly, and strongest archers, honest of conditions and of behavior, bold men, chosen and tried."

What the real reasons were for which Robin Hood abandoned the court, — and, if he wished to retire from the court, why he did not return to Wakefield, and whether his forfeited position in his former dwelling-place was impossible to be recovered, — all these are questions to which there are no an-

swers. It is possible only to reason about his conduct from such feelings as may, or rather must, have been excited in him by the nature of his times. It is not likely that he was at all reconciled to the institutions and social practices of his age by a residence at court; — by witnessing how shamelessly the king sold justice for bribes, how ruthlessly he seized upon free laborers when he needed their services, and how lavishly the barons wasted the wealth of Saxon sinews and what had been Saxon lands; by experiencing how contemptible at court was a Saxon man, and Saxon speech, and a Saxon name; and by seeing something of the profligacy of the great churchmen, dissolute, avaricious, oppressive, — men so unchristian as to have made Roger Bacon think, a few years before, that the time of Antichrist was near.

But whatever may have been his feelings about any of the personages at the court, he abandoned it, and, clothed in woollen and on foot, travelling like a pilgrim, he returned to Barnsdale. And if we could only see England as he saw it, if we could only see the country as it was when he acted in it, then his actions in it we should be better able to estimate. On his journey from London to Barnsdale, he passed one castle after another, every one of them, like a hostile camp, the terror of the surrounding country. He passed stately abbeys, and saw things for which better speech than his own hot words would soon be found; for Wiclif was just born. He passed through forests, — great districts, in which churches and houses had been demolished, and from which every human creature had been extirpated, to make way for deer and wild-boars.

At the time of Robin Hood, nearly half of all England was in the possession of churchmen. Almost all the remainder of the land belonged to the king and the barons; and a full tenth part of the country was afforested, — the owners and occupants having been expelled, without any compensation, merely that the king might have room in which to solace himself, when wearied by his royal duties. For the maintenance of these forests there were laws of the most inhuman character, enforced by rangers, foresters, and verderers, in a manner almost more tyrannical than the laws themselves. Of

the inhabitants of the country, the larger part were in a state of slavery more or less complete, and a great proportion of them were serfs, — persons for whom there was no law but the will of their owners, — men so far off from the possession of rights, that even in Magna Charta there had been no mention of them except as aggrandizing their owners. And even the yeomen were subject to such oppressions from their feudal superiors, as made necessary a law by which persons were even forbidden to forfeit or quit their holdings of land.

Also in Robin Hood's age the distinction between Norman and Saxon was very great. The Normans were contemptuous and oppressive, and treated the Saxons, and especially their serfs, in a manner which astonished Froissart, from its being so much worse than any conduct which he had ever witnessed on the Continent. And the Saxons hated the Normans, some of them as inhuman masters, and others as robbers in possession of land which ought to have been their own patrimony. These hostilities and grievances must have been immensely aggravated by the circumstance that the sufferers spoke one language and the tyrants another. The laws were in the French language, and in the courts of justice the proceedings were in French. All orders from the castle for execution among the adjacent cottages and farm-houses were in French. The cruelty of the laws, the oppressiveness of hard usages, the caprice and insolence of greatness, were in French; and to it all the sufferer could only bend himself and be dumb, or else utter himself in a language, the unintelligible sounds of which would sink him before his persecutor lower still than the lowliness of a serf.

A king who was a tyrant, and all the more intolerable from his sitting on the throne of the Saxon Alfred, prelates grown to be lords in the name of the lowly Jesus, houses that were called God's built and decorated by the toil of serfs, wealth that had been given to the Church and the poor perverted by churchmen to their ambitious projects, forests and forest laws, barons with their privileges and powers so terrible, so horrible, — ah! about these men and things Robin Hood, on his journey from London to Barnsdale, may well have had thoughts to disquiet him, and through which he could never again be content to become a member of society.

And so into the woods went Robin Hood again, intending to become their permanent denizen. A robber was he? So he was, — a man who robbed robbers. An outlaw was he? So he was; but it was chiefly by being outside of the king's law, for all the laws of charity and courtesy he kept. And was he probably excommunicate? So he was, by bishops and archbishops; and yet also he was very religious, feeling God in the woods, and seeking him sometimes in churches at his deadly peril.

Robin Hood, in his age, was a great reformer, — or rather, perhaps, a great opponent of abuses. In religion he may be regarded as having been a forerunner of Wiclif; though it was in such a manner as was natural to a person who could not write, but who was the best archer of his day. As to the oppression of the poor Saxons by their Norman lords, the iniquitous confiscation by the king of broad lands for his mere pleasure, the wrongs of women in an age of universal violence, — as regards all these things he was a reformer in his way. And his way was very practical. He did not declaim against the Pope for what was wrong in England, nor concentrate all his efforts on a man in Rome for grievances in Nottinghamshire or Yorkshire. Nor did he think that nothing could be accomplished for himself and his friends in the West Riding unless through the king, — a man hard to approach, and, when reached, perhaps hardly worth persuading. Nor yet, knowing how full of oppressors England was, did he think that resistance to them was quite useless. But he argued with himself very differently from this, and, being a man neither of speech nor pen, he uttered himself by his life. If the restoration of land to its just owners and right uses were a hopeless attempt, then he himself would go into the forest, and, in such a way as he could, he would live on the land, some of which perhaps ought to have been his own inheritance. And as for the Church and the social state of England, — these he would correct about Barnsdale; and if not the Church, then a few things ecclesiastical and a few churchmen, even though only for a few minutes; and if not laws and usages, then a few cases of ill-usage and a few instances of legal injustice. And so he maintained himself

and his friends on the king's deer. And if churchmen came his way, rich with funds belonging to the poor, then he constituted himself their almoner. If, under the rule of Norman chivalry, everywhere women were wronged, then he himself, though a Saxon, would treat them with that deference which should be an example over all England. And if unjust institutions were higher than his reach, then at least he would succor the oppressed and intimidate the oppressors in the neighborhood of Barnsley.

Robin Hood was very much of an Englishman; or perhaps it might be said that in him there was much on which the English character was modelled. For he must have had great influence on the people of England, celebrated as he was by them for several hundred years so passionately, — the yeoman who was independent of king and sheriff by his strong and quick wit, — the archer who, year after year, turned the oppressor into a jest, — the man who could both reverence law and resist it, — the denizen of the woods whose life was poetry.

Even apart from any interest in Robin Hood himself, the poems on the outlaw are worthy of attention. If in the British firmament Chaucer be the morning star of poetry, as he has been called, then in these ballads we have something of the gray dawn. They are important as having been once a large part of the literature of the people, and the most popular of all writings. They are songs to some of which probably Chaucer listened, while they were yet quite fresh, and he himself a schoolboy in London. They are of that period when the language of England was ceasing to be Anglo-Norman, and was becoming what now is called English. And it was mainly in the composition and use of these ballads that the idioms and words of the fourteenth century were tried. In the earlier part of that century the French of the Norman invasion was still spoken by the barons in their castles and at court; while in monastic cells, in churches, and by the clergy and among scholars, Latin was the spoken language. As yet English was only just forming, and, through the means of gleemen and minstrels, was shaping its idioms and words to meet the apprehension of laborers at their ales,

of old men sitting under trees on the village green, and of crowds assembled at fairs and wakes. In singing of Robin Hood the English language was preparing to be that tongue with which Chaucer so easily made men weep, and so readily made them laugh, — that utterance by which Shakespeare rendered kings and peasants, scholars, soldiers, and women, intelligible to one another and to all time, — that speech which afterwards was to sound from Milton's lips, as "musical as is Apollo's lute."

In the study of history it is curious and instructive to remark, in regard to the growth of national character, that very much more is concerned with it than is supplied by the laws or obedience to them; that it is fed apparently from some inner, pervading spirit, and especially that it is strengthened by sympathy with eminent persons, the heroes of their age. Integrity and manliness are characteristics of the middle classes of England, not through any nurturing by the law, nor exclusively through implicit obedience to the government, but even, to some great extent, through law-breaking, and through their reverence for such men as Milton, Sidney, and Hampden. As to the serfs of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the peasantry of the sixteenth, what majesty was there in the law for them to reverence? What justice was there by conforming to which they might themselves grow more just? And what righteousness was there in their law-makers, or in the way in which laws were made, that they could ever feel that parliamentary legislation was to be listened to like the voice of virtue? Enactments have power to repress, but even the best of them, merely as statutes, are almost powerless to foster; they can bow the mind to slavery, but they never can lift it up to freedom. In the fourteenth century, when a serf was an object of sale, as the law said, "with all his consequences," and when by law a man was hanged for feeding his hungry family on the deer which ran wild over a large part of the country, and even over the fields which his ancestors had ploughed, — which would have been the more hopeful as a prognostic to be noticed in the peasantry, a ready obedience to the statutes of their tyrants, or their glory in Robin Hood?

A simple yeoman armed with a bow, and leading the life

of an outlaw, yet how much he has been to the English nation, and in so many ways! — indeed, in all the ways by which men are strengthened in courage, in heart, and by the imagination. He has been more to the people of England than many a statesman of great fame, than many a general entombed in Westminster Abbey, and than many a poet whose name rises gratefully to the lips. By having been taken into the heart of the people, how has he been immortalized! And how much already has his fame outlasted! Sherwood is not what it was; Barnsdale is a forest no longer; of Kirklees nunnery there is nothing now to be seen but the old gate-house; and of St. Mary's Abbey, on the banks of the Ouse, there now remain only a few arches, over the tops of which elm-trees stretch their long arms. But to the English mind Robin Hood is still almost as real a personage as he was when the first Edwards were kings. He has survived many an evil institution of his day, — serfdom, and many a Norman usage, — much that was Vandal, tyrannical, beastly, in feudalism, — and much of the low estimate in which once everything but rank was held. His spirit, though working unperceived, will yet help to correct many a miserable result of baronial privilege in England. And he himself will be a name and a power in that future, however remote it may still be, when aristocracy shall be of nature, and not of Normanism, — of character, and not simply of station, — of man as God distinguishes him, and not of man merely as the monarch labels him viscount, earl, or duke.

Robin Hood will last with the English language, and will be a living name as long as the heart shall thrill at heroism, or May morning be fragrant with flowers, or the yew-tree be remembered for what it was in the times of archery, and as long as those shall be looked back upon with gratitude by whom liberty was vindicated in slavish days.

And now is it asked, Who wrote these poems? This inquiry cannot be answered; for there is nothing whatever to be recorded on the subject. But from the character of the ballads themselves, it may be said confidently that the Lytell Geste, and some others, must have been the productions of a person well acquainted with the region between Notting-

ham and Wakefield, and familiar with country life. Also this same person, who lived between Nottingham and Wakefield, must have been a contemporary with Robin Hood, and must indeed have been even a neighbor of his; for in the portrait of the outlawed yeoman which is given in the ballads, there are many traits which must have been painted from life. A contemporary with Robin Hood, a neighbor, a poet! Dimly through the past is discernible the figure of such a man, living at the entrance of Barnsdale, not far from the monastery of Hampole, and perhaps connected with it. His name is Richard Rolle. In his day he was a popular versifier. And he may very well have been the author of the Robin Hood ballads, although to us he is known in connection exclusively with poems of a religious character. But whoever the man was with whom these ballads on Robin Hood originated, happy was he in his subject. A nameless person and not reckoned among authors, yet he is one of the greatest for the influence which he has had. The Lytell Geste of Robin Hood, — the delight of the peasantry when they were serfs, the glory of the yeomen whilst struggling against feudal wickedness, sung age after age with enthusiasm for three hundred years and more, and even now, after five hundred years, quite popular in the Yorkshire cottages, — perhaps a poem cannot be named to equal it for the power which it must have exercised on the character of the English people. For influence it is equalled not by the Canterbury Tales, though Chaucer be the mimic to make us laugh and weep; nor by the dramas of Shakespeare, from the knowledge of which the larger half of the people have always been excluded by their inability to read; nor by the Faerie Queene, an allegory which courtiers were the first to peruse, and which almost only students can understand; nor yet by Paradise Lost, the solemn joy chiefly of Puritans and of scholars.

Of these poems the yew-tree is the emblem, aged, gnarled, and strong, — once the yeoman's armory. And through the branches of this yew-tree always will men hear the huntsman's horn, and smell the cool, sweet air of May mornings, and see glittering in the dew the splendor of suns which have long since set, and descry walking in forests which have long

ago fallen the form of Robin Hood, the outlawed yeoman, the ballad-hero, the friend of the poor and weak, and the joyous, triumphant enemy of oppressors.

ART. II. — *Lectures read to the Seniors in Harvard College.* By EDWARD T. CHANNING. With a Biographical Notice by R. H. DANA, JR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

THE office of the Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University is undoubtedly one of the most important in that institution. It was remarked with truth by an ancient writer, that the proper use of language is a leading test of intellectual culture. Clearness of thought and purity of taste are chiefly manifested through the medium of words, and can hardly exist without the aid of words. Among the ancient Greeks the rhetorical teachers to a considerable extent identified themselves with the Sophists, who corrupted the youth of the Hellenic republic, while they amassed great private fortunes by teaching the art of making the worse appear the better cause, for the purpose of gaining selfish political ends with the popular bodies. To the best thinkers and wisest men of Athens, — to Socrates and Plato, — this art appeared to be, as indeed it was, a pernicious system of mental trickery, which struck at the fundamental distinctions between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, virtue and vice. The dialogues of Plato, and especially the noblest of them all, the Gorgias, contain the most masterly exposures of the mischiefs done by this immoral art, and some of the most pungent passages in the Aristophanic comedy have the same general bearing.

In modern times, no doubt, there reigns among controversialists much of the same unconscientious dealing with truth, the same system of disguises, by which the real features of a question in dispute are attempted to be hidden under the veil of deceptive words and phrases; but the art of rhetoric, treated by systematic writers, and taught in the schools and colleges,

is founded on principles of truth; that is, it aims to render the expression the true representative of the thought. In the ancient treatises, — in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, in Aristotle, and most especially in the precious and admirable work of Quintilian, — the subject is handled with masterly ability. The "Institutes" of the last-named author should be carefully studied, not only by every teacher, but by every man who wishes to understand the power of speech, as a means of public communication.

No teacher within our knowledge, whether of ancient or modern times, understood this matter better, we think, than the late Professor Edward T. Channing. In various departments of American literature, the family bearing this name have greatly distinguished themselves. In pulpit eloquence, the voice of Dr. William E. Channing — that voice so penetrating, so persuasive, so mild, and yet so powerful — has but lately died away; while his written speech, still breathing in its immortal periods the vivid genius of the living man, charms, instructs, purifies, convinces, the readers of the English language in both hemispheres, and is translated into most of the cultivated languages of the European continent. Others of that honored name continue the spell, and show that the source whence the inspiration was drawn has not ceased to pour it forth. Professor Channing was not so prominently before the public as his brother; but the channels by which his influence flowed through the literary community were perhaps deeper, and the effects of that influence more personal to those who felt it, and more permanent.

Edward Tyrrel Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 12th of December, 1790. He entered Harvard University in 1804; but having been involved in some way in a college rebellion, he did not receive his degree until several years after the regular period. We have no means of knowing the particulars of the affair, nor to what extent he was implicated in the proceeding. College rebellions seem to have died out, with other curious and unintelligible practices of the past; and it is hardly worth while to recall those foolish proceedings of petulant boys, even for the purpose of showing that some particular victim was personally innocent of the follies in which his fellows were engaged.

Mr. Channing studied law with his elder brother, Francis Dana Channing, whose early death was a great loss to the bar. In these studies he distinguished himself; but his tastes were strongly literary, and he took an active part in the discussions held by some of the leading scholars, which issued in the establishment of the North American Review, in 1815. It was edited first by Mr. William Tudor, in whose hands it remained two years; next by Mr. Sparks, with the assistance of a club; then by Mr. Channing and Mr. Richard H. Dana.

In 1819 Mr. Channing received the appointment of Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the University at Cambridge. His well-known literary habits, his pure taste and exquisite critical judgment, the power and beauty of his style, his extensive reading in the best parts of English literature, and his familiarity with the great masters of the classical languages, made the appointment eminently suitable; and the long period of thirty-two years, during which he discharged its duties with an assiduity never surpassed, and a success seldom equalled, justified in a most brilliant manner the wisdom with which the selection was made. As a college officer, Mr. Channing was punctual and exact in the performance of every duty. Some of our readers perhaps know by experience that academic life, in its best forms, and under the most favorable circumstances, is not a pathway always strewn with flowers. The support of college discipline, ever irksome, yet ever needful, because study and teaching are impossible without it, in an American college at least, is sometimes a severe trial to men of culture and sensibility. The gratifications are many; but they are sometimes offset by annoyances and provocations, which make the college officer sigh for a larger and freer career, in the competition with ripened intellects on the stage of the world. Professor Channing — and we speak of what we know — bore his full share in the minute details of college administration, and did it cheerfully, as well as efficiently. On committees, he was laborious and wise, careful and cool. As a teacher, his method was exact and thorough. He never aimed to make a show of learning, or to startle his pupils by brilliant paradox. His questions went straight to the centre of the subject, and

there was no evading them by wordy and unmeaning generalities. The student must answer to the point, or not at all. The remarks by which he was accustomed to unfold the subject of the lesson were drawn from wide reading and careful reflection; and the illustrations which he often added sometimes did more than the text of the author to fix a rule or a principle in the scholar's mind. Mr. Channing was not, in the usual sense of the word, an orator. He was not much in the habit of appearing before the public. His tastes were quiet, and averse to display. But he did sometimes read lectures before lyceums and other popular institutions, on literary subjects, and never failed to command the interested attention of his audience. His services in this way were always highly valued by those who had the good fortune to secure them. We remember well an admirable lecture he gave on Walter Scott, many years ago; and we have no hesitation in saying that the illustrious master of fiction never had a more genial and appreciating critic. But though Mr. Channing was not much addicted to public speaking, he often delighted the circle of his friends by his exquisite readings, especially from Shakespeare. His voice was clear and pleasant, his enunciation distinct, his emphasis admirable, so that no part of the rhythmical beauty, no shade of forcible or sublime thought, was lost to his hearers. His reading was at once interpretation and commentary, and conveyed the full meaning of the author to the mind.

We have spoken of some of Mr. Channing's characteristics as a teacher. These were most strongly displayed in his mode of dealing with the exercises in writing — the compositions or themes — of the college students. This is a difficult part of the duty of a rhetorical professor, and requires, perhaps, more tact and judgment than any other branch of public instruction. The sensitiveness of young persons to the comments of their elders upon their first essays in putting their thoughts on paper, is well known to all who have had any experience in teaching. Bashfulness, self-love, vanity, and modest distrust of self are alike alarmed, and the nerves are put to their utmost tension, while the Rhadamanthus of rhetoric sits in awful judgment on the piece, — the result of so

many trials, the product, it may be, of so many sleepless hours. Some are afraid to venture beyond the driest forms of expression, and find the wings of imagination utterly unable to lift them from the ground of commonplace, the thick-coming fancies that played about them in their meditation or talk flitting away before the point of the pen and the *mer de glace* of the barren sheet; others, seduced by sounding words and pompous phrases, that mean little or nothing, rush fearlessly on, dazzled by their own brilliancy, and dreaming that nothing half so fine was ever written before, yet afraid that the cool judgment of the teacher will not be equally impressed with the transcendent merits of the theme. How to encourage and call out the latent powers of those, without reducing them to despair by making them feel too deeply the poverty of the first attempt; how to take down the vanity of these, by making them see how frothy is all that fine writing, without giving a deadly stab to their natural and rightful self-appreciation, — is always a difficult problem, which it requires great delicacy and sympathy to solve in a satisfactory manner. We think Mr. Channing, in the earlier part of his career, lost something by making his judgment dreaded. His own taste was so pure and cultivated, his dislike of tawdry expression was so deep, his abhorrence of slang was so emphatic, his contempt for the fantastic novelties with which many popular writers have weakened and debased the language was so keen, that he sometimes excited a ludicrous terror in the trembling neophyte; but, for the most part, his criticism was so just and discriminating, his suggestions were so obviously sound, and the manner in which they were conveyed was so good-humored and witty, that the scholar was always benefited, generally pleased, and seldom pained, by the thorough ordeal which his writing passed. It is true, as we well remember, that his sparing but most effectual sarcasm cast a sudden blight upon many gairish flowers of rhetoric, which had been cherished through the agonies of cultivating a hard and barren soil, and they drooped and died, having no successors after their kind the following season; and they were resigned not without a sigh, by those whom they had cost so dear. A big word used where a small one would have been

better, a swelling phrase painfully wrought out to supply the place which were better filled by a simple and plain one, never escaped his skilful touch. By these minute labors, and by the influence which so keen and accomplished an intellect gradually gained in the society of the College, Mr. Channing succeeded in creating a purity and simplicity of taste in English style, which — we think we may say it without claiming undue honor for our literary mother — characterize in a remarkable degree the speaking and writing of those who have been educated at Harvard.

Mr. Channing was a man of remarkable social qualities and talents. He was a lover of home and its quiet enjoyments; but the delights of intelligent conversation, of the conversation of cultivated persons, were relished by none with a keener zest than by him. He was not monopolizing, sermonizing, dogmatic, nor dictatorial. He had the wit of Johnson, with the urbanity in which the great lexicographer was lamentably wanting. His literary knowledge was extensive, and furnished the most instructive matter to his talk, with no pedantic showing off. No man ever conversed with him without receiving so much of instruction and pleasure, that he would willingly have surrendered the reins to his hands entirely; but Mr. Channing always gave others every opportunity to take their fair share. He loved to receive as well as to give; so that conversation wandered on, through the pleasant paths of literature, or social life, or the news of the day, — each party contributing according to his means, — enlivened by the never-failing flow of good-humor, wit, satire without malice, amusing anecdote, polished criticism, and instructive teaching, on Mr. Channing's part. Some of his social tastes were old-fashioned, and in general the conservative tendency had its effect upon the forms of his social entertainment. He was fond of a quiet hand of whist, which he always cheered by his genial humor, and never grew impatient, as some old whist-players do, with the blunders of an inattentive partner. An excellent player himself, he did not, like Mrs. Battle, insist on "the rigor of the game," but made the changing fortunes of the war wholly subservient to the interests of conversation. Had any one, of Boswell's ready skill in recording conversations, noted down Mr. Channing's,

the good things he said, — the delicate irony, the just criticism, the happy comments, that dropped from his lips, at parties, during the social call, at the dinner-table, in walking, or in dealing the cards, — many a volume might have been preserved equal in wit, and superior in geniality, to those records of the great lexicographer, which still charm, and will for ever charm, the successive generations of readers.

Mr. Channing's lectures were always listened to with respect and interest. They were full of his peculiar spirit; in style clear, elegant, and racy; in thought, rich and delicate; marked by keenness of judgment, and always seeming to express just the right thing in just the right form and connection. When advancing years and decreasing strength induced him to resign the office he had so long held, it was hoped by the numerous sons of Harvard that he would be able to prepare for the press the written discourses which had been so instructive from the Professor's chair; and all wished he might pass a serene and happy old age, surrounded by his numerous friends, who still shared in the pleasures of his conversation, enjoying as of old the treasures of his wit and wisdom. But disease laid upon him a stronger and stronger hand, and his life was during the last winter brought to a close, quite unexpectedly, except to those of his household who were constantly with him. It was found, however, that he had prepared a portion of his writings for the press; and the admirable volume before us is the result of these labors of his invalid hours. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the literary merit of these exquisite compositions. Intrusted to the taste and affection of Richard H. Dana, Jr., his pupil and kinsman, and himself one of the best writers and most eloquent speakers of our times, the volume has been well edited and carefully printed. The Biographical Notice, which precedes the Lectures, is drawn with admirable truth and discrimination. We quote a few paragraphs, both for their elegance of style and justness of delineation.

"Mr. Channing held the office of Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory for thirty-two years. The students who enjoyed the privilege of his instruction, now to be numbered by thousands rather than by hundreds, in all parts of our land, and in all occupations, unite in grateful acknowledgment of their obligations to him. His reputation for pure

style, and for exquisite taste and judgment in English literature, has been long established; and all who have been his pupils know how faithfully and successfully he brought these gifts and acquirements to bear upon the duties of his office. They acknowledge, too, his dignity, justice, and impartiality, and his insight into character. They recognize, almost daily, the benefits of his criticisms in composition and elocution. But these constitute by no means the sum of their obligations. He was their adviser and guide in their reading: that which develops the minds and so much forms the tastes and influences the opinions of the young. Not merely by his course of lectures, and by private interviews, but also in the voluntary reading classes that met at his study, he drew them from the fascinations of the superficial, brilliant favorites of the day, to the writers of deep thought, elevated sentiments, and pure style. During the term of his professorship, he outlived many fashions of opinion and taste in literature and elocution. For thirty years and more, he stood a breakwater against the tides and currents of false and misleading fashions; and under that lee, in calmer airs, and in smoother but not less deep waters, the student was protected in his feebler and less skilful early efforts. Many will recall the quiet, keen, epigrammatic satire that he used so sparingly and so well, with which he gave a death-wound to the popularity of some ill-deserving favorite in oratory or poetry. Yet, though severe in his tastes, he was, on the whole, a wide liker. He was not fond of fault-finding. He was no martinet. Wherever he saw sincerity, earnestness, and power, no man made larger allowances for faults. So it was, that, although decided in his convictions and exact in his tastes, yet, as is well known to his friends, those young men who early espoused and have since distinguished themselves in courses of doctrine and style most distasteful to him, still preserved intimate relations with him in college, and cordial friendships in after life. Thus he escaped the condition in which too many nice critics find themselves, — a condition marked rather by distastes than by tastes, and powerless for good influence over the tempers and feelings of the young. He was also much aided by his humor and wit, — qualities which so liberalize and make genial the mind. In the exercise of these gifts he was choice and reserved, but as his humor was of that kind which springs from and attaches itself to what is general in human nature, it was widely received and well remembered." — pp. xi – xiii.

Of his literary acquirements Mr. Dana says: —

"Mr. Channing was a good classical scholar, and at one time made a particularly careful study of the Greek and Latin orators, and continued to the last to read a few of the poets, and the De Officiis and

other essays of Cicero. But his reading lay chiefly in the works of his own tongue. It is needless to say that he was a thoughtful student of Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser, and a familiar reader of the prose-writers of Queen Anne's time, and of Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, and Scott. All this is of course. He was also a student of Chaucer and the earliest English writers, and of the old dramatists, and a lover of the unique and quaint, the novelists and humorists of all periods. The theologians, too, Barrow, Taylor, and South, were the friends of his more serious leisure, which they shared with Young, Cowper, and Bunyan. Of the writers of the Regency, and since, while he yielded most perhaps to the charm of Scott, yet he was among the earliest to recognize the genius and influences, in their various characters, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Campbell, and Lamb. With our own literature, he had grown up. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, and Miss Sedgwick were his contemporaries; while Longfellow and our historians have gained their reputations since he came to maturity. In the productions of England, at the present time, he saw so much of vicious style, and of questionable usefulness of thought, that he suffered them mostly to glide by him; but to the humor and pathos of Dickens, with all his defects, he was fully alive." — pp. xiv, xv.

And of his conversational and social qualities, the following beautiful passage is as true as it is well expressed: —

"Of his conversational talent his friends need not be told, but it will be a pleasure to them to recall its charm. Natural, free, animating, humorous, and, when need be, using against any predominant folly or evil that classic, restrained, but effective satire, of which he was a master, his style in conversation was as pure and choice as in writing. But it was not a finish or choiceness which labored or embarrassed. It was as natural to him as awkwardness and solecisms are to many. Not a professed story-teller, in characteristic anecdote or graphic description of persons, classes, or neighborhoods, in portraying what was peculiar in character or manners, he was not easily to be surpassed. Still, his best conversation was his most thoughtful. While no man more readily fell into or more successfully sustained the humorous, it was strictly his recreation, and not his habit. His numerous friends and relatives, who enjoyed, at his house, the weekly Saturday dinner, at which, without special invitation, it was known they were always welcome, will take a sad pleasure in calling to mind, among the beauties and privileges of their lives, the attractions that presided at either end of the table, dividing their attention and doubling their delight.

"As he was not a professed wit, so he was not a controversialist. His powers were best seen in the contemplative, in the pursuit of serious thought, or of beauty in nature, art, or character. As a letter-writer, he was valued by his friends beyond price. Perhaps there was no field in which his talents played more naturally and fitly than in the light and shade, the affectionate, grave, and humorous of friendly letter-writing.

"Throughout life he retained the warmth of his affection for the young; and any one who had the claim upon him of blood, or of childhood or youth, must have been ill-deserving indeed not to have held an inner place in his heart.

"It has been remarked of him by one who knew him intimately from boyhood, that, although society or intercourse with a single friend always pleased and animated him, and his powers particularly displayed themselves in conversation, yet he was as fond of being alone as if he had been unsocial and morose. His preference for solitude arose from the cheerfulness and equanimity of his temper, and his great resources in himself for pleasure and improvement. A change to society was not unwelcome to him, but the return to solitude was even more congenial.

"All that we have here attempted to portray has gone from us. But it will live in the recollections of his friends; and when they too have passed away, it will still linger in the traditions of the university and city." — pp. xviii, xix.

The discourses begin with the address on "The Orator and his Times," delivered December 8, 1819, when Mr. Channing was inducted into office. The main part of this discourse is devoted to a consideration of the circumstances in the state of society which distinguish the modern from the ancient orator. It is a very ingenious and elegant oration. We take a brief passage towards the conclusion.

"If I were told that the heart and imagination had necessarily grown torpid, while society was becoming more regular and cultivated, that our best powers were sacrificed in order to our well-being, I should ask for the evidence of this much sooner than for the reason. I would even venture to ask how the fact was with regard to eloquence itself. I would take the best and most characteristic specimens of English eloquence in different ages, and learn from them if the imagination had perished under the chilling restraints of an improved society. Can you point to productions of ancient eloquence, where this power appears to

have had such perfect riot and joy, and to have been so peculiarly the warming and animating principle of the speaker's thoughts? It seems as if the effect of our increased knowledge had been to make men more contemplative, live less upon the public for excitement, feel the most deeply when alone, and suffer their imaginations to enter into and warm and illuminate their most serious thoughts. It is indeed true that the imagination and passions do not predominate in modern eloquence; they are not our turbulent masters. Still we think it a false philosophy which tells us that it can ever be the effect of general improvement to separate them from the judgment. We let them work with the judgment; and they work safely, forming and perfecting the character, enlivening the truth, and impressing it deeply, rendering our serious labors agreeable and efficient, making us love what we approve, and act earnestly after we have chosen wisely. We believe that the more perfect we are, the more intense will be our pleasures of taste, and that the more we cultivate the heart, the more thoroughly it will pervade and influence our opinions and characters.

"Our religion is certainly one of the great causes which have given to society that temperate, subdued character which is thought by some to be unfavorable to impassionate eloquence. And yet this religion constantly addresses the affections, not only as consisting perfectly with a sound mind, but as the very principles of our nature on which its moral provisions for human perfection and happiness are founded. It demands not the sacrifice of a single power, but that all should be cultivated to the utmost, and properly directed and balanced in order to our happiness. It sends neither fever nor lethargy to the heart, but sees men equally distant from their good, in the frenzy of savage passion and the hardened indifference of stoicism. It encourages the warmest sympathy, and the noblest and most persevering ambition. In offering its simplest precepts and sublimest promises, it has spared no language or beauty or imagery that could delight and refine our taste, and make our conception of its truths distinct and glowing. Take the Bible for its eloquence, appealing to all nations and classes in every age, — its power is as universal as the sun. The form and tone of society may change, but you cannot so change the heart, that this eloquence will not reach it, and be a model and help for the orator who would reach it.

"As another argument that the art has lost none of its dignity or honorable motives, and no worthy means of gaining a strong and wholesome influence over men, — I would mention the importance of character to all successful eloquence. It is his virtues, his consistency, his unquestioned sincerity, that must get the orator attention and confidence now. He must not rely too much upon the zeal or even the

soundness with which he treats a question under immediate discussion. His hearers must believe that his life is steadily influenced by the sentiments he is trying to impress on them, — that he is willing to abide by principle at any hazard, and give his opinions and professions the full authority of his actions. There are, indeed, accidents and artifices that may secure present success to the worst men; but it is the general effect of our improved society to give an influence to purity, firmness, and stability, on which every public speaker may rely for lasting consideration and weight.

"It would not be going too far to say, that it is not in all the graces of address, or sweetness and variety of tones, or beauty of illustration, — in all the outward and artificial accomplishments of the orator, — to equal or even approach the power conferred by a good character. Its still eloquence is felt in the commonest transactions of life. But it is in the administration of justice, in public deliberations upon the endangered interests of our country, and in the services that are to form us for this world and for heaven, that we feel its majesty and purity in all their power, and receive strength from its presence. No festival eloquence will do then, no vain mockery of art, no treacherous allurements from a close and sober inspection of the truths upon which we are to act. We want then the orator who feels and acts with us; in whom we can confide even better than in ourselves; who is filled with our cause, and looks at it with solemnity and wisdom. We want then the orator who is unmoved by the reproaches or threats that alarm us; who walks over the injurious as over the dust, unconscious even that he tramples on them; who fears nothing on earth but a bad action, and regards no considerations but those of good principle." — pp. 20 – 24.

A "General View of Rhetoric" is presented in the following discourse, and we commend it earnestly to all teachers and scholars. The discourse on "Elocution, a Study," contains the following excellent remarks, with a great deal more that is very instructive and important: —

"Many have a vague notion of art as opposed to or above nature; or at least as something very distinct from it. But in our present use of the term, — in the sense of a means or instrument, — art is drawn directly from all that we have learned of the perfect in man's nature, and is intended to develop and train what he already possesses. It is an experiment upon human power to know how far it may be extended, and what direction it needs. And whether he knows it or not, every man, in his particular calling, is subjected to this experiment. He

either tries it upon himself, or others try it for him. He is a pupil, more or less docile, of somebody. This is a necessity of his constitution and condition. There can be no qualification or dispensation to suit the faculties, tastes, or pursuits of any man. The very prodigies of genius, who seem to us short-sighted worshippers to find their way upward like the plant, — if they had the power to reveal the mystery of their growth, would probably show us a far more thorough course of education, a more strict though perhaps unconscious obedience to principles, than the most dependent of their brethren have ever been subjected to. The poet is called emphatically the child of nature. He is born to his vocation. Still he is and must be in the strictest sense a pupil of art, as in his triumph he is a master. To speak only of versification, — I admit that there is such a thing as a natural ear for melody; but I must go far beyond this simple perception and pleasure to account for all the received varieties of verse; its complication, its refinement, and power of endless adaptation. Sound is studied by the poet, till its hidden capacity of expression is understood, — till verse in its most finished state becomes a full exhibition of an inborn faculty, and serves to illuminate both thought and passion, however various or subtile.

"What should exempt the voice from the necessity imposed upon our powers generally? It is certainly capable of being affected in some way by experience or practice. It is not too aerial to be controlled and harmed by ourselves and by others. The proper view of it seems to be, that Nature gives her early lesson where no other can teach, and indicates that there is much in reserve which we ourselves must bring to light for the noblest services of speech. The natural voice, in order that its full compass of expression may be known, and that it may be capable of giving the best utterance, needs cultivation, vigilant study, and many experiments. No matter how great may be a man's natural gift, or whether his practice is the analysis and trial of vocal sounds, or an exercise at school, or solitary declamation in forests or on the sea-beach, or whether he studies the manner of other speakers as a means of discovering and improving his own faculty; — be the discipline what it may, so far forth as he is a good speaker, he has followed the true principles of rhetoric. Call him a natural or taught orator, it is all substantially the same, however true it may be that the few who can do nearly everything for themselves are greater men than the thousand who need help from others. Profiting by a wise education is trusting to Nature, in the only common-sense interpretation of the words. We then acknowledge her secret forces, and try to give her full play."— pp. 48 – 51.

The ancient rhetorical writers divided oratory into several departments, one of which was entitled *Epideictic*, or *Demonstrative*. This branch of eloquence is the subject of the next discourse in Professor Channing's volume, and it is a composition of great literary interest and merit. It is of considerable importance among us, because similarity of circumstances to those of the ancient Greek republics has produced a great variety of occasions for this species of address in our country. On the system of popular lectures, which has such an astonishing development among the American people, Mr. Channing makes the following judicious remarks: —

"It is on ground as broad as Milton has here taken in recommending a refining popular culture, a wisdom and an entertainment for a whole people, that demonstrative oratory may be well worthy of consideration and support at this time among ourselves. Our courses of public lectures in town and country accord very well with his idea; and though once a doubtful experiment, they are now regarded as a means of supplying a general want. Their uses are obvious. In a social view, the mere bringing people together to have their minds refreshed by truth, and their tastes gratified by simple, intellectual pleasures, is of itself civilizing. It is a very favorable sign of the times, that audiences can be collected evening after evening with no livelier temptation.

"The purpose of such lectures cannot be to furnish a great amount of exact knowledge, which will be retained and used like that which we amass in our private studies. Their object, I suppose, is partly to hold a sort of conversation with men upon what they are already to some extent acquainted with, in order that they may compare their ideas with those of a fellow-inquirer, and be assisted to take comprehensive views of subjects which they had examined by themselves very much in detail. Generally, no doubt, the effect is to stimulate those who are in the habit of thinking and inquiring, to wake up the less intellectual, and to make whole communities feel that they have other matters of common interest than the affairs of their towns and families." — pp. 67, 68.

In the discourses which succeed, the Professor handles the following subjects: "Deliberative Oratory"; "Judicial Oratory"; "The Advocate and the Debater"; "Eloquence of the Pulpit"; "Literary Tribunals"; "Forms of Criticism";

"A Writer's Preparation"; "Habits of Reading"; "A Writer's Habits"; "The Study of our own Language"; "Clearness of Expression and Thought"; "Using Words for Ornament"; and "Permanent Literary Fame." Upon every one of this attractive list of subjects Mr. Channing has written with equal care, thoughtfulness, and taste. These essays are, therefore, interesting and instructive in a very high degree, and deserve the close attention of every literary person.

We have thus called the attention of the readers of this journal to the matured and well-weighed thoughts of a mind which possessed a singular combination of abilities and resources. We trust other volumes will follow, embracing other portions of his public lectures, his contributions to periodical literature, and a selection of the letters to which Mr. Dana alludes in his introductory Notice. No doubt they would be welcomed by the community as a precious addition to our literature.

Art. III. — 1. *The Sound Dues of Denmark, and their Relations with the Commerce of the World.* By F. Hessenland, Stettin, Prussia. Translated in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, October, 1855.

2. *Message from the President of the United States, transmitting Correspondence in Relation to the Imposition of "Sound Dues" upon our Commerce to the Baltic.* May 30, 1854. 33d Congress, 1st Session, Executive Document No. 108.

3. *Annual Message from the President of the United States to the Two Houses of Congress, with Accompanying Documents.* Part I. 34th Congress, 1st Session, Executive Document No. 1.

The questions relating to the Danish Sound Dues, overshadowed as they have been by other matters of more critical importance, both in our foreign and our domestic affairs, still present many interesting features, and involve considerations

at once delicate and perplexing. The dispute is a curious instance of conflicting rights, where claims, founded upon centuries of prescription and acquiescence, on the one hand, are opposed by the rigid equity of a commercial age, on the other. For as many as six hundred years the right to collect tolls from all vessels passing through the Sound or the Belts has been deemed one of the highest, and has been one of the most valuable, prerogatives of the Danish crown. For a considerable part of this time the sovereignty thus exercised over these straits has been used beneficially for the security of commerce, by the maintenance of lights, the removal of obstacles to navigation, and the suppression of piracy; and although the Danish jurists do not found the claim to tolls upon these services, but, as we have intimated, upon immemorial prescription, it may still be regarded as an open question, whether the tolls were originally paid in acknowledgment of benefits conferred upon commerce, or were collected, as many other taxes were collected in the feudal age, by the right of the strongest. As early as 1202 Waldemar the Victorious erected a light-house at the extremity of the Sound; but how early the collection of the Sound Dues began cannot be ascertained, although a charter is still extant regulating the duties paid by the Dutch, dated A. D. 1319, at which time the claim seems to have been converted into a fixed toll. But the demand did not pass altogether unquestioned. The Hanseatic League, upon whose commerce the tolls were a severe burden, frequently contested the right of Denmark to make this exaction, secured for themselves considerable immunities, and indeed, in the middle of the sixteenth century, seem to have been entirely exempt from all payments at the Sound.

When Charles V., acting in concert with Henry VIII. of England, formed his great combination against France, a combination so complete that Mahometan Turkey was the only ally that did not desert the French king, the emperor secured the good offices of Denmark by a treaty, concluded at Spires in 1544, in which the continued payment of the Sound Dues by the merchants of the Low Countries was solemnly stipulated. But as the Danish government some years later proceeded to increase the tariff of duties, with an eye to its own

necessities rather than to those of commerce, the Dutch formed defensive alliances with several of the nations interested in the navigation of the Sound, and war ensued, attended by such unfortunate results for Denmark, that she was forced in 1645 to release Sweden entirely from all further payments, and at the same time, by the treaty of Christianople, to determine definitely the duties to be paid by Dutch vessels. The tariff of duties then agreed upon was explained by another treaty in 1701, and, with this addition, continues at the present day to furnish the basis upon which the collection of the Sound Dues is regulated. The exemption obtained by Sweden lasted for three quarters of a century; but at the conclusion of the last war into which that country was plunged by the wild ambition of Charles XII., this immunity was surrendered as the price of peace, and has never been regained.

France and England found themselves under the same necessity of complying with the demands of Denmark as did their Northern neighbors. Immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of Christianople, France was glad to accept for her commerce the privileges accorded to the Dutch. As early as the close of the fifteenth century, Henry VII. of England recognized the Danish claim to the sovereignty of the Sound. The matter did not fail to attract also the attention of Cromwell, and shortly after the passage of the Navigation Act, which undermined the Dutch and built up the English commerce, he negotiated a treaty for the purpose of securing equal privileges with the Dutch in the payment of the Sound Dues, the chief stipulations of which were renewed under Charles II. A treaty placing France on the same footing with the most favored nations was concluded two years later, and this example was followed by most of the maritime powers.

The basis upon which the Sound Dues were finally established by these various treaties was somewhat peculiar. By the treaty of Christianople, a tariff of specific duties upon certain enumerated articles was adopted, and it was directed that other goods should be taxed according to the ancient usage. It was the intention of those who framed the tariff to make the specific duties equal to an *ad valorem* duty of one per cent, and this principle was in the treaty of 1701 extended

also to the non-enumerated articles. But no provision was made by the contracting parties for those changes of value which time and the progress of commerce inevitably produce, and the result was, that the duty upon many important articles of trade, by gradual decrease of price, was increased to three, four, and even seven per cent, while the duties upon articles not named in the tariff of 1645, though nominally amounting only to one per cent *ad valorem*, frequently exceeded that proportion, being assessed upon a valuation often arbitrary, and fluctuating at the caprice of the official charged with the computation.

No essential change seems to have been made, however, for the space of two centuries. The subject is said to have presented itself for examination at the Congress of Vienna; but in the general re-establishment of the European balance, it escaped without any modification either of system or details. This was undoubtedly in a measure the result of the unfortunate situation to which the war had reduced the kingdom of Denmark. The disasters beginning with the destruction of the fleet and the bombardment of Copenhagen by the English, and ending with the compulsory surrender of the entire kingdom of Norway, had so seriously affected the finances and political strength of Frederic VI., that it is even supposed by some that the Congress guaranteed him the enjoyment of the Sound Dues as an indemnity. If such was the case, the particulars of the arrangement were never made public; but we must add, that the conjecture seems to be corroborated by some expressions contained in a recent document issued by the Danish ministry, to which we shall hereafter have occasion to refer. The paper in question, communicated to the minister resident of the United States in October, 1855, alluding to "the part which these Dues have played in the politics of the North of Europe," deprecates the introduction of secondary questions, "which may do very well in a purely commercial and fiscal arrangement, but not in an arrangement intended to serve as a complement to treaties of peace, and to transactions by which the system of political equilibrium has been regulated." If the treaties and transactions here spoken of occurred during the present century, — a natural

and almost necessary supposition, — they can hardly be other than the arrangements made by the Congress of Vienna.

Finally settled upon this basis, the Sound Dues have proved to be an extremely important branch of the Danish revenue, the entire income of the government from this source having averaged during the last twenty-five years about 2,000,000 rix-dollars, and for the latter part of this period nearly 2,500,000. A small portion of this is made up of the light-money, a tax amounting to two and a quarter specie dollars upon vessels in ballast, and four and a half upon vessels which are laden; and there are also certain other slight incidental charges. By far the greater amount is, however, made up of the Sound Dues proper, — the duty upon merchandise claimed by authority of a supposed prescriptive sovereignty over the Sound. It is this duty alone which is the subject of the present discussion, the United States having consented, as late as 1855, to pay its share of any charges necessary for the maintenance of lights and beacons. The number of vessels annually passing through the Sound, and paying their duties for themselves and their cargoes, varies from fifteen to twenty thousand, sometimes exceeding the latter number. Of these, full one fourth are usually English, and as many Swedish and Norwegian, the number of American vessels being very small, and averaging not much more than a hundred *per annum*. But as our vessels are all obliged to cross the Atlantic, while for the English and Continental vessels a trip up the Baltic is hardly more than a coasting voyage, the American ships are usually of larger capacity than the others, so that the amount paid by us as Sound Dues is much greater than might be supposed from the number of vessels, averaging about $ 100,000.

We are not aware that the subject of the Sound Dues attracted any particular attention in the United States until the year 1826. On the 26th of April in that year, Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, concluded at Washington a convention of friendship, commerce, and navigation, which, together with the provisions usually found in such instruments, contains the following clause: —

"V. Neither the vessels of the United States, nor their cargoes,

shall, when they pass the Sound or Belts, pay higher or other duties than those which are or may be paid by the most favored nations."

It was also provided that this convention should remain in force for ten years, and further until the end of one year after either party should give to the other notice of its intention to terminate the same.

The convention thus agreed upon, aside from its value in other respects, secured for the commerce of the United States an important and substantial advantage, since, by the clause quoted above, the amount of the duties to be paid was reduced one fifth, that is, from one and a quarter to one per cent, the former being the nominal rate paid by nations not enjoying special privileges by treaty, and therefore paid up to that time by the United States, and the latter the rate established by the treaties of Christianople and Copenhagen. It does not appear that Mr. Clay, in negotiating this convention, attempted either to deny or to evade the claim of Denmark to the Sound Dues. Avoiding all acknowledgment of their justice, he seems to have acquiesced in their existence by ancient prescription, and to have wisely limited his efforts to securing a practical diminution of the burden upon our commerce. His success in this undertaking was at the time a subject of lively congratulation among those interested, and no change is known to have been sought by our government until the administration of Mr. Tyler.

In the years 1840 and 1841, public attention was drawn anew to the subject of the Sound Dues. The nations in the North of Europe and on the Baltic felt more severely than ever the increased burden upon their commerce, and began to grow restive under the infliction. In addition to the duties themselves, which, as we have already explained, the course of trade and decline in prices were gradually rendering more and more onerous, the collection of the tolls was accompanied by unnecessary delays and vexatious ceremonies, which made the tax still more odious. Vessels bound to or returning from ports in the Baltic were obliged to lower their topsails before the castle of Cronenberg, in token of respect; to stop at Elsinore, and thus become subject to unnecessary port charges; to submit to an examination of their cargoes, and frequently to

encounter a delay, arising from the limited number of hours during which the custom-house was open, which was tedious, and, in those seas, often dangerous. These evils were a serious check upon the growing trade of the Baltic, and accordingly, at the period which we have named, there seems to have been a general movement among the nations most interested for the purpose of obtaining such modification of the regulations of the Sound as would remove the grievances complained of.

In March, 1841, Mr. Webster entered the cabinet as Secretary of State, and the movement to which we allude early attracted his attention, alive as he ever was to all that in any degree concerned the commercial prosperity of the country. On the 24th of May he addressed to the President a paper, asking his consideration of the existing regulations in regard to the Sound Dues and their influence upon our Baltic trade, and advising negotiations with Denmark for the purpose of securing a full participation in the benefit of any new arrangement.

While Mr. Webster was thus engaged in bringing the subject before the American government, England, moved by the loud complaints of her merchants, had entered into a negotiation, which, eleven days after the date of Mr. Webster's communication to the President, was brought to a successful close. As the arrangements then made are almost the only important change which has taken place in the collection of the duties since 1701, they deserve a somewhat particular explanation. The specific duties assessed by the tariff of Christianople were to remain unchanged, but Mr. McGregor (the British consul at Elsinore) and the comptroller of the Danish custom-house at the Oeresund were commissioned to examine and revise the tariff for non-enumerated articles, charged by the treaty of 1701 with a duty of one per cent *ad valorem*, and also to adjust the method of collecting the duties. Now it must be observed, that, while it was undoubtedly the intention of those who framed the tariff of 1645 to enumerate in it the principal articles of trade which passed through the Sound and Belts, still, so great has been the change in commerce, in the requirements of art, and the entire list of wants of civilized life,

that many of the articles which are now most important are not so much as named. This is especially the case with some of the staple articles of American trade in the Baltic, so that the proposition to revise the duties charged upon articles not enumerated in the treaty of Christianople intimately affected the interests of the United States.

The commissioners, adopting the principle of an *ad valorem* duty of one per cent, proceeded, for certain reasons of convenience, to fix a valuation for a long list of articles, and, computing one per cent upon this valuation, established it as a specific duty. As considerable pains were taken to obtain a correct appraisal of the articles taxed, some important reductions were made. For example, the duty on coffee was reduced from twenty-four to six stivers* per hundred-weight, that on many kinds of dye-woods was diminished to less than one fourth its former amount, and that on cotton-yarns to about one half. But that the system, owing to radical defects, still operated unequally in many cases, will be seen by the following statement in regard to the toll upon raw sugar. The duty upon this article was reduced from nine to five stivers per hundred pounds. Complaint was made that even this amounted to about two per cent on the value of common sugar, which led Mr. Webster to inquire into the circumstances, when it appeared, that, Russia having equalized the duty upon all unrefined sugars, only the better kinds of white Havana were sent up the Baltic, so that the commissioners had fixed upon a valuation which nearly doubled the proportion to be paid by low-priced sugars. This would in turn contribute, even in case of a change of the Russian policy, to exclude from the trade all except the high-priced article.

The general result, however, of the labors of the commissioners was favorable, and the satisfaction was increased by the abolition of the rule requiring the lowering of topsails before the Cronenberg, by an important reduction in the port charges at Elsinore, and by the extension of the hours during which the officers were to be in attendance at the custom-

---

* The Danish stiver is about 2 cents, the rix-bank-dollar 52½ cents, and the specie rix-dollar $1.05 of our money.

house, all visitation of vessels being dispensed with, and their despatch being generally facilitated. Upon receiving official information of the new tariff and regulations, Mr. Webster expressed great satisfaction with all the arrangements, and the correspondence closed so far as he was concerned. He retired from the Cabinet in May, 1843, and his place was occupied a few weeks later by Mr. Upshur, who opened the subject afresh, upon a new and unusual basis.

Following the example of Mr. Webster, the new Secretary of State addressed to the President a communication giving a general view of our commercial relations with Denmark and the Zoll-Verein. He dwelt at some length upon the subject of the Sound Dues, and declared that the time had come for taking decisive steps towards freeing our commerce entirely from this burden; arguing that, as the tax was founded upon no services rendered to navigation, it could not be demanded with any show of right, and should no longer be submitted to. Whether Mr. Upshur took any further steps in the matter does not clearly appear. No correspondence has been published, and the Danish official journal, in March, 1844, stated that nothing had passed between the two governments in regard to this subject since the negotiations under Mr. Webster. But Mr. Irwin, the representative of the United States at Copenhagen, in a despatch dated February 10, 1844, remarks that Mr. Upshur's "observations with regard to the Sound Dues, and the treaties with the Northern powers, have given rise to much comment and speculation on the part of his diplomatic colleagues," and refers to a possible refusal on the part of this country to submit to the Sound tolls any longer. The "observations" here alluded to, which may have been no more than the letter to the President before spoken of, seem in fact to have occasioned no little excitement, both in Denmark and in the North of Europe generally. Reports were widely circulated that the American government contemplated a peremptory refusal of any further payments, and that a formidable squadron was to be fitted out to act as convoy to vessels passing through the Sound; and these rumors gained so much credit, that it was thought necessary to publish a formal contradiction of them in the ministerial journal

at Copenhagen. The unfortunate disaster on board the Princeton, by which Mr. Upshur lost his life, enabled those who had given currency to these stories to retreat gracefully, and furnish an explanation for the continuance of peace.

Mr. Calhoun, who succeeded to the post of Secretary of State upon Mr. Upshur's death, seems to have attempted nothing beyond the collection of information. But it had happened, meanwhile, that the Prussian government, regarding the Sound Dues as unfavorably as the United States, had commenced negotiations, to aid the prosecution of which the king of Prussia, in the course of the year 1845, visited in person the Danish court. These efforts were so far successful, that in the following spring a proclamation appeared, reducing the dues upon raw cotton from eighteen to ten stivers per hundred pounds, on spirits from four to three stivers per barrel, and on sugar from five to four stivers on the hundred pounds. The advantages gained to our Russian trade by this change, however, do not seem to have been as great as was anticipated. The imports of cotton into Russia up to the beginning of the late war had seldom greatly exceeded 10,000,000 pounds, and had sometimes fallen nearly to 4,000,000. Russia continued to import yarns and twist from England largely, although it must be observed that the gradual increase of her own manufactures considerably diminished her wants in this respect. It is hardly necessary to remark, that England has thus generally found the Sound Dues advantageous to her manufacturing interests, while Russia has equally strong reasons for opposing them, which family alliance and sympathy alone can overcome. As the case now stands, Russia refuses admission into her ports to any vessel which does not produce evidence of having discharged the Dues at Elsinore. Prussia, with less reason for acquiescence, and feeling severely the check upon her trade, has been anxious to use every opportunity for relieving herself.

In March, 1848, disturbances commenced in the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, followed by an obstinate struggle between Prussia and Denmark, which diminished the revenue and crippled the resources of the latter so far as to embarrass the action of all departments of her government. As it ap-

peared likely that, in arranging the terms of peace, the German negotiators might insist upon the entire abolition of the Sound Dues, Mr. Flenniken, the Chargé of the United States at Copenhagen, represented the case to Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, who in return transmitted instructions to which more recent events give an unusual degree of interest. Agreeing with Mr. Flenniken that the time was favorable for opening negotiations, Mr. Buchanan entered into an elaborate argument to show the injustice of the Danish claim, dwelling at some length upon the superior advantages derived by Denmark from the reciprocity of trade, and urging that the abolition of the Sound Dues would be no more than a fair equivalent for these advantages. He instructed Mr. Flenniken to negotiate for a new treaty of commerce, providing also for exemption from toll, the exemption to be perpetual if possible, and then authorized him to make the following somewhat singular offer. As there would be considerable delay in procuring an act of Congress giving notice for the termination of the existing convention, and as the instrument provided for twelve months' delay after notice should be given, while a new treaty going into effect immediately would thus cut off the Sound Dues certainly two years sooner than could be done otherwise, Mr. Flenniken was to offer to the Danish government $ 250,000 as an indemnity for the amount thus lost to the royal exchequer, in return for which liberality the exemption provided by the new treaty was to be perpetual.

In compliance with these instructions, Mr. Flenniken proceeded, on the 20th of November, 1848, to open a discussion with the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, informing that officer at the outset, that, unless there were a reasonable prospect of extinguishing the dues by treaty, Congress would proceed to terminate the existing convention, and that for this purpose he must have a reliable answer on or before the 15th of the following month. This overture, which at least had the merit of decision and vigor, he followed up by a statement in writing, embracing most of the points developed in Mr. Buchanan's instructions. But as the Danish Minister objected to negotiating until the questions between his country and Germany should be arranged, Mr. Flenniken agreed to postpone

the subject until the following year, and then, — we quote from his despatch, —

"To convince him of the generous and liberal disposition of the United States towards Denmark, I informed him that, in addition to my written proposition, I would stipulate on the part of my government for the payment of $250,000, not for the purchase of a *right* enjoyed by Denmark, but as an *equitable equivalent* for that branch of her revenue which she would thus give up, and mainly to furnish a liberal precedent on the part of a government who was strictly under no obligations to pay, in order that Denmark might be enabled profitably to settle with European nations, who were in fact under obligations to submit."

This proposition was received with great satisfaction by the Minister, Count Maltke, who undoubtedly regarded it as a thinly disguised offer to purchase the extinguishment of the dues, and Mr. Flenniken was assured that the king would be urged to accept it. Nothing further seems to have been done. The resumption of hostilities with Germany broke off the negotiations, and the matter rested, until it was again brought forward by the present administration.

Mr. Marcy, as early as July 18, 1853, instructed Mr. Bedinger, the new Chargé at Copenhagen, to press the subject as soon as possible to a conclusion, and, giving an accurate account of the history of the Sound Dues, took the broad ground that the United States "can recognize no immemorial usage as obligatory, when it conflicts with natural privileges and international law." Subsequently also, in reply to an inquiry from Mr. Bedinger, the Secretary wrote that the President declined authorizing him "to offer to that power any compensation for the removal of that as a favor which we have demanded as a right." The interviews which, in pursuance of these instructions, Mr. Bedinger had with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, did not result in any practical measures. Some delay was occasioned by the pending crisis in European politics, and also, in Mr. Bedinger's opinion, by the sinister influence of Russia; and the Danish authorities solicited the postponement of the discussion until tranquillity should be restored to the political world, assuring the American representative that, as soon as possible, an effort would be made to enter into arrangements with all the powers interested to abandon

the Sound tolls upon receiving *a certain compensation*, — a settlement of the question which Mr. Bedinger replied could not be made by the United States. This intimation of an intended proposition for the adjustment of the question was given in March, 1854, and nothing more seems to have been done in any quarter until the President, in his annual message, December 4, 1854, recommended to Congress that notice should be given for terminating the convention of 1826. The Danish Chargé at Washington immediately received instructions from home to present to the government of the United States a statement of what was deemed the true nature of the right claimed by Denmark. The document in which this was done relied mainly upon the argument drawn from established custom, and presented that view of the question with no little force and ingenuity. The whole argument of the Danish statement was concisely expressed in the following words: —

"His Majesty's government holds that the right of Denmark to the Sound Dues is a right existing under the law of nations, by immemorial prescription, and therefore independent of all treaties."

Hence, it was argued, the abrogation of the convention would not restore anything to the United States, nor take anything from Denmark, while, it was added, the exemption claimed by this country could not be conceded without affording our commerce an undue advantage, which other nations would immediately demand to share, and our claim was therefore equivalent to a demand for the entire abolition of the Sound Dues.

Nevertheless, the Senate proceeded to pass a resolution for giving notice of the termination of the treaty, and after a final interview, in which the Danish Minister steadily refused to listen to any proposition for abandoning the Sound Dues without some equivalent, and Mr. Bedinger as steadily refused, in compliance with his instructions, to offer "any bribe for that which was clearly our right," the notice was at last given, April 14, 1855, that after the expiration of one year the convention of April 26, 1826, would be at an end.

In regard to this measure, which is the chief result attained

by the negotiations for the remission of the Dues, several questions arise. First in order comes the inquiry, Was this abrogation of the treaty, by a resolution of the Senate, instead of an act of Congress, constitutional? This question was raised in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, and was referred to a select committee, who reported favorably to the view already taken by the Senate. It was considered, that, as the treaty provided for its own termination, and was created by the will of the President and Senate, it implied an authority by which that will might be revoked, and that this revocation must necessarily proceed from the body exercising the will. As to treaties not containing any provision for termination by the act of either party, the committee made no inquiry, regarding the presence of such a stipulation as an essential condition. It must be observed that only one case similar to the present has ever occurred in our history, and in that, — the case of the treaty with England concerning the joint occupation of Oregon, — the action of both houses of Congress was deemed necessary in order to break off the treaty. And not only was this the sole precedent, but the opinions of the courts and of individuals, frequently expressed, had almost uniformly been, that, while the President and Senate might make a treaty, Congress alone could abrogate it. As to that clause of the Constitution which declares "all treaties made under the authority of the United States" to be "the supreme law of the land," and hence, by natural and almost necessary inference, repealable only by the legislative power, the committee contented themselves with a denial of its application, and evaded the direct argument. They also contended that

> "The President and Senate could certainly terminate this treaty, or any other, with the consent of the opposite contracting party, by the negotiation of a new treaty, in terms annulling it. And what is the present case but such consent, providing in advance for its termination on a contingency, and without negotiations?"

But, it must be replied, the consent here spoken of is a mere stipulation as to the mode of procedure in abrogating the treaty, and not by any means a consent to the abrogation

itself, like that implied in the adoption of a new treaty; and while the Constitution may give to the President and Senate a right to *supersede* a treaty, in such a manner as insures the continuance of friendly relations, it can hardly be argued that therefore it is intended to give them power to *break off* all treaty connections, — a step which in most cases would be deemed preliminary to hostilities. On the contrary, (most of the reasoning upon this question being general and inferential,) this power might be very properly sought for in the charge of that body which possesses the war-making power, that is, of Congress.

The question was practically settled for the present by a vote of the Senate, declaring its previous action to be proper and sufficient; but the legal question as to the limits of executive power in such cases is interesting, and can hardly be said to have received a satisfactory solution. We must add, however, that, as regards the treaty with Denmark, the question is merely a matter of domestic concern, and does not affect the validity of the notice given to that power.

But besides this constitutional question, a grave inquiry presents itself, whether the abrogation of the treaty was a judicious measure. It cannot be pretended that this step was necessary in order to place our government in a position to claim and negotiate for the complete remission of the Dues; for it was not admitted on either side that the convention of 1826 implied any obligation to continue the payment, or indeed had any effect at all upon the general question as regards this country. The convention merely regulated the payment while it should continue, the United States contending that the question as to the right of Denmark to the tolls was held in abeyance, Denmark claiming that her right existed prior to any treaty, and both denying that any new obligation was incurred by this country in 1826. The abrogation of the convention can, then, be construed only as a preliminary step towards a refusal to pay the tolls; and we must now inquire whether the time had arrived for such a measure.

It is of course understood that Denmark could not grant an immunity to ships sailing under one flag and deny it to

others. On the contrary, a concession of free passage to one nation would be a virtual surrender of the entire sovereignty claimed by her over the Sound. If, then, our vessels should attempt to enter the Baltic without paying the dues, it is certain that Denmark would enforce payment, and that hostilities would be the natural consequence of such an attempt. It is then fair to expect, that such measures for throwing off the imposition would be resorted to only in the last extremity, if at all; only after diplomacy had failed, conciliatory offers had been rejected, and all efforts to obtain a peaceful settlement of the question had proved unavailing. Now it appears that when Mr. Bedinger first opened negotiations under the present administration in December, 1853, nearly five years had elapsed since the last previous communication upon the subject had taken place. Mr. Bedinger had three interviews with the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, the last in March, 1854, when it appeared that the Danish government had certain propositions to offer as soon as there was an opportunity for a general arrangement, to which the Minister said "he had strong reasons for believing that we would assent." The time was certainly unpropitious for negotiation, and, even with the utmost alacrity on the part of Denmark, it is difficult to see how she could then have taken steps for adjusting a question of European interest. With a serious quarrel between the Diet and the Ministry, threatening a political if not an armed revolution, and paralyzing her energies, her finances exhausted by the recent struggle with Germany, — with a near prospect of a general European war in which she might be compelled to take an active part, the two nations most deeply interested in the question of the Sound Dues then actually engaged in hostilities, and each eager to thwart any arrangement beneficial to the commerce of the other, — it is not surprising that Denmark was reluctant to enter upon the discussion of this important subject, and not surprising that she should ask to have the matter deferred. And as our government had been willing to allow the question to slumber for five years, it was to be expected, that, under such circumstances, it would not hastily proceed to extremities.

These considerations, however, appear to have had no

weight at Washington. No further communication was held with the Danish government, and if any took place with the Danish Chargé in this country, it has not appeared in the published documents. Mr. Bedinger called the attention of the Secretary of State to the subject, but received no answer. Nothing more was heard of the matter until the President's recommendation, in December, 1854, to break off the existing convention. We believe that no argument is required to show that such a step as this was unwise and premature. Considering that for five years the question had been suffered to rest; that negotiations were finally opened at a time when it was manifestly impossible for Denmark to act promptly, and hardly honorable to ask her to act at all; that then negotiations were opened upon a basis notoriously impracticable, without any effort or apparent desire to learn upon what terms a settlement could be made; that they were abruptly closed four months later; and that, after eight months' silence, a measure was resorted to which was avowedly designed to settle the dispute in the most offensive manner, and in the way most likely to lead to interruption of peaceful relations, — we may fairly say that a policy was pursued such as would hardly have been adopted with an opponent of more formidable military or naval strength. If such duties had been levied for centuries at Tangier or Gibraltar, and constituted as important a part of the revenues of Great Britain as the Sound tolls do of the income of Denmark, we should hardly call so peremptorily upon England to abandon the whole, and, without seeking for any middle ground of agreement, proceed to resist all further payments, after an acquiescence of three quarters of a century.

Forced to act amid these unfavorable circumstances, the Danish government drew up a plan for a general congress of the powers interested, to meet at Copenhagen as early as possible. This document, communicated to our government early in October, 1855, after explaining the position in which Denmark found herself, and the necessity for action occasioned by the course of the United States, and premising that a mere revision of the tariff of Sound Dues would not satisfy the positive demands of this country, suggested the project of

capitalization, and proposed that the quota to be paid by each nation should be ascertained by the quantity of merchandise passing through the Sound and Belts, as far as the Sound Dues proper were concerned, and by the number of vessels of each flag as regarded the light-money and similar duties. It was of course indispensable that this arrangement should be concurred in simultaneously by all the powers interested.

"Besides this condition, there is yet another which the Danish government regards as essential: it is, that the affair in question should be treated, not as a commercial or money transaction, but as a political matter. This would correspond with the history of the Sound Dues, with the part which these dues have played in the politics of the North of Europe; otherwise it were impossible to give to the negotiation the necessary scope and character, in order that it may not be encumbered by questions of a secondary class, which may do very well in a purely commercial and fiscal arrangement, but not in an arrangement intended to serve as a complement to treaties of peace, and to transactions by which the system of political equilibrium has been regulated."

The condition thus introduced into the Danish project was alone sufficient to insure its rejection by the United States; and in his reply, dated November 3, 1855, Mr. Marcy very justly remarked: —

"Of the utility or wisdom of the political theory of the balance of power, in its application to the European family of nations, it is not proposed to express an opinion; but enough of its operations has been seen to impress upon this government a fixed determination to avoid being brought within its vortex. It has long been the cherished policy of this government to avoid such a dangerous complicity, and the President will not yield in any case to the slightest relaxation of it."

But prudent and judicious as was the course of our government in this respect, there are views set forth in its answer to the Danish proposal which seem to be of more doubtful propriety. It is objected by the Secretary, that the proposed congress was not authorized to pass upon the question as to the original rights of Denmark. But this objection is scarcely a reasonable one; for if Denmark had proposed to submit that question to a tribunal interested in the defeat of her claim, she might have saved herself the trouble of a formal

congress. The offer to arrange a plan, with the concurrence of the other powers, for the extinguishment of the Dues, without material detriment to her own prosperity, was as much as could reasonably be expected, and was certainly as much as we ourselves, in such a situation, should have offered. But the grand objection to the proposed congress undoubtedly arose from the fixed determination to consent to nothing short of a complete surrender of the tolls, — a position already laid down, as we have seen, in the most explicit terms, and now repeated in the remark that Denmark must expect no proposition to be "favorably entertained, if it should include, either expressly or impliedly, any compensation for the surrender of her pretended right to control the free use by our ships of the Sound and the Belts of the Baltic."

We have already shown that the right to levy dues in the Sound is held to exist by immemorial prescription, rather than by any specific principle of the law of nations. Denmark rests her claim upon that ancient and continued possession, which, by the municipal law of all countries, is held to confer a right of property, and not upon any express grant or general principle. This claim has been admitted for centuries by all the maritime powers of Europe, and acquiesced in by our own government for nearly the whole period of our national existence. The essential principle upon which it rests is one which could not by any possibility be adduced in support of a claim of recent origin, so that the parallel drawn between the Sound Dues and the tribute exacted by the Barbary powers, and the assertion that, if the Danish claim were admitted, similar demands might be made at the Straits of Gibraltar, or of Messina, or at the Dardanelles, are alike unfounded and preposterous. In each of these cases there would be wanting the fundamental idea of prescription, upon which alone Denmark founds her claim to the Sound Dues proper.

It is clear, then, that no precedent could be established in this case which would bind us to submit to the unfounded demands of any power in the future, and we may inquire whether, with reference to this single case alone, the policy of our government has been the most judicious that could be

adopted. So far as the question concerns our interest, the quota which this country would furnish for capitalizing the Sound Dues would not defray the charges of the smallest squadron which we should send to the Baltic as convoy, leaving out of view the possibility of a long naval contest. As to the point of honor, — the only other motive which can have influenced our course, — it is generally found that no individual is eager to distinguish himself above his fellows in the defence of his personal reputation, unless he is conscious that it requires more than ordinary support, and is peculiarly liable to be called in question. A settlement of this disputed claim which should be satisfactory to the European powers, whose pecuniary share in it is tenfold greater than our own, — powers as jealous in defence of their rights and as watchful over their interests as ourselves, whose naval force could by a single blow strike Denmark from her place among the independent nations of the Continent, — would not be unworthy of our acceptance. And it is also to be considered whether our national reputation would be most advanced by an over-scrupulous attention to our own rights, or by a generous deference to the situation and feelings of others. The claim preferred by Denmark is one which she has been encouraged to make by the world and by ourselves, and the position of this country, its wealth and its power, place it so far above all suspicion of timidity or constraint, that we can well afford to judge that claim with a liberal spirit of equity, rather than by a rigid and exacting estimate of our legal obligations. Without admitting any necessity which compels such a course, we can honorably concede something to the demands of a weaker nation, — demands not recent or of any ordinary nature. Without denying the justice of our own views, we can gracefully yield to the opinions of others, so far as to accept a middle ground of conciliation and harmony.

Notwithstanding the refusal of the United States, a congress assembled at Copenhagen, during the last winter, in which England, France, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Austria, the Netherlands, Spain, Belgium, and Denmark were represented, and after consultation the Danish delegates made the following proposition. Setting the annual income of the Sound

Dues at 1,750,000 rix-dollars, — a considerable sacrifice, since, as we have seen, the average product of the tolls is over 2,000,000, — twenty years' purchase would give a capital of 35,000,000. This amount, which was to include all dues on ships as well as cargoes, was to be apportioned according to the merchandise imported and exported, Denmark paying her share with the others, and the arrangement was to be agreed to by all the powers represented, before it should become obligatory. Upon this basis the proportion to be paid by England would be more than 10,000,000 rix-dollars, nearly one third of the whole, that of Russia nearly as much, while the United States would be called upon for 2,100,000 or $ 1,050,000. While these negotiations were pending, the year's notice prescribed by the convention of 1826 came to an end, but our government agreed with the Danish to continue the operation of the treaty for two months longer. We believe that no official announcement has been made of the course finally adopted at the expiration of the treaty in June last, but it is understood that the question has been bequeathed to the next administration.

Sweden and Russia immediately gave in their adherence to the Danish proposition, and other powers are understood to be ready to take a similar step, if there should be a prospect of its general adoption. But the disposition of the British government to oppose the scheme of capitalization, for a time destroyed the hope of a speedy adjustment. Lord Palmerston's cabinet, contrary to the opinions of the press, and, it is believed, of the country, is said to have objected to the plan for entirely extinguishing the Sound Dues, and is understood to have submitted a proposition, intended to perpetuate the exactions, by simply providing that they shall be collected at the ports of entry and of departure in the Baltic, instead of Elsinore. But more recent advices give us reason to hope that this objection has been withdrawn, and that England has been induced to accede to the scheme of capitalization, while at the same time it is said that France, also following the lead of her great ally, is about to signify her compliance with the proposed arrangements. Certain it is, that, — leaving out of view all desire to check the commerce of Russia by imposing

indirectly import and export duties, and passing by all fears of diminishing the British exports to the Baltic by opening the trade fairly to the producers of raw material as well as to manufacturers, — no British statesman should be unmindful of the necessity of a speedy settlement of this question, not only to the true commercial interests of his own country, but to the peace of Europe, to which the continuance of the Sound Dues now offers a perpetual menace.

The United States are, then, the only important power whose consent to the Danish scheme has not been given; and taking into consideration therefore our independent position, — free as we are from all the complicities of European politics, — our unquestioned ability to enforce our will in a contest with Denmark alone, our ample means to pay the small sum required to free our commerce from these restrictions, without its being felt in the slightest degree by our national finances, the great importance of this concession to Denmark, and the fact that it can never by any possibility be distorted into a precedent, because no similar case can ever arise, we believe that the honor, dignity, and interest of this country will be far better sustained by yielding with an easy grace to this demand, than by the most successful war which might grow out of a determined adherence to an abstract principle.

And finally, it must be borne in mind that all our efforts to sustain our rights by assuming a belligerent attitude may easily be rendered nugatory by those Northern powers who have acceded to the Danish proposals, and whose interest impels them to seek the accession of all the nations concerned. We have already referred to the refusal of Russia to open her ports to vessels which have not paid the Dues at Elsinore. In the event of our refusal to unite in the compromise, that nation has only to extend this policy to vessels not released from payment by treaty, and our Baltic trade is cut off, without hope of redress or opportunity for complaint. The Northern powers may well refuse to receive into their ports vessels which have evaded or refused the payment of duties to which they willingly subject their own navigation; nor can we expect them, by giving a preference to our ships over theirs, voluntarily to place in our hands the carrying trade to and from their own ports.

From all these considerations, then, we believe that it is clearly the most certain, the most manly, and the simplest way of closing the affair on our part, to join with other nations in the amicable settlement of this question, and, by an inconsiderable sacrifice, to free our commerce for ever from this imposition, and from all danger of interference by the great Northern powers.

Art. IV. — *Provinces d' Origine Roumaine. Valachie, Moldavie, Bukovine, Transylvanie, Bessarabie.* Par M. A. Ubicini. Paris: Firmin Didot Frères. 1856. 8vo. pp. 226.

In that dullest quarter of Modern Rome which lies in the hollow between the Capitol and the Quirinal hills, where the stately gloom of the Torlonia and Valentini palaces throws a superfluous quiet upon chapels from which the beauty has faded and shops from which the trade has departed, stands a monument of ancient Rome which keeps a fresher and more youthful grace than shop or chapel or palace. Of all the remains of the Pagan Empire, none binds so well the Present with the Past, none restores so fully the customs and the glories of the realm of the Cæsars. The loungers of the city — not a small class — love to come after their morning "collazione" of crust and coffee, and decipher by the eastern sunlight the stirring narrative wreathed in marble around that slender shaft, — how Trajan bridged the great Northern river, and received the barbarian ambassadors, and vanquished with his steady legions their ferocious bands, and added that vast wild region to the Roman dominion. The greatest of modern conquerors, seeking to perpetuate a memorial of his victories, could find no better model than this Roman pillar. The column of the Place Vendome, the ornament of Paris, is only an imitation of the column which has remained almost unmutilated for seventeen centuries in the Forum of Trajan.

It is rumored that the present French Emperor intends to commemorate by another similar monument the victories of the late war in the East; — victories, some of them, gained in

the very region which was the theatre of Trajan's triumphs. Whether that monument be built or not, one of the incidental results of the war has been to bring into notice a region which more than any other in Europe has been neglected by travellers, of which the geography was but little known, and the historical interest almost lost. Few still are aware that these Danubian Principalities, the insignificant cause of so serious a conflict, are part of that Dacia which Trajan thought worth subduing at such a fearful cost of life and treasure. Until recently, this fertile and populous country, in the very heart of Europe, was almost as much separated from general interest as the steppes of Siberia or the islands of Japan. It has been taken for granted that there was nothing to see in its dirty towns and nothing to learn from its stupid peasantry. Having no remarkable ruins, it could of course have no history. And many an inquisitive voyager, who would not miss a fragment of Italian antiquity, has steamed comfortably down the Danube, quite unconscious that he was passing the greatest battle-field of races and religions in Europe, — a field on which for a score of ages civilization has fought with barbarism, the rough North with the polished South, the Scythian and the Hun with the Celt and the Teuton, the armies of Islam with the armies of the Cross.

If the late war has not improved the condition of these Danubian provinces, it has at least partially raised the veil which hid them. Tourists of a week or two have got near enough to see Bucharest and Galatz, and to write some generalities about the people. The exact works of some foreign writers, De Gérando, Anagnosti, Soutzo, and Lavallée, have been brought into notice, and the English public have been invited to judge concerning the territory which ought not to belong to Turkey, yet must not belong to Russia. The latest valuable publication on the subject of these provinces is the work of Ubicini. In a clear and spirited French style, he gives a thorough account of the provinces of Roumania, — topography, statistics, history, and biography, — all that one wants to know. His classification of topics is as admirable as his treatment of them. Chronological tables and accurate maps assist his description, and abundant references verify his

facts. Of all the geographical works which the firm of Didot has issued, there is no one more difficult or more successful; and this is high praise, when we remember how Pauthier has written about China, and how La Croix has written about Patagonia and the Southern Isles.

According to M. Ubicini, the proper limits of Roumania are the same as those of ancient Dacia, extending from the Dniester on the east to the Theiss on the west, from the Danube on the south to the parallel line of the Carpathian Mountains on the north, with a small sea-coast on the Euxine between the mouths of the Danube and the Dniester. Photino, in his Modern Greek history of Dacia, published at Vienna in 1818, makes the boundaries somewhat narrower, while ancient writers include in the limits of Dacia provinces which now belong to Illyria and the Adriatic coast. The name Roumania, which is a general name for this vast region, comes from its occupation by Roman colonists whom Trajan sent to replace the tribes which he scattered. Though the blood of the present inhabitants is mixed with that of many alien races, the aristocratic name is claimed by all. The name "Wallach" is only a translation into the Slavonic dialect of the Greek ῥωμαῖος, *strong*, and is the same boastful title.

In all this region of Roumania there is a general identity of language, customs, traditions, and religion. But its political relations are diverse. The western half, included between the Danube, the Carpathians, and the Theiss, is part of the Austrian Empire. It includes the provinces now known as Transylvania, Bukovina, and the Banat of Temesvar; an area of more than eleven hundred square miles, with a population of nearly 2,400,000 of different races. In one thing these races are harmonious, — hatred of their Austrian masters. The eastern strip of land, some three hundred miles long, with an average breadth of seventy miles, between the Dniester and the Pruth, is the Russian province of Bessarabia. Its population, Tartar in the south and Slavonic in the north, is not more than 800,000, very much scattered, with only a single important city, Kischenew. One third of the inhabitants of this city are Jews, and throughout the province they are numerous.

The remaining region of ancient Dacia, comprising nearly six thousand square leagues of territory, belongs politically to the Turkish empire. It is this which is now known by the name of the "Danubian Principalities." Its whole population is about four millions. It consists of two principal provinces, Wallachia and Moldavia, which, though quite distinct in their management and policy, are usually spoken of together as "Moldo-Wallachia." Wallachia, the larger, extends, in the form of an irregular parallelogram from east to west, about three hundred miles, with an average width of a hundred and fifty miles. It is separated from Transylvania by the Carpathian range, and from Turkey proper, Bulgaria, and Servia by the Danube, which makes nearly two thirds of its frontier. The river Sereth and a small stream called Milkow separate it from Moldavia. This latter province stretches from north to south about two hundred miles, having an average breadth of a hundred miles. Its eastern boundary is the Pruth, its western the Carpathians, and on the northwest is the small province of Bukovina. It is watered in its whole length by the river Sereth, which empties into the Danube about twelve miles above the mouth of the Pruth. In both provinces is there the same distinction of the Highland and Lowland. Wallachia is, moreover, divided by the Olto, its largest river, into Great and Little Wallachia.

Few regions of the world have been more favored by nature than these provinces. In a comparatively narrow space, they enclose all varieties of surface and landscape, all varieties of soil except barren soil. From the mountain rampart, which for half the year is crowned with shining snow, numberless rivers pour fertility upon the swelling plains; and some affirm that they bear sands like the sands of Pactolus. No laborious enriching is needed; but the easy toil of the sower is rewarded by twenty-fold of wheat, thirty-fold of rye, and of millet *three hundred* fold. The hills are full of mines. One has hardly to dig to come upon copper, iron, mercury, sulphur, and coal, and there are whole mountains of salt, which yet wait for some enterprising hand to remove the thin mantle of soil which conceals them. Fruit-trees grow in forests; and the mountains, girdled with woods of apricot, pear, and cherry,

might be mistaken, according to an enthusiastic writer, for the finest of French gardens. The luscious wines rival the famed Hungarian Tokay. On the slopes myriads of horses and cattle find inexhaustible pasture. In the thickets the abundance of game tantalizes and tires the sportsman. The honey of Tergowist perpetuates the memory of Hybla, and the parable of Job is repeated, — "I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil." This exceeding richness and productiveness is not an Oriental hyperbole, but is proved by prosaic figures. For the ten years from 1837 to 1847, the annual export of cattle and horses amounted to three millions of dollars, and the entire value of exports to nearly twelve millions. This amount is small as compared with the exports of England or France. But it must be remembered that the Moldo-Wallachians are not a commercial people, have no sea-board, have few wants, and raise little more than they consume. Their imports fall short of their exports, and, except in the cities, are next to nothing. They are less than three dollars per head for the whole population.

The climate of the provinces is marked by great extremes, yet great steadiness. From November to May are five months when the atmosphere and landscape are those of a Russian winter; the raiment is of fur, and the sledge is the carriage. From April to December are seven months of a genuine Grecian summer, — cloudless skies, balmy breezes, and out-of-door life. The local diseases are few, and the chief loss of life is from the epidemics, which visit the healthiest regions most fatally, and the catastrophes of war, to which this land seems for ever doomed. The number of mineral springs in Wallachia ought to make it the "Baden" of the Russian empire, when Russia gets civilized enough to covet such a luxury. More than forty, of various kinds, are reckoned.

The people of the Danubian provinces are not dwellers in cities. In the whole of Wallachia there are not more than half a dozen towns of more than ten thousand inhabitants, and only one city that would be called large by a Western nation. This city, Bucharest, if we should judge from its number of churches and convents, might be termed, like Athens

in Paul's day, "very religious." Its picturesque appearance as seen from the Dimbovitza, covering an immense plain, twelve miles in circuit, the dwellings embowered in trees and gardens, disappears when one walks through the dirty streets. Scarcely any of the hundred and sixty churches, synagogues, and convents are worth visiting, and there are no historical monuments except an old hospital. Braila and Giurgevo, formerly fortresses, commanding bends of the Danube, are now the great grain-depots of Wallachia. Tergowist, a small city in the upland region, has legends of heroism joined to its castle. The city of Krajowa, the capital of Little Wallachia, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants.

In Moldavia there are only two important cities, Jassy and Galatz. The former, on a hill near the Pruth, has a magnificent site, and is not wholly lacking in objects of interest. The palace of the Governor is less hideous than those shapeless masses which mark in the East the homes of royalty; there are some respectable churches, and every one will wish to see the tower of Basil, the Draco of Roumanian princes. Galatz, on the Danube, has become well known in the stories of the recent war. It has resident consuls of the principal European states, and as a centre of foreign trade has considerable importance. The wooden pavement of the old town, consisting of timbers laid across the street, is an object of curiosity to strangers. It is, however, common in the Wallachian towns.

The prevailing Roumain race, which forms about nine tenths of the whole population, is descended from the union of the Roman colonists with the native tribes of the land. But there are numerous other races. Greeks, brought in by the chances of commerce, of which they always want the handling, and by the Phanariot dynasty, which gave privilege to their stock; Bulgarians, driven by recent persecutions across the Danube to exercise their calling as herdsmen and farmers on the neutral ground where, more than ten centuries before, their ancestors found refuge; Armenians, whose numbers, considerable in the eleventh century, when a Persian invasion forced them out of their own country to find a retreat in Europe, have been swelled by repeated immigrations; Jews and Gypsies, — all make up an alien population, whose

influence is proportionally far greater than their numbers. In Wallachia, the hair and accent of the Hebrew race indicate their Spanish lineage, and recall that bitter exodus from the land of Isabella the Catholic to the freer realm of the Moslem infidel. In Moldavia, on the contrary, the cities and villages swarm with the yellow-haired Jews of Poland, who speak a nondescript dialect compounded of German and Russian, and engross many of the lucrative trades, change the money, run the expresses, keep the taverns, and distil the liquors. Their Oriental cast of feature has led some to believe that they are descendants of the Avares, that Tartar race which, in the ninth century, embraced the Jewish faith.

The curious race of Gypsies, so puzzling to the ethnologists, can be studied to better advantage in the Principalities than in any other part of Europe. They number one sixteenth of the whole population, — at least a quarter of a million. For four centuries, if no longer, they have been observed among the people, and their anomalous position has perplexed more than one shrewd ruler. They have always been regarded as an inferior race, the posterity of slaves, and fit only for the condition of servitude. Yet it is hard to make good slaves of them, or to hold them in even an easy subjection. Few are content to belong to the stationary class, the "Vatrachs," who labor in the field or serve in the house. The greater part prefer to be "Lajachs," leading the life of nomads, supported by the small manufactures which they can carry on in their wanderings, — wooden spoons and cups, and the like, — or to be "Nototsi," genuine vagabonds, with no occupation but that of plunder, and no home but the forest, the haystack, or the decks of river-boats. Three fifths are nominally slaves. The romance which such writers as Borrow have thrown around the Bohemian wanderers is dissipated for the Gypsies of the Danube. Here is no poetical side to their squalid degradation. The Zingaro bears no light guitar, nor does "la Gitana" read naïvely the riddle of the palm. They are truly what the honest Dutchmen name them, "Keidenez," *heathen*. They are as lazy and wicked as Caliban, and as fond of the bottle as Trinculo.

Considered as citizens, the people of Moldo-Wallachia may

be divided into two distinct classes, — those who do not pay taxes, and those who do. The first class, of course, is the smaller; but it is, nevertheless, redundantly large. It consists of all the nobles, all the officers of state and men in their employ, all the priests and monks, the lay-brethren in the religious establishments, soldiers, house-servants, and numerous others, near seven hundred thousand in all. This class of exempts have the power of the state in their hands, and exclusively manage what the rest contribute. The taxable class are the licensed manufacturers and traders, who are assessed according to the business which they do, and the farmers and shepherds, most of whom are peasants attached to the land, like the serfs of Russia. The connection, however, is reciprocal. If the peasant goes with the land, the land goes with the peasant, at least all of it which he needs for his support. Each peasant of the better class is entitled to nine *pogones*, or about eleven acres of arable land, for himself and his family, which the noble owner cannot take from him. In pay for this, he is bound to give the owner twenty-eight days of various sorts of labor, and the tithe of his harvest in every kind, and to pay an extra price on those articles which are the monopoly of the landholders, such as bread, wine, and brandy. This would make about twelve dollars of average annual rent. But the difficulty of getting products to market, the additional tax for military and road service, and numerous other exactions, swell the annual tax of the farming peasant to twenty per cent of his scanty income. The acres of the Wallach are more heavily burdened than the acres of the Welchman.

The licensed merchants of the Principalities are too few to be of much economical significance. The *bourgeoisie* of Bucharest and Jassy are mostly Jews, Greeks, and Armenians, and are not much considered in the matter of raising revenue. They scarcely obstruct the chasm which separates the adscript of the soil from the aristocratic Boyard. The title Boyard, in its origin, is rather less dignified than that of Cavalier. It meant "ox-driver," referring to the military cars which bore the warriors in battle, of which oxen were the steeds. In the fifteenth century this term became the badge

of nobility. It would be tedious to describe the ranks of this nobility, such as it was instituted by Rodolph IV., and such as it now exists in fragments, with the intrusion of an exotic aristocracy, which have wrested from it almost everything but its pride, its privilege, and its boast of ancestry. The genuine Boyards now are mostly poor, and must see with shame and sorrow the lands of their fathers in the hands of Greek adventurers. The great offices of state have passed from their control, and the functions of Hetman and Vornik and Postelnik are filled by men to whom the Roumain language is an unknown tongue. But the new nobility has borrowed the ancient titles, and the holders of power claim to be Boyards as much as the proud paupers, who hate them. In Moldavia the oligarchy numbers about three hundred in its higher class. In Wallachia it is more concentrated, and is confined to seventy.

The actual form of government in the Principalities is that of a semi-republican oligarchy. Each province has for its chief a *Hospodar*, or bey, chosen for life by a special assembly, consisting in Wallachia of 190, and in Moldavia of 132 members. The metropolitan, the bishops, Boyards of the first and second rank, deputies of the districts and deputies of corporations in a limited number, belong to this extraordinary assembly. The Hospodar has very extensive powers, the choice of the five heads of departments, and a civil list of $120,000. He nominates also all the officers of state. The legislative body, or chamber of deputies, is partly elected by the inferior nobility, and partly made up from the higher Boyards. It has in Wallachia forty-three, and in Moldavia thirty-eight members. The prelates in either country are members *ex officio*. The subdivisions of the country are like those of France, into districts, arrondissements, and communes. Each district has its capital. Twenty of the cities have municipal administration by a board of four or five selectmen, elected for three years by the suffrages of the voters. The chief of each district has the title of "Ispravnik."

The judicial administration is simple. Each province has its high Court of Cassation, its divans of appeal, its district courts, its courts of commerce, and, in every village, its justices

of the peace, a court of three persons annually elected by the commune. These last hold their sittings on Sunday, after the church service, at the house and under the direction of the parish priest. At the head of the department is the Minister of Justice, one of the Hospodar's cabinet.

The military organization of the Principalities is of three kinds. There is a regular army, in which all the taxable population are liable to serve, an army of mounted guards, to constitute the *gendarmerie* of the country, and a large force of frontier guards, who have the special charge of exposed points, and make a supplement to the movable force of the regular troops. The whole number of soldiers in both the provinces is somewhat less than thirty thousand. The ordinary term of service in the regular army is six years, during which the soldier is exempt from taxation. By continuing for three terms, or eighteen years, he may secure a permanent exemption. The commander-in-chief in Moldavia is called a Hetman, in Wallachia the Grand Spathar. This is the ordinary military service. But extraordinary occasions, in so exposed a country, are constantly arising, and it usually happens that a much larger proportion of the people is under arms and withdrawn from productive labor. The men make good soldiers, but the discipline is inferior to that of the armies of Western Europe. The artillery is inferior to the infantry.

The revenue of the government comes in large measure from direct taxation. But there are monopolies, customs, and public lands which yield a considerable sum. The two largest items of expense are the civil list of the Hospodars, and the annual tribute to the Porte, amounting for both provinces to three millions of piasters, or nearly $ 200,000. Though the administration is so simple, it rarely happens that there is any surplus revenue. Officials enough are found to make way with all that can be gathered, and the balance-sheet of the state too often shows a deficit. There is no danger, however, of a burdensome national debt, so long as the commerce with foreign nations goes on increasing. In five years it has gained one third. In the year 1853, from the single port of Galatz 859 vessels were despatched, loaded with upwards of 550,000 bushels of grain, one half at least for England. A

large addition to this foreign commerce will be one of the sure results of the late war, and more ports on the Danube will undoubtedly be opened.

The religion of the Principalities is that of the Greek Church. Some have supposed that the claim of protection over them, which Russia has so often put forth, proves an identity of faith and ritual. But the truth is otherwise. There are minor differences in the liturgy and the arrangement of the feasts, while the pretension of the Czar to spiritual lordship is vehemently rejected. Nothing puts an Athenian in a passion more quickly, than to hint that he has any ecclesiastical connection with Moscow, and the Wallach quite as wrathfully brands the whole realm of Russia as schismatic. His patriarch is anointed from Constantinople by the successor of Chrysostom, and not by the creature of any worldly Cæsar. His spiritual tribute is sent to the Bosporus, and not to the Baltic. The Russian choir is no better to the orthodox Greek than the Franciscan organ or the synagogue chant. The prelates of the provinces are not numerous. The metropolitan bishop of Bucharest has but three suffragans, and the metropolitan of Jassy only two. These prelates have overweening political influence, and more than once the temporal destinies of the people have been in the hands of the spiritual ruler. In the revolution of 1848, his Grace of Wallachia found himself in rather a tight place, between the enraged nobles and the excited peasants. No officer of state keeps such dignity, or is treated with so much deference, as he. There is even a greater contrast between the priest and the archbishop in this rude region, than between a Cornwall curate and my Lord of Canterbury.

The chief distinction between the priests of the Greek and the Roman Churches is in the wearing of hair and the permission of marriage. The "*papas*," or parish curates, of the Greek rite abhor the tonsure and love the ornament of flowing locks. They are family men, too; and being exempt from taxes, and sure of support, are usually blessed with a patriarchal progeny. They are generally ignorant in the extreme, unable to read the prayers which they whine through the nostrils as they have learned them by the ear, — unable to

write in their returns the receipts for which they must account. They have no hope of rising higher, for the chief offices of the Church are not recruited from their body, — no fear of falling lower, since they are already on the social level of the common peasantry. Their beard is their badge and their pride.

The aristocracy of the Church is in the convents, or is taken from them. Convent life, in the Greek Church, though fallen much from its ancient zeal, has yet far more of the spirit and fanaticism of the fourth century than anything to be found in the Latin communion. If the austerities are less than those of Antony, and the scholarship less than that of Basil, there is a large surplus of spiritual pride. If they observe the vow of chastity better than the old Benedictines, they are quite as lenient to the sin of simony, and their temper is quite as Erastian. The most perplexing question in every modern revolution in the Danubian provinces is, what to do with the monasteries. Half of them, by the possession of trust-funds, or by the force of circumstances, have come to be appendages of foreign powers and establishments, and their revenues are accordingly alienated. The perversion of legacies at Oxford and Cambridge is not worse than the use which the priors of Moldavian convents have made of their overgrown income. Some of it goes to Mount Athos, and some to Mount Sinai, some to Antioch, and more to Alexandria. Upwards of a hundred great farms pay tribute to the Holy Sepulchre. It was attempted in 1848 to check this perversion, and the provisional government decreed what the king of Sardinia has dared to do. But the mischief goes on. The "Hegoumeni" hide their title-deeds, cheat the people, and intrigue for office. Thousands of dollars, meant for the support of piety and the relief of suffering at home, go abroad, no one knows whither, and the bequests of the Wallachian Girards and Smithsons have not even been spent upon brick and mortar, or squandered in legislation.

The Roumanians are a religious people, if excessive devotion to the fasts and feasts, the symbols and ceremonies of their Church, is religion. They are to Greece proper what the Tyrol is to Italy, three centuries behind the religion of the age. One hundred and ten are their annual *meagre* days,

when the flesh is mortified. Scarcely a week is without its festival. The processions at Christmas, if not as splendid as those of Rome, are as grotesque as those of Malta. The Easter Feast lasts eight days, and is celebrated by as many calls as a New York New-Year's day, by riding and candy-throwing like a Catholic carnival, by an everlasting ringing of bells, and by universal stuffing, which makes harvest for the doctors in the succeeding week. The charming Feast of Flora, a baptized relic of Paganism, is kept on the first Sunday in May. The days for hiring houses and moving are the Feast of St. George in the spring, and of St. Demetrius in the autumn. The first day of the year is the Feast of St. Basil, the patron saint of the ascetics and pietists.

They have no culture worth mentioning, either in or out of the monasteries, yet they are, perhaps for this reason, soundly orthodox, boast of the Nicene Creed, the seven sacraments, and the antiquity of their prayer-book. Being so strong in the faith, they can afford to be tolerant. Jews and Romanists are endured, and have the same rights as Greeks. There are nearly a hundred Romish churches in the provinces. Islam, however, they cannot abide, and no mosque or Moslem prayer is suffered to profane their soil.

The ceremony of espousal and marriage, among the Roumanians, has a quaint and ludicrous stateliness. It begins with an embassy as formal as that of an English royal marriage, and ends with an imitation of the rape of the Sabines. Several lies are told, there is much playful equivocation and much fictitious wrath, pompous and pious speeches, drawn swords and pistol-shots, and a ride like the chase of "the young Lochinvar." The funeral ceremony, on the other hand, has much to remind one of the old classic stories. The dying man bears in his hand a lighted candle, while the priest recites the parting prayer, and the dead man bears in his hand a piece of money to pay his fare across the Styx. Above the bier of the dead is laid his dagger. The bearers, the horses, and the retinue go shrouded in black, like the "Misericordia" of Florence. Before the funeral-car is borne a basket of unleavened bread, to be eaten for the soul of the departed. Behind go the priests, and the kindred, all carrying torches. Many

times the procession is stopped, to gaze upon and praise and weep over the corpse. The grave is a shrine. Candles are burned there, consecrated bread is left there, and it is constantly visited. The portion that the dead would have used is given to the poor on the anniversary of his dying; and in many ways the idea of dissolution is evaded. After the third year, when some new death takes place in the family, the body is exhumed, washed with wine, and with its fellow-corpse is laid in a new tomb. The Greeks do not believe in purgatory, yet among the peasantry prayers for the dead are enjoined and offered.

No land is more rich in popular superstitions than Roumania. Fairies are as much an article of faith as saints. The ruins are all haunted, and vampires suck the blood of victims while they fan them with their wings. Witches abound in the shape of old women, and many dare not go out after sunset on Tuesday and Friday, which are the witches' evenings for walking. The charm which drives the devils away is a slip of paper dipped in consecrated water and fixed upon the cranium. The songs of the people are filled with the stories of dragons and fabulous monsters, whose jaws are the jaws of Leviathan, whose strength the strength of Titan. There are giants who dwell in caverns and hide their uncounted treasures, and there are serpents whose eggs are all of precious stones. But the serpent is not here, as elsewhere, the natural enemy of man. He is the good spirit of the house, and he coils by the family hearth, and is nourished with daily milk from the hands of the children. To crush the serpent's head is here regarded as an injury to be avenged, not as a service to be rewarded.

The Roumanians believe in lucky and unlucky days, good and bad stars, and are afraid to resist omens and presentiments. They watch the heavens from their hills, as the augurs watched from Aventine the signs of the sky. They give to every man his guiding star, which will be veiled when misfortune threatens, and will fall from the firmament when he dies. The girl at the fountain blows upon the surface of the water, and throws a few drops upon the ground when she fills her pitcher. When two persons meet after absence, and one

tells the other how well he is looking, the latter spits upon the ground and sets his foot on the saliva, to warn away the jealous gods.

The sports and songs of the people have something melancholy and romantic in them, and seem to be a reminiscence of the ancient age. The "chora" recalls in its languid and monotonous movement the dances of the Salian priests. The orchestra, like that of Egypt, is of three instruments, and the music which it discourses is wild and weird. The ballads of the people are praises of their heroes and rehearsals of their legends. They have been collected in a volume, and translated into other tongues. The *doina* is a strange, sad, irregular sort of chant, holding a tale of sorrow, misfortune, love, and despair. The women of the mountains delight to sing it, especially at the hour of evening. The *kolinda* is a religious melody, which the children sing beneath the windows of houses on the eves of the festivals. All the songs of the people testify to their descent from a Latin race, and contain marked traces of the classic mythology. Among the women, Pagan names are common. The present saints have likeness to the former gods, and the dividing Pruth, beyond which enemies dwell, and across which every curse has come, is the Cocytus of black waters which the Romans dreaded. The "Song of the Pruth," which all the people chant as their Marseillaise, tells how plague and pestilence, locusts and flood, have come from the waves of the "accursed river." "May its waters be borne on to the Danube, to the sea, and thence to the gate of the infernal world."

There is real poetry in the songs of Roumania; but there is fearful prose in its houses and its common life. The diet of the peasantry is a mess of flour, salt, radishes, and raw onions, as crude as that which so often disgusts voyagers on the Nile, with no delicacy to improve it but a bit of butter or a few drops of milk. The utensils of the table are fingers and a kettle. The cabin, of boards, if a little better than the holes in the earth in which for many centuries the people burrowed, like marmots or Esquimaux, is still many degrees meaner than the log-hut of Nebraska. With the exception of a rude bed, a chest, a bench, and one or two stools, the room is void

of furniture. Closets, chairs, and sideboards are luxuries which few of the nobles own. The vessels are earthen or wooden, and the lover of arrack rarely has a glass bottle to hold his fiery comfort. The receptacle for small articles is the space under the bed. The wash-tubs make baskets for the eggs and cradles for the children. "Yankee notions" have reached Vienna, but have not yet crossed the Carpathians, and the plough, the hoe, the shovel, and the wooden fork, the whole stock of the Wallachian farmer's tools, are as primitive as any described by Virgil or Hesiod. The harrow is made of a great roll of thorns, and, as in Syria, the feet of beasts tread out the grain. A few of the rich have imported carriages from Germany; but the national car or sledge is a unique affair, built without nails or any kind of iron, innocent of paint, and incredibly cheap. A sleigh of reliable strength sells for a dollar, and a four-wheeled chariot of the largest size, warranted to stand the tear of the roads and the strain of the buffaloes who lumber along with it, may be bought for an English pound.

The dress of the peasantry hardly corresponds with their scanty means and domestic rudeness. It is gay and jaunty, not to say neat and elegant. A Hydriot of Syra cannot sport his pendant cap more gracefully than the Roumain wears his bonnet of lamb-skin, garnished by its long, curled streamers, and the flowing hair which escapes beneath it. A maiden of the Marinella at Naples does not adjust her colors more picturesquely, or arrange her head-dress with a more bewitching charm, than the girls of this inland region. The stuffs are coarse and made at home, and of the sheep and goat skins the weather is the tanner. Yet on holidays the people are able to make in church such a show as might rouse the envy of the vainest of the dress-loving Slavonic race. Of jewels they are too poor to own many; but a woman must be very poor who has not some ornament of silver or gold, to bind in her necklace, or around her wrist, or on her forehead. The arms of the soldiers are not enriched, like those of the Turks, by jewelled hilts; yet in the stock of the gun some bit of ivory or precious wood will be set, and its curve will be relieved by curious carving. The aspect of the men, in their

dress of skins and their rakish cloaks, looking out with their great, melancholy eyes from under their arched and bushy eyebrows, has to a traveller an uncomfortable suggestion of the stories of Italian bandits. This first impression, however, is dissipated by the dull and apathetic look which most of their faces wear.

The Roumain peasant may well be pardoned for this air of apathy, which has been fastened as his national characteristic by long ages of misfortune, suffering, and fruitless strife. His memories are all of sorrow. He cannot remember the time when his land was the seat of a nation great and prosperous, or other than the prize and sport of rival nations around him. The vassal of an infidel despot, the tool of a rapacious nobility, the prey of armies who have ravaged the land with fire and sword, it is no wonder that his courage has yielded to a fatalist submission, and that his hope is lost. He dreads improvement, since that will make the fruits of his industry more attractive for plunder; he dreads war, since that brings to his race all the misery, none of the glory, of conflict. His care is only to live from day to day, and to draw enough from the soil to preserve the remnant of his degraded race. His virtues are passive, — he is too indolent to be intemperate, and too indifferent to the future to seek for knowledge. His fame is in the past, and his spirit is more in the national proverbs than in the national achievements. A Jew could not boast more of Abraham, than the Wallach who proudly repeats, "We have Trajan for our father." The race may suffer, but it cannot die, — for says not the proverb, "Rôman no péré," — "The Roumain never shall perish"? It is better in its shame than others in their glory, — for is it not said, "La un Rôman dece Sassi," — "A Roumain is worth ten Saxons"?

Few monuments remain of the earliest historic period, — of that Dacia whose people were a mixture of Gothic races, whose religion was the Paganism of Greece built upon the basis of Druidism, and whose invincible valor could defy the arms of Mithridates and Darius. The traces of a few ditches which surrounded the camps, the ruins of mines which seem to have belonged to an age anterior to that of

the Roman rule, a single statue, found a few years ago in a field, and now in the Bucharest museum, representing a sacrifice to the god Mithra, a head or two, and a moderate collection of coins and medals, are all that is left of that obscure nation. There are no tombs of heroes, no statues of philosophers and scholars, to supply the void of authentic annals.

Of the second period, on the contrary, the early years of vassalage to the empire and the conquerors which subdued it, there are very abundant remains. The course of the Roman roads may be traced in every direction. The fragments of the great bridge of Trajan, the masterpiece of the architect Apollodorus, built in twenty arches of sixty feet span and a hundred and fifty feet in height, may still be discerned on the banks of the Danube. The broken wall of the tower of Severinus, falsely ascribed to the Roman emperor; the ruins of the citadel of Theodora, built by Justinian, and famous in the long story of the Barbarian wars; the vestiges of Roman cities at the mouths of Wallachian rivers, from which ruins, coins, and relics are constantly exhumed; the treasures of art and the columns of temples which have been found on the sites of the old towns of Castra Nova and Caput Bovis, — all make the Wallachian bank of the Danube an interesting study for an antiquary. Even to the mountains, the enduring marks of Roman skill may be followed, like the pavement of the Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi.

The boast of the Roumanians goes back to this epoch. But the real heroic age of the people dates from the thirteenth century, when the provinces became independent dukedoms. From that date to the present day no century has been without some famous name in the annals of the Roumain people. Rodolph the Black, the father of his country, as orthodox in faith as he was wise in legislation and skilful to restore ruined cities, is still remembered in the castle where he dwelt, in the church which he built, and in the grave dignity of his stiff portrait. Of "Vlad the Devil," the extraordinary crimes are perpetuated in household stories, as the cruelties of Cromwell in the cottages of Ireland. This Wallachian monster, who deserved with double force

the hideous surname which another before him had borne, surpassed Nero and Caligula in the refinements of his barbarity. To roast, boil, and hack enemies or friends, according to his whim, was his eccentric amusement. If relations asked for the pardon of some poor prisoner, he would compel them to make a feast upon their friend's body. *Impaling* was the punishment which he loved best, and nothing was more grateful to his eyes than a row of *spitted* heretics or Moslems. His reign was a reign of terror.

Contemporary with this Wallachian Nero was a Moldavian Aurelius, whose nobler qualities made with the crimes of the other a splendid contrast. The half-century of the reign of Stephen the Great is still celebrated as the golden age of his province. His severity in punishment was mitigated by his justice in judgment, his haughty scorn excused by his burning valor, his hatred of enemies by his success in battle. "Stephen, our Woywode, beat the Tartars, beat the Poles, beat the Turks, the Russians, the Magyars," was the refrain of their song. Few of the rulers, however, were like him, and to most of their names history has attached some epithet of contempt or hatred. We read of Bogdan the One-eyed, Basil the Despot, Ivan the Tyrant, John the Heretic, Aaron the Wicked, Basil the Wolf, Mihne the Apostate, and the like. The whole story is one of intrigue, ambition, restless striving, almost perpetual civil and foreign war. Good reigns are short episodes. The only steady tendency is that which subjects the provinces to the Turkish dominion, reducing the people to pitiful bondage, and making the rulers vassals of an infidel power. The picture of five centuries is sprinkled over with massacres and rebellions, shameful submission and fruitless struggle, treasons and assassinations, so thickly, that hardly a light spot can be seen. From the time of Rodolph the Black, to the time of Stephen Cantacuzene, the last native ruler of Wallachia, there is hardly a breathing-space in the catalogue of disasters which the wretched people were forced to suffer.

The monuments of the age of these native chiefs in the provinces are ecclesiastical rather than secular. Most of the castles have disappeared. But convents, four, five, or six centuries

old, still make a striking feature in the scenery of the country. They occupy the most romantic and commanding sites, and at a little distance might be mistaken for fortresses, into which, indeed, they might easily be changed. Some of them are fine specimens of Byzantine architecture, some contain remarkable frescos, some are noted as once the prisons of famous men, some still guard the tombs of the sacred dead. At Tismana, on the frontiers of Transylvania, they show the grotto of St. Nicodemus; at Cernica, the remarkable works of a self-taught painter; at Putna, the burial-place of Stephen the Great; at Agapia, the religious home of the poor daughters of the nobility. The most remarkable of all is the monastery of Niamtzo, which adds to the rare beauty of its position the glory of having ministered to the culture and literature of the people. The forest of aged oaks which surrounds it reminds one of the park of Fontainebleau. Tall pines stand sentinels at its gateway, and its background is a line of snow-crowned mountains. It has that place in the reverence of the peasantry which the abbey of Einseideln has in the reverence of the Swiss Cantons. Over against it rise the broken relics of that fortress which holds the saddest memories of the Moldavian land, and has inspired the genius of painter and poet. The chimes of its two chapels still make the evening musical. There is an industrial school within its precincts, a hospital for the sick, a press, and, what is rare in Roumania, a *library*. Next to this, the most remarkable monastery is that of Caldarusani, which, like the ancient communities of Pontus and the Lybian Desert, is never profaned by the neighborhood of the weaker sex.

The Phanariot dynasty, which lasted from the close of the seventeenth century to the year 1821, wrought many changes in the relations of the nobles to the people, and in the commercial and political connection with the neighboring empires. Russia gained while the Porte lost influence. The cession of the land between the Pruth and the Dniester deprived the Moldavians of half their ancient territory, and doubly exposed them to Russian invasion. They became accustomed to foreign interference and management, — to be put in pawn by the diplomacy of sovereigns who met to adjust

the balance of power, without any thought of the interests of the people whose territory they passed from hand to hand. The Phanariot princes, a foreign race, speaking another language and intimately dependent on the Sultan, were never popular, even when they labored wisely for the people. The excessive luxury of their court was as burdensome as it was offensive. The taxes were trebled, while the pride of the nation was mortified. The vices of the foreign nobility were scandalous in the extreme, and their habits were alike effeminate and servile. All offices were bought and sold, and the solemnity of an oath was set aside with Cretan faithlessness.

The artificial necessities caused by this luxurious government led to many specious plans of enfranchisement. The slaves were to be raised to the rank of freemen, only that the government might get from them a larger revenue. There was but little sincerity in the pretended disinterestedness of such men as the Racovizzas, Maurocordatos, and Ghicas. If trade was made brisker, the country grew no richer. Only the monks and clergy made anything out of this hateful rule. Confident in the assurance of the protection of Russia, the pretence of which was now constantly brought forward, they knew how to care for their own interests while the people were suffering. Even they could not escape the injury to which the ambitious projects of the Great Catharine subjected them. Their policy, dictated by Russian agents, brought them into frequent collisions with the secular powers. Their archbishops, nominated by the Czar, became instruments to fix the vassalage of the land. The liberal impulses given by the French Revolution, when a postal system, a press, and a woollen factory were established by the reigning prince, were lost when Alexander Hypsilantis, a tool of Russia, became viceroy. The oppressive tax of the "cazan" — ostensibly a tax on the distillation of spirits, but in reality a tax upon every peasant's kettle — took the place of salutary reforms. Intolerable oppressions drove multitudes to despair, and at the time of the Peace of Tilsit, in 1807, the taxable population of the provinces had been immensely reduced by emigration. More than a million of

a people above all others bound by love of home, had gone into voluntary exile.

It had been from the beginning the plan of the Phanariots to subjugate the people by annihilating their national language. Greek was the only tongue of educated men, and the native schools were shut. But a counter movement, instigated by the politic Emperor of Austria, was set on foot, and in the year 1816, Georges Lazar, a young Transylvanian of high education, opened at Bucharest a public course of mathematics and philosophy in the Roumain dialect. The influence of this teaching was naturally quickening to the dormant patriotism of his scholars, and in a few years he had trained missionaries for awakening all the land to revolt. The insurrection of 1821, with its horrid massacres and its fatal issue for the Phanariots, was due in great measure to the spirit thus aroused; and after a century and a quarter of Greek administration, the provinces came again to obey a ruler of their own race.

Not much was gained by the change. The plans of reform which the new hospodars promulgated, were nullified by Russian intrigues, the national newspapers were speedily suppressed, and, except in the removal of some restrictions upon trade, the people were no better off than under the Phanariots. The war between the Turks and Russians in 1828, brought to Moldo-Wallachia a season of terrible suffering. Not only was all the substance of the wretched peasantry confiscated to feed the Russian soldiers, but they were compelled to become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the army of their self-constituted protectors. Famine and pestilence added to the horrors of that winter of sorrow. Hundreds escaped by suicide the fate which threatened them. The treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, seemed to release the provinces from subjection to the Sultan, and to restore their ancient rights; but in reality it only enslaved them to a harder master. The new constitution, to which the Porte was compelled to assent, was dictated by the Russian Count Kisseleff. The new hospodars owed their election to Russian influence. The investiture by the Grand Vizier became only a matter of form. The real control of the state was in St. Petersburg,

and not in Stamboul. There was a day of rejoicing when the voracious guests crossed the Pruth, and the peasant seemed likely to eat the fruit of his labor. Patriots were not wanting to foster the national spirit, and to create a party against the Cossacks. The theatre became a school of revolution, and the children of the nobility declaimed on the stage, in their native tongue, those works of French and German dramatists which taught hatred to tyrants, and the love of liberty. The slaves in the employment of the state were set free. For a while the liberal party seemed to be prosperous, and in the national assemblies some valiant reforms were attempted. But the party of the despots was stronger. The discussions of the deputies were silenced, and the theatre, after the performance of the Saul of Alfieri, was closed by authority.

Plots and counterplots followed. The patriot leaders were arrested and confined in dungeons, where they could not be won by flattery and bribes. Moldavia suffered less than Wallachia; yet here the rapacity of the prince more than balanced his enlightened policy. In the year 1839, the nobles barely escaped a general massacre. Year by year, French ideas gained ground in the provinces, while the anti-Russian feeling grew bolder. The fable of "The Gardener and the Bramble," circulated with incredible speed, helped to bring on the outbreak; and the French Revolution of 1848 was followed in Moldo-Wallachia by an insurrection which had the rare fortune to be wholly bloodless. A provisional government made large promises, and announced great designs. But reaction was too strong for patriotism. The history of the Roumains in that year of change is the history of the greater nations; — one by one all the reforms were crushed, and political exiles were summarily sent across the Danube. *Order was restored* by the treaty of Balta Liman, which took away from the Roumains every guaranty of freedom, suspended their assemblies, and gave them only the privilege of executing the joint orders of the Sultan and the Czar. To the patriot leaders was left naught but the mean amusement of mutual crimination. Their rancorous disputes revealed their unfitness to guide a great movement, and deprived them

of the fame of martyrdom. There were among them many enthusiasts, but no great man.

We need not dwell upon the recent events in the Principalities, with which the journals have made us familiar. One new element of trouble has been added by the war, in the Austrian occupation. Hostile as are the Roumains to their Slavonic protectors, they must be more hostile to a nation whose Church is the enemy of theirs. There is no point in common between them and the loyal tribes of the Hapsburg "paternal" rule. Any pretence of a protectorate at Vienna will be more sternly resisted than the most presumptuous claim of the heir of Nicholas. Roumania has suffered too much from vassalage in the past, to try another master.

The political question now most agitated in the Principalities is, like the Italian question, one of *union*. The real patriots see that there is no hope for the future, unless they can bind in one state brethren whose language, whose lineage, whose customs, and whose interests are nearly identical. They have suffered by their internal strifes, and been weakened by their jealousies. It is now time to become a united nation. The Russian government dreads this proposal, and seeks in every way to foment the old antipathies. A cunning device has been, in the various conferences, to join Servia to Moldavia and Wallachia. Now Servia, though adjacent and in its history not unlike the other provinces, is wholly Slavonic, and as alien to Roumania as Poland or Circassia. There can never be political union between races so unlike. And it is a misfortune of the position of Roumania, that it is so sandwiched between the two branches of the Slavonic race.

The recent treaty of peace has nominally secured to Moldo-Wallachia the strip of land on the Danube lying between Galatz and the Black Sea, with the fortress of Ismail. Russia has now no frontier on the Danube. The possession, however, is of small value, except as it gives to the commercial nations who dictate to Turkey freer control of the navigation of that important highway of trade. The best result of the war to the provinces will be the increased influence of England. This nation alone is likely by its

intercourse to benefit without burdening the people, to develop their resources without exhausting their energies. What the future of the Principalities may be, if the new state of things should continue, it is not easy to foretell. The work of regeneration, industrial not less than moral, will be slow for a people so long degraded. The helps to reform are few, and the hinderances are many and powerful. The country has no great men, and there are but scanty means of educating even a respectable aristocracy. The Church is a stumbling-block in the way of progress. All that sagacious observers have affirmed in regard to the hopelessness of improvement in Poland and Hungary may be affirmed far more strongly of Roumania, where the same obstacles exist in tenfold greater degree. The way of securing to free civilization this land so blessed by Nature, has not yet been revealed. We may dream of a union of all the tribes of the Roumain race, as men speculate now concerning a Panslavic empire. But together they are a handful against the masses of other races. Too numerous obstacles hinder the accomplishment of this dream. That many visitations of war and woe are yet in store for the land, is much more probable. Its people seems destined to dwindle, and some other race to take the task of opening its mines, building its cities, and realizing its legendary prophecies. It waits for the death of "the sick man," and the downfall of the Ottoman empire, which no propping of diplomacy can long postpone. No intelligent traveller can believe that the Turkish power will endure much longer. The descendants of the Asiatic conquerors must soon disappear from the continent of Europe, and then a chance may be given to the people whom they have held so long tributaries. The future of Roumania, however, is not more uncertain than the future of Greece and Italy, concerning which every review is expected to have an opinion. Our opinion is, that the ardent wish of M. Ubicini for the Pan-Roumanism of ancient Dacia is likely to be realized when the unity of Italy is restored, or when the Jews return in a body to Palestine; — then, perhaps, but not sooner.

ART. V.—1. *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, during the Years* 1853, '54, '55. By ELISHA KENT KANE, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1856. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *The Last of the Arctic Voyages; being a Narrative of the Expedition in H. M. S. Assistance, under the Command of Captain Sir Edward Belcher, C. B., in Search of Sir John Franklin, during the Years* 1852, '53, '54. London: Lovell Reeve. 1855. 2 vols. Royal 8vo.

FOR years the attention of the civilized world has been directed to the subject of Arctic discovery. Of late, the interest has been heightened by the cordial sympathy which the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave companions in misfortune has excited among all classes of men. The subject itself has exhibited many phases in the course of its development. The search for a passage to the East Indies by way of the sea to the north of North America, begun by English ships in the first place, for the sake of finding a channel of communication with the East free from the interruption and encroachments of the Spaniards, and continued with divers objects in view, now fantastic and fanciful, now useful and beneficial, has at length been ended. Not without great expenditure of treasure and sacrifice of human life has it been carried on. From Cabot and Frobisher to Franklin, McClure, and Kane, it has enlisted a noble array of heroic seamen, whose labors, privations, and hardships will not soon be lost to the remembrance of mankind.

In a former number of this Review,* we presented a sketch of the different expeditions which had penetrated the waters of the Arctic Ocean, in the attempt to find a Northwest Passage. It is the design of the present paper to ascertain, if possible, the actual results accomplished through so many years of struggle with the fiercest forces of Nature, and to inquire whether these results have been such as to compensate for what they have cost.

---

* April, 1855.

Were we to calculate the results of these expeditions according to commercial rules, we should be constrained to acknowledge an almost entire failure. Commerce will never seek the American Polar Ocean and its islands, expecting to carry on on a profitable traffic with the scattered and impoverished inhabitants of those inhospitable and unproductive regions. Never will the Northwest Passage be used by American or English ships on the way to Japan, China, and the islands of the Indian and Pacific oceans. No rich argosy,

> "From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
> From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,"

will ever sail along those ice-bound coasts, to gather in the gains of trade. So far as these matters are concerned, the expeditions have been fruitless. The Arctic Sea is impassable to commerce. It is no better for military and naval purposes. In case of a future war between Russia and England, neither would have much cause to fear attack from this quarter. Siberia would not be threatened by the descent of a fleet through Behring's Straits, nor would Canada have cause to provide against invasion by way of the Mackenzie's and the Copper-mine.

Nor can it be said that this region of the earth presents a very promising field for Christian enterprise to work out its beneficial results. True, the self-denial and self-devotion of the Moravian and Danish missionaries are above all praise, and they have accomplished much for the material and spiritual welfare of the Esquimaux tribes, with whom they have had intercourse. Yet it can hardly be expected that, beyond the isolated Danish settlements on the western coast of Greenland, much improvement will take place. It does not seem probable that Akkolee, Igloolik, Boothia, Baring Island, Victoria and Wollaston Lands, will ever become prominent missionary stations. Christian civilization will never boast of great conquests among the sparse and migratory population of the shores and islands of the Polar Sea. Yet one thing, at least, the Esquimaux are spared. If they are deprived of the benefits, they are exempt from many of the vices, which ordinarily belong to civilized life. It is not thus that

they will be swept, like other savage tribes, from the face of the earth. If their numbers are constantly diminishing, it is not because of any destructive indulgence, so much as through constant exposure and peril. What Providence may have designed that they should accomplish for humanity we cannot tell. Let us, at least, trust that they contribute their mite, under providential direction, to the sum of the world's good.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that England has taken the lead, and almost alone has done the work, in the enterprise of Arctic discovery. She has been called a nation of shopkeepers, yet she has expended no less than one million pounds sterling in searching out regions which never have yielded her a farthing's profit. She has been censured for her selfish spirit of conquest and aggrandizement, yet some of the best ships and officers of her navy have been sent to remote lands, whose annexation can add no strength to her empire. Foremost of European nations in civilization, she has employed her forces among a people to whom civilization in any high degree is impossible. It has not been cupidity, or ambition, or the desire to carry out an impracticable theory, that has been the impelling motive to such continued and persevering attempts to find a way through the Arctic seas. There is somewhat more than a selfish passion for gain and conquest within the Anglo-Saxon heart. There is a chivalrous love of triumph over difficulties, which is the essence of heroism. And Englishmen and Americans derive from the intensity of this feeling the actuating power for many a worthy enterprise. There is also a laudable desire to extend the bounds of human knowledge, and to augment the amount of scientific attainment. Humanity too has its claims, among which even Esquimaux have a place. Let us give full credit to those noble elements of character which English and American history amply proves to exist — however overlaid they may sometimes seem to be by meaner qualities — in the constitution of the Teutonic races.

A curious writing is extant, the production of John Davis, an English seaman and Arctic voyager of no common note, which, fanciful as it may appear, is an evidence of the power of pure and heroic purpose over the English mind. It is en-

titled "The World's Hydrographical Description," and was published in the year 1595. Fanciful as it may now appear, it may be regarded as representing the opinions of more than one of the daring and humane Englishmen of those times. The object of the work was to show that the world was "inhabited, and inhabitable," and that there was "a short and speedie passage into ye South Seas, by northerly navigation." The worthy sailor decided that America was an island, and brought forward the opinions of such travellers as Anthony Jenkinson, Sir John Hawkins, and Sir Francis Drake, with his own experience, to prove that this island could be circumnavigated. Then to show that the "sea fryseth not," he adduced the facts, as he had found them, that the "ayer in cold regions was tollerable," that "Groynland and Iceland were inhabited," and that the icebergs which he met were "great pieces of snow" that had fallen from the "high mountains on the coast of Desolation." He concludes that "under the pole is the place of greatest dignitie," — "the whole year is but one day and one night," — "therefore, no doubt but those people have a wonderfull excellencie, and an exceeding prerogative above all nations of the earth. If they have the notice of their eternitie by the comfortable light of ye gospell, then are they blessed, and of all nations most blessed." He accordingly urges the prosecution of a voyage to the Arctic seas, and adds, as an inducement, the "benefits of ye Discoverie." These he declares would be, spiritually, "to multiply and increase the flock of ye faithful, by teaching ye people Christianity, and preaching ye peace of ye Lord," — and temporally, the "Indian trade and ye glory thereof," which would be "a deed of horror to her Majestie's enemies," would "procure stately and perpetuall peace, increase friendly love, and make her Majestie's empire to all nations most dreadfull." The brave seaman did not succeed in verifying his statements by actual discovery, but he has left the memorial of the courage of his endeavor in the straits that bear his name.

The slight notice of this singular work which we have been able to give, indicates somewhat the character of the motives which impelled the early Arctic voyagers to make the attempt to find the Northwest Passage. It was, in part,

to secure for England the trade with India; but it was also to benefit the natives of the Northern lands, by teaching them the truths of the Gospel. There was excitement in the dangers of the passage, there was glory for England to be acquired, there was a lasting good to be done to the ignorant and the weak among the North American barbarians. The objects for the recent voyages to accomplish have been widely different. The excitement still remained to stimulate the hearts of the bold navigators; there was still glory enough for England, to render the enterprise particularly honorable; there were discoveries to be made, which would be valuable additions to science; but other, safer, and more expeditious passages have been found to India, and but little good can be accomplished in the casual and interrupted intercourse between the natives and their visitants. England does not now expect to find under the Pole the place of greatest dignity, nor does she think that the Northwest Passage will make her dreadful to her enemies. Yet she has won immortal honor in her Arctic expeditions, and has been a valued contributor to the knowledge of the world. The development of character is, we think, as valuable a result as the increase of the material wealth of mankind, and the attainments of science are of somewhat more importance than the gains of trade. It is a noteworthy fact, and one of which we are proud, that such revenues as these, our own country shares with her honorable and friendly ally.

The volumes whose titles we have placed at the beginning of this article, are records of two very important expeditions, the one despatched by the combined munificence of Messrs. George Peabody of London and Henry Grinnell of New York, with the assistance of the government of the United States, the other sent by the government of Great Britain. Sir Edward Belcher's expedition was first in point of time, and by far the most imposing in numbers and appearance. We have already alluded to these expeditions in our former article, and it is not necessary to repeat what we there have said. Sir Edward's book has a magnificence of aspect, in singular contrast with the paucity of the results which his expedition accomplished. He was evidently weary of his undertaking after

the first winter, and the subsequent season entirely took away his courage. He had able subordinates, as his narrative amply shows, but it as amply shows that he was an inefficient, querulous, and feeble chief. We cannot, it is true, calculate precisely the situation of affairs, or determine the necessities of the case, removed as we are to so great a distance from the scene of operations. We acknowledge that it is easy to criticise, even when in partial ignorance of the subject upon which we animadvert. But, judging from Belcher's narrative itself, we cannot feel otherwise than that his incompetency to lead such an expedition under such perilous circumstances manifests itself through almost the entire voyage. However brave a man and good a seaman in other respects, he was not equal to a command in the Arctic seas. He was prepared to abandon his vessels, almost before the second winter of his confinement set in, and as soon as he could with propriety give the necessary orders, he was ready for an inglorious retreat. As early as February 1, 1854, he sent orders to Captain Kellett, who was wintering in the pack with the Resolute, at some distance to the eastward of Melville Island, to be ready to abandon her in season to be at Beechy Island with her crew and that of the Investigator before the middle of June. These orders were written on the *15th day of October*, 1853. Without waiting to know what would be the chances of escape in the following summer, he made all his arrangements to quit his vessels, and return to England, as soon as a favorable opportunity offered. When the summer came, Sir Edward Belcher was ready to move. Captain Kellett had his orders, and of course was obliged to obey them. On the 15th of May, 1854, the Resolute, with her tender, the Intrepid, was deserted by her crew, who, under the leading of their brave commander, arrived in due season at Beechy. We can imagine what a lonely time the poor old Resolute had of it, frozen hard and fast in the Polar ice, till the summer of 1855 released her, when she drifted into Baffin's Bay, and, picked up by the crew of an American whaler, was navigated safely into New London. The Assistance, with her tender, the Pioneer, was abandoned on the 25th of August, 1854. A few days afterward, the crews of the abandoned vessels were put on board the

North Star, the Phœnix, and the Talbot, (the two last-mentioned having just arrived from England,) and the three vessels started on their homeward way. They reached England without further detention, about the 1st of October. Sir Edward Belcher left his ship at Cork, on the 28th of September, and, "accompanied by Captains Kellett and McClure, proceeded by rail for London."

The American expedition, though far less imposing in its appearance, and ending in the same way, by abandonment of the vessel, was far more prolific of results. The little brig Advance left the harbor of New York on the 31st of May, 1853. Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was her commander, supported by a company of seventeen officers and men. At the time of her departure the fate of Sir John Franklin had not been ascertained, and Dr. Kane and his chivalric band confidently expected to find some traces of the brave navigator, if they could not carry to him the means of rescue, upon the shores of the ocean that surrounds the Pole. Full of hope and energy, the expedition started. The 20th of July found the party at Proven, and thenceforward for two years and more they were lost to the civilized world. Our government was not unmindful of what was due to the daring adventurers. Congress authorized the equipment of a searching expedition. The necessary vessels were purchased and manned, and on the 31st of May, 1855, the barque Release and the propeller Arctic, under the command of Lieutenant H. J. Hartstene, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. On the 5th of July, the vessels reached Lievely, and on the 16th of the same month, Upernavik. They pushed through Melville Bay with the usual fortune of Arctic navigators, and passed Capes Alexander and Hatherton without finding the expected traces of the party which they sought. In the neighborhood of these places, however, they found an Esquimaux village; and the presence of articles of unmistakably American manufacture among the natives satisfied Lieutenant Hartstene that he had at last reached the trail of his missing countrymen. A few imperfectly pronounced English words, and the constant repetition of "Dokto Kayen" by the inhabitants of the village, confirmed the opinions of the commander. Through the medium of paper, pencil, and a

few rough drawings of boats, dogs, and sledges, the natives gave the party information that "Dokto Kayen" and his men had gone south, and that the brig had been crushed and abandoned. The manner of communicating this last piece of intelligence is thus described by a writer in Putnam's Magazine for May, 1856. A young Esquimaux, Mayouk by name, "ran down to the beach and got two white stones; laid them on the ground, and, pointing to the floating masses of ice in the bay, signified to us that these represented the ice. Next, he took a common clay pipe of Mr. Lovell's, and, pointing to the north, said, 'Vomiak sooak,' or big ship, 'vomiak sooak, Dokto Kayen.' He next pushed the pipe up between the pebbles, and then pressed them together, till the pipe was crushed. Lastly, he pointed to the south, and began imitating the rowing of a boat, the cracking of whips, and the hup-hupping of a dog-driver, vociferating at intervals, 'Dokto Kayen, he! he! he!'" Acting upon this information, Lieutenant Hartstene retraced his way, but, before going directly to a Greenland port, thought it best to cross to the western side of the bay, lest the lost party should, by any negligence in the search, be missed. He found no traces, however, in that direction, and so bore up for Upernavik. Overtaken by a gale, he was fortunately forced out of his course, and resolved to put into Lievely. As the vessels were making up to the anchorage, a brig in the harbor was descried, with an American flag floating at the mast-head. Soon after, the old flag of the missing Advance was hoisted, and the searching expedition knew that its task had been successfully completed. Dr. Kane and his party had been found, and were safe, on board the good Danish brig Mariane, bound, in a day or two, for Copenhagen. The passengers very gladly transferred themselves to the American vessels, and, in a few days setting sail from Lievely, arrived at New York on Thursday, October 11, 1855. The intelligence of their safe return sent a thrill of joy through the whole country.

Dr. Kane, in his graphic and interesting narrative, gives us the results of his chivalrous attempt to find the missing English navigators. Though unsuccessful in this endeavor, he yet accomplished a vast amount of labor, and added materially to

the knowledge of the world, in respect to the hitherto unknown regions of North America. Following a new and untried route through Smith's Sound, he reached a higher latitude than that of any previous navigator in those waters. Frozen in, on the 10th of September, in latitude 78° 37′ north, the expedition found its winter quarters in a small bay, between two headlands, which furnished a secure harbor. The winter which followed was excessively severe, even for the Arctic regions. The thermometer indicated —60°; whiskey froze; and several of the men were, at different times, in imminent peril of losing their lives through the intensity of the cold. The following winter was hardly less severe. The brig was frozen in so completely, as to prevent any attempt to move her from her position, and at the commencement of the spring of 1855, it was found necessary to abandon her. Scarcity of provisions and fuel made it impossible to remain with safety in those inhospitable regions. Meanwhile, Dr. Kane and his men had not been idle. The travelling parties, well organized and equipped, had surveyed the coast of Greenland and its adjoining land as far north as latitude 82° 30′, and an open sea had been discovered, whose waves wash the entire northern coast of this continent. An area of three thousand square miles had been seen free from ice. In the course of the exploration along its shores, an immense glacier protruding from the land stopped the way of the advancing party. Nothing daunted, the brave men rafted themselves along its base, on masses of ice, for eighty miles and more, till they came to a land cemented to Greenland by this stupendous frozen belt. To this land they gave the name of Washington.

As the winter of 1854–55 passed away, the leader of the expedition found that nothing more could be done in the work of Arctic discovery, and prepared to turn his face homeward. The brig was fast in the ice, the severity of the weather had made sad inroads upon the stock of fuel, and rations were running low. To preserve the lives of the men, a retreat was absolutely necessary. Advanced parties having been sent to make deposits of provisions, and all things being now ready for flitting, on the 17th of May, 1855, the hatches of the brig were battened down, the colors hoisted, and the Advance was left

to her fate. With the temperature at —5°, the disabled party took its departure. Four of the men were sick, and the remainder, putting them on board dog-sledges, and dragging the boats after them, toiled along their wearisome road. Thirty-one days' travel, of constant exposure, brought them to Cape Alexander, a distance of three hundred and sixteen miles. There they embarked in open water, and travelled southward, sometimes over ice, sometimes over water, till they reached Cape York, where they broke up their spare boats and sledges for fuel, put boldly out into Melville Bay, and shaped their course for the Danish settlements. Through the most dangerous thoroughfare of Arctic travel the little party safely passed, and reached the borders of civilized life on the 6th of August, having travelled in eighty-one days a distance of more than one thousand three hundred miles. At Upernavik, passage was taken on board the Danish brig Mariane. By great good fortune the brig touched at Disco Island, and here our missing American explorers were found by the searching expedition. During the time of his absence, Dr. Kane lost three of his men, two of whom died of tetanus, the other of an abscess following the amputation of a frozen limb. The surviving members of the party returned in strong and vigorous health.

We cannot forbear expressing our gratification at the manner in which these volumes have been prepared. No expense has been spared in making the book worthy of its subject. Its typography is excellent. Its copious illustrations are engraved in the best manner, and the exceedingly clear, manly, and forcible style of the narrative itself shows that, while Dr. Kane stands in the front rank of Arctic adventurers, his equally eminent success as an author is beyond dispute. In manner and matter, the American book far surpasses its English companion. We can be justly proud of it, as in all respects a worthy specimen of American literature.

What now has the Arctic search done? The student of science finds, in its results, objects of the greatest interest and value; the student of human nature recognizes, in the knowledge of the strange people which it has revealed to the world, a rich contribution to anthropology; the student

of human character discovers, in the bearing and conduct of men who have been long removed from intercourse with civilized life, the capacities and resources of the human mind, in the midst of disheartening and appalling circumstances. But little light has been thrown upon the fate of Sir John Franklin. That brave man has passed away, with his companions, and the civilized world vainly seeks the traces of his painful course.

We think it is well for man to know what he cannot do, as well as what he can. There is a limit to enterprise and adventure, and Nature has her impregnable fortresses. It is well also to remove error from the human mind, even though it be upon so chimerical a project as that of the discovery of the Northwest Passage. Practical progress is made mostly by experiment, and even failure itself is by no means lost. It is some gain to the world, when relentless experience proves an erroneous judgment to be erroneous. Long years of toil were spent in the pursuit of alchemy and the search for the philosopher's stone, but not altogether without purpose or result. The science of chemistry is largely indebted to the unwearied workers of its nonage and infancy. Arabian stargazers and Persian astrologers, though what they thought was a science has been long exploded, have not left astronomy without indebtedness to their inquisitive researches. The attempt to find the country of the Amazons, and the fabled city of Manoa, disclosed to the world the noblest river of the globe. Ponce de Leon, in his search for the fountain of eternal youth, discovered somewhat more substantial, and helped in giving a new world to the knowledge of mankind. Not that we would, by any means, place the enterprise of Arctic discovery in the same category with these visionary pursuits. The achievements of which it has been the occasion make it deserving of a place among the best performances of human endeavor. Indisposed as we are to overrate its importance, we yet would be equally unwilling to underrate its value.

What it has given to science cannot well be lost. The geographical conclusions which have been reached in the course of its pursuit, are not without their interest and worth

to the practical worker, as well as to the scientific man. It is a fact of no small magnitude, that, by means of the most persevering research, and the most heroic and self-sacrificing labors, the entire geography of the northern portion of the American continent has been determined. The coasts may be ice-bound, the seas may for ever be innavigable; but the coasts are there, and the seas are there: it is something to know that. The Northwest Passage may never be used as a highway for civilized man, but the heroism of McClure and his gallant company will never be forgotten. The open sea around the Pole, whose surf-beat upon its icy shores was witnessed and heard by our American sailors, may never be ploughed by the keel of the mariner, and may toss its waves for ever in the solitude of the Polar darkness; but Dr. Kane is not the less a benefactor to the knowledge of mankind. The huge ice-river of Greenland will probably never be seen again by a civilized being; but the fact of its existence, and the method of its action, are by no means valueless, in determining interesting and difficult problems in geology. The magnetic pole of either hemisphere may never again be visited; but the definition of its place has been of immense importance to the interests of navigation and commerce. We are disposed to hail with rejoicing every fresh addition to our knowledge of the geography of the globe. We believe that it is of the highest utility to ascertain, if it can be ascertained, in what way the plastic hand of Almighty Power formed this world of ours, and prepared it for conquest and habitation by man, — how the channels of its rivers have been scooped out, how its mountains have been lifted up, how its proud seas have been stayed, how the bound has been set "that they may not pass over, that they turn not again to cover the earth." No operation of the Divine hand can be neglected by the human mind without injury. If there is interest in tracing the pathways of the stars, or value in understanding the movements of the universe, there certainly must be interest and value in knowing the character of our own planet. Infinite wisdom has not set the currents of the sea in their courses round the Pole, without some design of good for man. Every discovery serves to make that design more clearly known.

The Arctic search has been a school for the study of all the sciences. The British government, with its accustomed liberality, has furnished its expeditions with all the necessary apparatus, and the officers in command have in general faithfully obeyed their instructions in this respect. Every Arctic ship has been a scientific observatory. The temperature, the phenomena of the heavens, the processes of chemical combinations, the effects of electricity and magnetism, the varieties of natural history, have all been strictly noticed. There is something of sublimity in the position of the scientific student, quietly pursuing his investigations into the secrets of Nature, amidst the howling of the tempests which an endless winter sends, cut off from intercourse with civilization, deprived of its comforts, and braving every peril, for the sake of adding, by his patient toil, to the knowledge of the world. What fascination must there be in the pursuit of knowledge, thus to allure men away from home and friends and the kindly converse of love, to spend amid the desolations of Arctic wastes the best years of life! The narratives of these voyages are a rich storehouse for Nature's pupil. One almost wonders at the patience and the endurance which could elaborate such exact and minute information. Nothing escapes the keen eye of the Arctic voyager. The play of the electric current, the aberrations of the magnetic needle, the variation of the unstable mercury, the fantastic shapes of the aurora, the curious phenomena of refraction, the symmetrical beauty of the snow-crystal, the strange forms and habits of life, in bird and fish and vegetable, the mighty force of Polar winds, the irresistible upheaving of whole fields of ice, the majestic march of the stately berg, — all are seen by the Argus-eyed observer, and noted down, to serve as the materials from which the studious naturalist at home constructs the system of scientific truth. The fur-clad explorer sets a hundred brains at work, all over the civilized world.

The discovery of the open sea around the North Pole we regard as a very important addition to our knowledge. Dr. Kane, in an Appendix to his narrative of the first American expedition, expressed the opinion, that an open sea existed, of vast extent, beyond the head-waters of Baffin's Bay. Other

Arctic voyagers, before his day, had held the same opinion. Lieutenant Maury, in his admirable work on the Physical Geography of the Sea, has a brief but interesting chapter upon the probable existence and climate of this Polynia. It has been left, however, for Dr. Kane to verify his own opinion, and the theories of others, by actual observation. He has stood upon the shores of this iceless ocean, and gazed in wonder over its vast extent. He has witnessed the dashing of its billows, and felt the movement of its ceaseless currents. Such a discovery is not vain or useless. What has been but theory, has now been shown to be fact, and the system of oceanic currents, which has been a matter of conjecture, is now very nearly perfected. Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait are undoubtedly one great outlet of the Polar Sea, as is shown by the drift of De Haven's expedition in the winter of 1850–51, and the drift also of the Resolute in the winter and spring of 1854–55. Smith's Sound is another, and perhaps the principal outlet, into Baffin's Bay. Thence, through Davis's Strait, the current flows into the Atlantic Ocean, till, meeting the Gulf Stream off the coast of Newfoundland, its drift forms the fishing-ground of Newfoundland, — the Grand Banks, — and itself, deflected from its course, flows southward along the American coast, and, passing underneath the Gulf Stream, is lost in the waters of the open Atlantic Ocean. It is not within our province to treat of the effect of this current upon the climate of North America. The thoughtful reader will at once perceive the reason why, in a great measure, our own coasts are much colder than the countries of Europe within the same or higher parallels of latitude.

The discovery of the Polar Ocean was made on the 24th of June, 1854, by a small travelling party consisting of only two persons, — William Morton, one of the crew, and Hans Cristian, an Esquimaux. Morton, on reaching the summit of a promontory, to which Dr. Kane gave the name of Cape Constitution, and from which the sailor looked out upon the Arctic Sea,

"fastened to his walking-pole the Grinnell flag of the *Antarctic*, — a well-cherished little relic, which had now followed me on two Polar voyages. This flag had been saved from the wreck of the United

States sloop-of-war Peacock, when she stranded off the Columbia River; it had accompanied Commodore Wilkes in his far-southern discovery of an Antarctic continent. It was now its strange destiny to float over the highest northern land, not only of America, but of our globe. Side by side with this were our Masonic emblems of the compass and the square. He let them fly for an hour and a half from the black cliff over the dark rock-shadowed waters, which rolled up and broke in white caps at its base."

"It must have been an imposing sight, as he stood at this termination of his journey, looking out upon the great waste of waters before him. Not a 'speck of ice,' to use his own words, could be seen. There, from a height of four hundred and eighty feet, which commanded a horizon of almost forty miles, his ears were gladdened with the novel music of dashing waves; and a surf, breaking in among the rocks at his feet, stayed his farther progress."

Dr. Kane does not attempt to "discuss the causes or conditions of this phenomenon." He simply records what he and his companions saw.

"Coming as it did, a mysterious fluidity in the midst of vast plains of solid ice, it was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order; and I do not believe there was a man among us who did not long for the means of embarking upon its bright and lonely waters."

If our limits permitted, we should be glad to consider the subject of temperature somewhat at length.

"Sir David Brewster," says Dr. Kane, in his Appendix, "determined the existence of two poles of cold, one for either hemisphere, and both holding fixed relation to the magnetic poles. These two seats of maximum cold are situated respectively in Asia and America, in longitudes 100° west and 95° east, and on the parallel of 80°. They differ about five degrees in their mean annual temperature; the American, which is the lower, giving three degrees and a half below zero. The isothermals surround the two points, in a system of returning curves, yet to be confirmed by observation; but the inference which I present is, that to the north of 80°, and at any points intermediate between these American and Siberian centres of intensity, the climate must be milder, or, more properly speaking, the mean annual temperature must be more elevated."

Sir Edward Belcher, in an Appendix to his volumes, furnishes us with a system of carefully prepared tables of tem-

perature, as observed by different navigators from 1819 to 1853, during the months intervening between October and July, inclusive. The places of observation were not more than one or two degrees of latitude apart, the lowest being at Port Bowen, in latitude 73° 14′ north, the highest being Northumberland Sound, 76° 52′ north. There was more difference in the longitude of the different places, the most easterly being Port Bowen, 89° west, the most westerly, Melville Island, 111° west. The month of February was found to be the coldest month of the season, the thermometer marking a minimum, at Melville Island, in 1820, of —50°; at Port Bowen, in 1825, of —45°; at Port Leopold, in 1849, of —60°; at Griffith Island, in 1851, of —46°; in Northumberland Sound, in 1853, of —47°; in Wellington Channel, in 1854, of —55.75°; at Melville Island, in 1854, of —56°. The mean for the month at these places was, respectively, —32°, —27°, —35°, —32½°, —29½°, —40°, —40.8°. The month of February, in these regions, is certainly "a cold term."

The information given us respecting the Esquimaux makes known the existence of a very curious tribe of people. Speculation fails to give a satisfactory solution of their origin, while their destiny and probable fate can be only matters of conjecture. They seem to be a migratory race, generally inoffensive and good-natured, but improvident and thriftless to the last degree. Dr. Kane always speaks of them in terms of good-will. In writing of a family of half-breeds at Proven, whom he saw upon his first voyage, he uses the following language: —

"The large family is a happy one; so small a home could not tolerate a quarrelsome mess. The sons, brave and stalwart fellows, practised in the kayack, the sledge, and the whale-net, adroit with the harpoon, and expert with the rifle, are constant at the chase, and bring home their spoil, with the honest pride becoming good providers of their household. And the women, in their nursing, cooking, tailoring, and housekeeping, are, I suppose, faithful enough. But what favorable impression that the mind gets through other channels can contend against the information of the nose! Organ of the aristocracy, critic and *magister morum* of all civilization, censor that heeds neither argument nor remonstrance, — the nose, alas! it bids me record, that,

to all their possible godliness, cleanliness is not superadded. Cristiansen — the head — is a simple and shrewd old Dane, hale and vigorous, thirty-one of whose sixty-four winters have been spent within the Arctic Circle, north of 70°. His habits are three fourths Esquimaux, one eighth Danish, and the remainder Provenish, or peculiarly his own. His wife is a half-breed, and his family, in language and aspect, completely Esquimaux. The case is curious, as exhibiting the ease with which civilized persons can adopt the habits of the ignorant and uncivilized."

"During the short summer of daylight, the whole family gather joyously in the summer's lodge, a tent of seal or reindeer skin, pitched out of doors. Then the room has its annual ventilation, and its cooking and chamber furniture are less liable to be confounded. For the winter the arrangement is this: on three sides of the room, close by a ledge or shelf — which runs round these three sides, and which is used for sofa, bed, and the receptacle of an infinite variety of articles — stand as many large pans of porous steatite or serpentine, elevated on wooden tripods. These, filled with seal-blubber, and garnished with moss to serve as a wick, unite the functions of chandelier and stove. They who quarrel with an ill-trimmed lamp at home should be disciplined by one of these. Each boils its half-gallon kettle of coffee in twenty minutes, and smokes — like a small chimney on fire; and the three burn together. There is no flue, or fire-place, or opening of escape."

The Esquimaux, under their own unassisted auspices, are far from living in the enjoyment of anything like the comfort of this household, if comfort indeed it can be called. All Arctic explorers speak of the wretchedness of these people in their abodes, and their habits of life. They are exceedingly filthy and exceedingly poor. Indeed, what could wealth be among a race, whose main labor is performed for the sole purpose of supplying an immediate want, — of food, or dress, or habitation? What could stimulate ambition, in a region whose excessive severity of climate precludes effort through the greater portion of the year? What degree of civilization could be expected among tribes of men whom necessity as well as inclination has made nomadic? By no means, however, are they devoid of skill and ability in the use of the materials which fortune throws in their way, for the satisfaction of the wants of life. The seal-skin or deer-skin furnishes them with a tent in summer; the snow gives them a warm dwelling in winter. With their light kayacks they skim the most

boisterous seas, in search of game and fish; with their strong spears they strike unerringly the destined prey. Dr. Kane gives a detailed account of the articles used by the Esquimaux in hunting and fishing. It is too long to incorporate into the present paper. Suffice it to say, that it presents abundant evidence of the dexterity, courage, and power of this strange people, while in the construction of their houses they show themselves possessed of considerable ingenuity. Indeed, in this latter respect the English sailors were glad to learn of the ignorant natives how to substitute for their canvas or India-rubber tents the warm and tight snow-houses of the Esquimaux. Mr. Kennedy, in his narrative of the second voyage of the Prince Albert, gives a very clear account of this novel species of architecture.

"First, a number of square blocks are cut out of any hard-drifted bank of snow you can meet with, adapted for the purpose, of the dimensions of two feet in length by fourteen inches in height and nine inches in breadth. A layer of these blocks is laid on the ground nearly in the form of a square, and then another layer on this, cut so as to incline slightly inward, and the corner blocks laid diagonally over those underneath, so as to cut off the angles. Other layers follow in the same way, until you have gradually a dome-shaped structure rising before you, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking beehive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside. As these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole house is as air-tight as an egg."

This style of architecture, if so it may be called, is adopted by the Esquimaux for building other houses beside those of snow for temporary convenience. Structures of stone, in the same shape, have been occasionally found by travelling parties in the Arctic regions. Lieutenant Sherard Osborn thus describes a ruin which he discovered while travelling on Cornwallis Island in the autumn of 1850: —

"The ruin proved to be a conical-shaped building, the apex of which had fallen in. Its circumference, at the base, was about twenty feet,

and the height of the remaining wall was five feet six inches. Those who had constructed it appeared well acquainted with the strength of an arched roof to withstand the pressure of the heavy falls of snow of these regions; and much skill and nicety were displayed in the arrangement of the slabs of slaty limestone, in order that the conical form of the building might be preserved throughout."

Sir Edward Belcher's parties found several complete structures of this kind, in the islands which they traversed north of Wellington Channel. Upon the land near Northumberland Sound the remains, as was supposed, of an Esquimaux encampment were found.

"This village, or encampment, was of the most substantial construction..... Great ingenuity and labor had been exerted in their construction. They were not superficial, but their foundations were laid at least three feet below the ground, — a matter most difficult to execute, even with our own tools, at any season! These foundations were of stone, in double walls, with the interval filled in with fine clay and gravel. The doors faced to the east, and evidently had the long passages usually appertaining to those of settled habitations in Greenland. Further, as noticed at Cape Riley, all the stones were larger, and different from any others noticed on the point."

In the spring of 1853, Sir Edward Belcher, with a travelling party, found upon some of the lands washed by the Polar Sea erections still more curious in their construction.

"One was a double cone, being about eight feet on the axis, and about the same at its greatest diameter; the rough computation at the time gave about forty courses of stone, varying from two to four inches, all parallel, selected slabs, and some appeared too heavy for any pair of our men to transport even for a few yards. These stones were not similar to those in the immediate vicinity, but were evidently obtained from a lower sandstone level; how they could have been brought up to this position was perplexing. The internal height, excepting in the centre, was not above four feet; and the interior appeared, as each slab was removed, to have been carefully filled in with small flat stones and moss, and yet no moss was to be found growing near it in any direction! It was marsh moss, and must have been brought from below."

No clew was found within or around it to denote the purpose of this singular structure. "The general impression was that it was of recent construction; but all was mystery, — no

document, European or Esquimaux." Soon after this, the party met with what appeared to be graves, and "to my senses," says Belcher, "raised by European hands." Upon opening these, however, "not a vestige of anything but black, dead moss was discovered." Neither the rocks nor the moss were like any other rocks or vegetable growth in the vicinity. No natives were found upon any of the lands visited by the Belcher expedition, west of Pond's Bay. If these curious works were built by the Esquimaux, they certainly furnish evidence of considerable intelligence.

As respects character, all accounts agree in calling the Esquimaux generally harmless, kind, generous, and hospitable. The intercourse held by Sir John Ross with the natives of Boothia and King William Land, in 1829 – 32, was of the very friendliest nature. The distinction between *meum* and *tuum* among them was not, indeed, very strictly observed, and the only feeling of shame which they seemed conscious of possessing was in the fact of detection; as though they thought that the discovery of their thieving propensities was a reflection upon their dexterity in appropriating what was not their own. But their petty pilferings appear pardonable beside the great defalcations and thefts of civilized life, and their shamelessness is not at all a characteristic peculiarly their own. Sir John Franklin, in his painful land journey in the years 1819 – 22, was, in almost all cases, well and kindly treated by the natives of British America. He found them, for the most part, trusty and faithful. Both these commanders in their extremity knew the value of a friend, and could gratefully appreciate it. Dr. Kane looks at the Esquimaux from no narrow and illiberal point of view. He is good-humoredly disposed to regard even their short-comings with considerable complacency, and though he would "nothing extenuate," he certainly would "set down naught in malice." Looking through his medium, we find many praiseworthy traits of character among them. Sir Edward Belcher characteristically speaks of them with supercilious disdain. He never saw such utter "filth and degradation" as were exhibited by these people.

In morals, the Esquimaux are described, with the exception

to which we have referred, as generally correct. For a barbarous people, though not above reproach, they are still to be commended. Sir Edward Parry, who was among them in 1824–25, speaks of them as affectionate and even self-sacrificing in their family relations, parents frequently refraining from food in time of want till their children have been supplied, and in case of necessity, likewise, giving up articles of clothing for the children's sake. Sir John Ross mentions the practice, which he alleges to be not infrequent among them, of the duplication of the matrimonial tie on both sides, women sometimes having two husbands and men having two wives. Notwithstanding this, they are said to be chaste and virtuous, and domestic life is as peaceful and happy as their circumstances permit. Sir John amusingly institutes a comparison, in this respect, between the Esquimaux and the people of our country, which is certainly not favorable to the latter.

"The Esquimaux treat their wives exceedingly well, different from the people of the United States, where the feelings of democracy, in necessarily rendering all men tyrants, have produced that neglect, at least, of the sex, which is as near an approach to oppression as could be practised in a country so far partaking of Europe as it does."

Upon another point, Sir John mentions a fact which is worth recording, as showing the ideas of these people respecting murder and its punishment.

"One of the Boothians stabbed another in a quarrel; his punishment was in being banished to perpetual solitude, or shunned by every individual of the tribe. When asked why his life was not taken in return, it was replied, that this would be to make themselves equally bad; that the loss of his life would not restore that of the other, and that he who should cause such loss would be equally guilty."

In regard to the religious opinions of the Esquimaux, our means of knowledge are limited. Undoubtedly their opinions have been somewhat modified by the presence and instructions of the Danish and Moravian missionaries. Franklin gives, in the narrative of his overland journey, some interesting statements respecting the natives of the regions through which he travelled, by which it appears that they believe in certain gods, representing good and evil, from whom come bless-

ings and persecutions, who are to be propitiated by offerings, and who have prepared a kind of Paradise for good Indians upon the summit of a high mountain. Bad Indians are thrown down the mountain's side, and infanticides are never allowed to reach the mountain at all. Some of the natives have traditions of having been taught by a man who came among them, many years ago, and possessed and exercised the power of healing the sick, raising the dead, and performing miracles of various kinds.

We do not propose to enter into a consideration of the ethnological question of the origin of these tribes. They themselves declare that their progenitors came from the moon. It is generally believed that they are of Asiatic origin, having crossed to America by way of Behring's Straits. Master Christopher Hall, in Frobisher's Narrative, declares that they "be like to Tartars, with long black hair, broad faces, and flat noses, and tawny in color, wearing seal-skins," — which is at once a brief and pithy description of their personal appearance. Lieutenant Osborn has some curious speculations, derived from the information which he has been able to obtain of the traces which still remain of the passage of some tribes of people at no distant day along the lands to the north of our continent. Such traces exist through the whole extent of these lands. McClure found Baring Island inhabited. Rae found Esquimaux on Victoria and Wollaston Land. Ross found them on King William Land and Boothia. Tokens of their progress have been seen at Melville Island and on the Parry Islands to the west, upon Cornwallis Island, and the new lands discovered by Sir Edward Belcher, indicating an emigration from the northeast of Asia, along the northern shores of North America, and the lands in a much higher latitude, to the coasts of Greenland, and even as far south as Labrador. It is hardly to be questioned that they are, as an English writer has remarked, "one of the most widely spread nations of the globe."

The Arctic search has been, in more respects than one, the school of character. It has shown what a charm there is in perilous adventure to the human mind. Its dangers have been great, its hardships severe. It is remarkable to see what

courage and capacity of calm endurance they have developed. The narratives of the different expeditions, made up as they mostly have been from journals kept upon the spot, are written, in general, in the most buoyant and cheerful spirit. Belcher's book is the only one we now have in mind as expressive of uneasiness and fault-finding. It is no slight trial to one's patience, it must be confessed, to be confined for months to a single spot, without any change of scene or companions. All the resources which a commander possesses are brought into requisition, to prevent his men from becoming despondent and gloomy. He that succeeds in teaching them to brave every peril with dauntless front, and to bear every privation with good-humor and elasticity of spirit, is certainly a brave and gallant man. A ship is, at all times, a school for manliness and generosity; much more must it be so when shut up in Arctic ice. Most of the officers and men who have been engaged in this service have been eminently fitted for it. No more gallant crew can be found than the company of Dr. Kane, and there could be no braver or better commander.

Those who are enjoying more genial climes can hardly appreciate the extreme peril of the Arctic voyager. The unstable ice, sometimes moving with resistless force in stupendous masses, the roaring tempest, the blinding snow, the excessive cold, the complete isolation, must all conspire to strike terror. Confined on board the ship from September to March, the officers can vary the monotony of their lives by their scientific pursuits, reading, and journalizing; the men, by their plays upon the ice, their school, and their theatre, — the mercury meanwhile running down to —30°, —40°, —50°, and even —60°. When the spring comes, the travelling parties start, six, eight, ten, or twelve men, with a sledge to drag over the rough and difficult road. They are gone for weeks together, and accomplish a distance of hundreds of miles. Sometimes the snow covers them up, and they must plunge out of it as best they can. Sometimes the storm drives them out of their course. They are subject to frost-bites, snow-blindness, scurvy, and other misfortunes, too numerous to mention, and yet they have a right merry time of it all.

A more light-hearted company is seldom to be found, if, as indeed has generally been the case, it is made up of men of the right stamp. The enjoyments of the Arctic search have been as vivid as its dangers have been great. Dr. Kane's account of the theatrical performances of the men, in his first narrative, shows the humorous character of the company, though somewhat broad and coarse in its manifestation. "The Blue Devils" was the title of the farce, on Christmas Eve, 1850.

"None knew their parts, and the prompter could not read glibly enough to do his office. Megrim, with a pair of seal-skin boots, bestowed his gold upon the gentle Annette; and Annette, nearly six feet high, received it with mastodonic grace. Annette was an Irishman named Daly; and I might defy human being to hear her, while balanced on the heel of her boot, exclaim, in rich masculine brogue, 'Och, feather!' without roaring."

At a later date, the crew celebrated the reappearance of the sun by a performance in a little better style. The play-bill announced, "No admittance to children; and no ladies admitted without an escort." All this with the mercury in the audience-room, namely, the upper deck, ranging from —7° to —15°. Sir Edward Belcher's Arctic theatre carried on its performances under the management of Commander Richards, — a most admirable officer, by the way, — with the mercury at —37°.

The Arctic school, on board, was also full of mirthfulness and glee, surpassed only, if possible, by the out-door cheerful humor of the evening halt — or rather the morning halt, for night travel in those regions is found most convenient — of the travelling parties, in which, says Osborn, "there was more hearty merriment than in many a palace, — dry witticisms, or caustic remarks, which made one's sides ache with laughter." Mr. Kennedy has a pleasant account of one of these "jolly times." What with song and story and joke, his travelling party often made "what Mr. Anderson calls 'a night of it.'"

"No management, however, can make one solitary candle last out beyond twelve o'clock or thereabout. Notwithstanding this extinguisher

to the entertainments of the evening, Mr. Anderson — while some are dozing and hob-a-nobbing in their dreams — may still be heard, keeping it up with unabated spirit in the dark, wakening every sleeper every now and then with some tremendous chorus he has contrived to get up among his friends, for the 'Bay of Biscay,' or some favorite Greenland melody, with its inspiriting burden of 'cheerily, ah! cheerily.'"

We would not have the reader suppose that Arctic life is a scene of hilarious enjoyment. Far from it. There are perils to make the stoutest heart quake. But it is pleasant to know that in the midst

> "Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes,"

there was still so much light-heartedness and jovial cheer.

The Arctic search has served for the test of physical endurance, as well as the trial of character. The experiences of the various expeditions have shown how readily the human frame can become inured to the lowest temperature, and still retain its general health and vigor. Such temperatures as —50° and —60° were not of unfrequent occurrence, yet the hardy sailors bore them well. Nay, to so remarkable a degree had they become acclimated, as to deem temperatures which would cause us to flee to shelter as for our lives oppressively warm, or at least comfortable. Parry, Ross, Franklin, Belcher, and Kane, with other writers, furnish full proof of this singular fact. Almost fabulous stories are told in relation to this matter. Dr. Kane declares, that "no natural cold as yet known can arrest travel." He had "both sledged and walked sixty and seventy miles over the roughest ice, in repeated journeys, at fifty degrees below zero," and two parties that had gone out and returned to the brig, had "been exposed, in the dead of winter, for three hundred miles, to the same horrible cold." The experience of other travelling parties fully corroborates this statement. The Esquimaux are fat, healthy, and comfortable in the midst of such severe weather, while their visitors soon become accustomed to it. Says our author: —

"The mysterious compensations by which we adapt ourselves to climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the Polar zone

the assault is immediate and sudden, and, unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its results rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to tell who are to be the heat-making and acclimatized men. Petersen, for instance, who has resided for two years at Upernavik, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Riley, with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so inured himself to the cold, that he sleeps on our sledge-journeys without a blanket or any other covering than his walking-suit, while the outside temperature is thirty degrees below zero."

Not only for the endurance of cold does the human frame show its capability, but also for the endurance of hunger. Franklin's terrible sufferings in his overland journey to the Mackenzie River, and his narrow escape from starvation, are not unfamiliar to our knowledge. The sufferings of Kane and his escaping party almost furnish a parallel. While on board the brig, indeed, their food was not uncommonly composed of those animals not usually considered clean and wholesome. Raw walrus-meat was a delicacy, and a *ragout* of rat or dog a savory dish. Yet under these circumstances the men's health, though not vigorous, was certainly not fatally undermined. Three men only were lost, two of them having been subjected to the incredible cold and the most wearisome travel, and the other having overstrained himself in a successful attempt to save one of the boats of the returning party from destruction. The remainder of the crew, upon their arrival at New York, were sound and vigorous, to a man. And this is the usual record of Arctic voyages. Barring the scurvy and other diseases incidental to long sea-voyages, there is very slight fatality among the crews of the searching ships. Sir John Ross during four years of imprisonment lost but three men, and these not wholly from the effects of the climate. Captain McClure's crew remained complete for three years, without the loss of a single man, though exposed to numerous hardships. The first death occurred after the certainty of rescue had been assured. It is needless to comment upon these remarkable facts. We are grateful to know that an all-wise God has "fearfully and wonderfully" made us, and that his providence watches over all our ways with paternal solicitude.

These last voyages have been singularly unsuccessful in finding any traces of the missing expedition of Franklin. Dr. Kane was, quite as unexpectedly to himself as to others, entirely off the proper track, and could find nothing. Sir Edward Belcher is very decidedly of the opinion, that Sir John Franklin met with some disaster in Barrow Strait, affirming that the articles found at Cape Riley are evidence that the place was used as a port of refuge. He believes that the Erebus and Terror were wrecked on the eastern side of Prince Regent Inlet, that the crews divided into three parties, one for Beechy Island, one for Pond's Bay, and one for the Hudson's Bay posts, and that some disaster occurred to one of these parties, — the others being still unaccounted for, — by which the Esquimaux came into possession of the articles found among them. But he does not believe that this disaster overtook the party within at least a distance of two hundred miles from the place mentioned by Dr. Rae. He supports these opinions by arguments certainly plausible and ingenious. He furthermore has the impression, that the natives at Pond's Bay know more about the whole matter than has yet been divulged, and still hopes that some manuscript journal of the voyage may be in possession of the Esquimaux. Mr. Kennedy's instructions for his voyage in the Prince Albert, in the years 1851–52, directed him to search the neighborhood of the very quarter where the relics were found. But, for some reason, Mr. Kennedy, after crossing Prince of Wales Land, went northward instead of southward, and thus missed the best opportunity yet given of finding out the truth upon this perplexing subject. It is singular to perceive what a combination of unfortunate circumstances prevented all chance of rescue for Franklin, and has thus far kept from us the certain knowledge of his fate. Whether the mystery will ever be cleared up, is beyond the ken of man.

We believe that the results of the Arctic Search are both valuable and instructive. Much has been gained for science, the knowledge of an extraordinary people has been opened to the world, and the noblest faculties of human nature have found a sphere for their development, which makes us proud of its capacities. As long as devotion to duty, self-sacrifice

for the extension of knowledge, brotherly love, and heroism are capable of exciting admiration and reverence, so long will the Arctic voyages, and the brave voyagers, be held in grateful remembrance among men. The enterprises of commerce and the plans of humanity have indeed been baffled, but we are glad to feel that the world has not wholly lost the treasure and the precious lives, which have been expended in the SEARCH FOR THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE.

ART. VI. — *Beaumarchais et son Temps; Études sur la Société en France au XVIII^e^ Siècle d'après des Documens inédits.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1856. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. xi., 522, 596.

AMONG the characters of a secondary importance which distinguish the most brilliant portion of the last century, there are few possessed of such universal attraction as that which attaches itself to the name of Beaumarchais. To the man of letters, he presents himself as the author of the two wittiest and most sparkling plays that the French stage has seen since the days of Molière. The advocate and the general reader will recall to mind those passages in the *Causes Célèbres* to which his talents have given almost an historical interest. The financier and the merchant recognize in him the man of business, whose transactions reached "from China to Peru," and who, from the most insignificant beginnings, brought his credit to be respected in every commercial mart in Christendom; while to the politician and the statesman, he figures as the subtle diplomatist, the hardy intriguer, whose machinations involved the whole European continent, more or less, in our Revolutionary contest, and embarked in the cause of a distant and an alien race, struggling to establish a democracy in the place of a constitutional monarchy, the most ancient of the despotic powers of the Old World. And yet, strange to say, the personal history of this man has hitherto remained in greater obscurity than

that of almost any public character of his day and generation. Even those scenes in his career which relate most immediately to American affairs are not yet completely unveiled; and in short, until assisted by the labors of M. de Loménie, the student was rather perplexed and tantalized than materially benefited by his consultation of the scanty and scattered memorials which existed in reference to his public and private life.

In the preparation of the volumes before us, their author appears to have enjoyed singular advantages. His style is agreeable, his information comprehensive and accurate, and the *matériel* placed at his disposal all that could be desired. The opening chapter describes M. de Loménie's admission, under the guidance of his hero's grandson, into the dusty and long-closed garret, where for five-and-fifty years had slumbered in undisturbed repose the vast magazine of papers and documents which Beaumarchais had left behind. Buried beneath the accumulated dust of half a century, hidden in chests or piled away on cobwebbed shelves, whole heaps of invaluable manuscripts met his delighted view. Here was a package of letters from dignitaries long since in the grave; there, files of documents relative to those famous lawsuits with which "all Europe rang from side to side." At the bottom of yonder trunk, whose key has long since been lost and forgotten, he finds the original autographs of the Barber of Seville and the Marriage of Figaro, lying side by side with the model of an escapement, carrying us back to the days of the humble watchmaker in the Rue St. Denys, and inscribed *Caron filius ætatis* 21 *annorum regulatorem invenit et fecit* 1753. The sight of these *chefs d'œuvre* of the humble mechanic and of the courtly dramatist, so carefully preserved together, reminds one of the Eastern king who was wont to display in the same coffer his original shepherd's robe and his gorgeous mantles of royalty.

From the arrangement and docketing of some of the papers thus discovered, it would seem that Beaumarchais had himself anticipated their future value for biographical purposes. But at his death, his family had good reasons for not giving them to the public. Hence it is that so little has hith-

erto been known, and that little not well, of his career. The sketch by La Harpe, vague as it is, was long the only authentic source of information about him, unless we include the scattered and isolated passages in which he incidentally figures in the memoirs of the times. At last, however, when family policy no longer compels the suppression of any of the voluminous documents that survive their author, it is fortunate indeed that circumstances should have thus happily concurred for the development of a history so intimately interwoven with that of the epoch in which he flourished. Sprung from the lower ranks of society, he has left the traces of his wanderings through every grade. As M. de Loménie himself remarks, the surprising variety of his *aptitudes* brought Beaumarchais into constant contact with the most opposite persons and things, and fitted him to play every day, and nearly at the same moment, the most diverse parts in the comedy of life. Watchmaker; musician and singer; playwright and composer; courtier or demagogue, as occasion dictated; man of pleasure and man of business; financier and manufacturer; editor and privateer; politician, ambassador, and secret agent of the state; turning aside from considering the salary of a *danseuse* to despatch a squadron which should battle with "the hardy Byron," side by side with the fleet of D'Estaing; — Beaumarchais had a hand in almost every affair, great or small, which preceded the French Revolution.

In the shop of a humble watchmaker of Paris, and on the 24th of January, 1732, Pierre Augustin Caron was born. As Arouet possesses all his fame under the territorial appellation of Voltaire, so, a quarter of a century later, the young Caron acquired that more euphonious territorial surname which his genius has made immortal. It is sufficient to say here of his family, that, while in point of position it was respectable among the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, it was far superior, as to mental cultivation, to perhaps any in the same rank of to-day. In this domestic circle, the relations of Caron appear to have been singularly happy. Loving and beloved, the same tenderness and generosity which embellished his childhood accompanied him to the grave; and his correspondence

with his relatives constitutes by no means the least interesting portion of the volumes before us. Yet the days of his youth passed not altogether smoothly. They were the witnesses of full many an escapade, pushed, perhaps, to the utmost limit of careless gayety; nor did his father always find in the half-spoiled boy the very model of an industrious apprentice. These juvenile disorders at length came to a head; and, as well as his nature permitted, he seems to have in season shaken off the slough of his inconsequential follies, and subsided into the acute and ingenious mechanic. Towards the end of 1753, being then in business with his father, he made his *début* before the public, contending with success for the honor of a certain improvement in his craft, of which a brother watchmaker had sought to deprive him. The affair was ended by his introduction, as watchmaker to the king, into the halls of Versailles. By his professional skill, he now speedily obtained not only the custom of the court, but, what was of far greater value, the notice of the royal family. Once noticed, it was hardly possible for him not to please. His tall and well-proportioned person; his regular and handsome features; and, above all, his active and self-confident mind, could not but inspire the feeling that he was not the man to neglect. At no period of his life, and still less at the age of twenty-four, was Caron likely to be found the victim of excessive modesty. The lines of Hudibras might not unfitly be applied to this part of his character:

> "He that has but impudence,
> To all things has a fair pretence;
> And put among his wants but shame,
> To all the world may make his claim."

And when we consider his various and wonderful capacity, we need be surprised at none of his victories. Though no flight seemed too lofty or too daring for him to essay, courage never failed him. No Icarus was he, to lose heart midway at the height he had attained, and topple headlong down into the giddy gulf below. When he failed, — and fail he did, on more than one occasion, — the fault was in anything rather than in his own lack of audacity and presence of mind.

Caron had not been long attached to the court of Louis XV., when he contracted an advantageous matrimonial alliance with the widow of M. Francquet, to whose employment in the palace he also succeeded. It was from some portion of this lady's estates that he borrowed his cognomen of Beaumarchais; but it was not until 1761, when he bought the sinecure post of a Royal Secretary, that he acquired nobility, and the legal right to subscribe himself *de* Beaumarchais. This gave occasion for his witty reply, in the *procès Goëzman*, to the reproaches of his plebeian origin. "My nobility is no thing of yesterday," he cried; "it is already *nearly twenty years old!* Nor is it like that of many of our nobles, of uncertain origin, and involved in tradition. I have the parchment deed itself to show for it, freshly written, and stamped with yellow wax. No one can dispute it to me, for here is the receipt!" Such humorous insolence as this is the strongest commentary on the state of feeling in France before the Revolution. But he was not fortunate in wedlock. His first wife died in less than a year from their nuptials. In 1768, he found consolation in the charms of another widow, one Madame Lévêque, a lady endowed largely with what Parson Evans calls "good gifts"; but she also died in about two years. These circumstances gave a handle to the charge of poisoning, which was afterwards whispered against the bereaved husband; but the story does not even call for refutation, it is so palpably groundless. The favor which various accomplishments of the young watchmaker had gained for him with the daughters of the king, was the commencement of his troubles. Envied, yet contemned, by a throng of high-born courtiers, he was exposed to incessant insult and contumely. His ready tongue, and sometimes not less ready hand, were constantly in requisition. Some of his retorts were very happy. Every one knows the story of a gentleman seeking to affront him by publicly calling on him to regulate a superb watch. In vain Beaumarchais protested that from long abstinence he had forgotten the trade of his youth, and had become very awkward. His adversary insisted; and in the next moment, while pretending to lift it to the light, Beaumarchais dropped the jewelled timepiece from his hands,

and it was dashed to pieces. With a low bow, and a reiteration of his awkwardness in such matters, he left the impertinent courtier to gather up the shattered fragments and to digest his discomfiture.

Finding themselves no match for him in wit, these gentry resorted to other means of annoyance; but they were always baffled. Provoked to a duel, he dismissed his antagonist to a world where birth is regarded even less than at the court of Versailles. In all the difficulties in which he was involved by reason of the contrast between his origin and his position, we find the *parvenu* acting with a spirit and a coolness that often amounted to sheer impertinence. If, as a sequence to his fisticuff brawl with the Duc de Chaulnes, he got himself in 1773 into the prison of For-l'Évêque, he was speedily released; for his parts and understanding had won him many admirers, and some powerful friends. He was admitted to a court where no man who could contribute to the royal amusement had need to fear neglect; and so long as the king was gratified, it mattered little who else was annoyed. Madame du Deffand relates a curious instance of this sovereign disregard of the convenience of the rest of the world. One night Madame Victoire was taken with a whim for a certain sort of comfit, peculiar to Orleans. Her royal father at once sent a message to his prime minister, the Duc de Choiseul. The latter, in equal haste, rushed to the Bishop of Orleans, and, at three o'clock in the morning, roused that prelate from his episcopal slumbers, to peruse the following lines: — "Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans: My daughters want some *cotignac*. They want it in very little boxes. If you have none, I pray you" — (here was a pen-and-ink drawing of a sedan-chair, underneath which the letter continued) — "to send at once for some to your cathedral city, and take care that the boxes are not very large. Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans, may God have you in his holy keeping. Louis. — *Postscriptum*. The sedan-chair means nothing; my daughters had drawn it on the sheet which I found under my hand." The good Bishop of course sent a courier under whip and spur to Orleans. The *cotignac* arrived at the palace on the next day, but the momentary desire was gone, and nobody wanted it.

This part of the life of Beaumarchais contains many scenes which remind us of the story of the *cotignac*. His musical abilities were of service to the princesses, and there was no end to the laborious commissions with which he was honored. But he knew very well how to turn to good account even the disagreeabilities of his position. His influence with the royal family, though not sufficient at this time for any matter of serious importance, was ample to bring about the gratification of the desires of M. Paris du Verney, a wealthy financier; who did not fail to reciprocate these services by admitting his young ally to a share of his affairs. As wealth began to flow in, we find him still increasing his social standing by the purchase of more of those sinecure posts (happily long ago abolished) which served only to bring rank and dignity to the vendee, money to the vendor, and trouble to the public.

In 1764, he passed into Spain, called thither not less by certain domestic concerns, in which his sister's reputation was involved, than by commercial engagements. Even thus early his attention had evidently been directed towards America. One of his enterprises was to obtain for a company the exclusive commerce of Louisiana: he sought to monopolize the supply of slaves to the Spanish colonies; and by a letter from Madrid, in January, 1765, we find him importing large quantities of breadstuffs from New England. In the intervals of business he abandoned himself to the pursuits of gayety and pleasure; and probably brought back to France, *in alta mente reposta*, the first shadowings of his Figaros, his Almavivas, and his Bartholos. A fruitless love-affair with a beautiful Creole from St. Domingo, where it is not easy to say which party jilted the other, was perhaps the occasion of his directing his attention, not long after his return to Paris, to literature. *Eugénie*, his first play, was produced at the Théatre Français in June, 1767, with abundant success. This is a sentimental five-act piece, in tone not unlike that of Cumberland and his school. Like "The West-Indian," too, despite the contemporaneous favor which it received, it possesses now very little interest. *Les Deux Amis*, the second fruit of his dramatic Muse, was brought out in January, 1770, and happily condemned; — happily, for otherwise its author, who

singularly enough thought, at this time, of nothing less than comedy, might have been deluded by success into a serious misapprehension of his *forte*, and the world of imagination thus have lost some of its most brilliant inhabitants.

But his next appearance before the public was in a matter which moved a wider mirth than any comedy since the days when Thespis charmed Athens in a cart, and which involved more serious results than any tragedy that was ever witnessed on the mimic stage. In July, 1770, died Paris du Verney, the friend and associate in affairs of Beaumarchais, leaving his nephew, the Comte de la Blache, heir to a fortune of about 1,500,000 francs. Between this young man and Beaumarchais a lawsuit presently occurred, growing out of the settlement of Du Verney's accounts. A large balance was claimed by the heir as due from the defendant to the deceased. To rebut this, Beaumarchais produced an account, dated April 1st, 1770, and signed by Du Verney, which purported to be a full settlement of their common business. This document the plaintiff declared was a forgery. The effect of a plea like this every one will understand. It gives a criminal aspect to a civil suit, and compels the accused to defend not only his purse, but his character. If therefore La Blache sustained his allegations, the reputation of Beaumarchais would be ruined. Already, by the *memoires* or pleadings of the plaintiff and his advocate, it had received the most cruel stabs. The most atrocious calumnies were accumulated in those pages; that the defendant was a public poisoner, was one of the least of his crimes. However, the case being brought to trial, in the spring of 1772, judgment was given in favor of Beaumarchais; and from this decision his opponent appealed to the parliament.

To follow briefly the course of this remarkable affair, we will pass at once over the episode of M. de Chaulnes and the jail of For-l'Évêque, and pause to notice for a moment the complexion of this new court. In December, 1770, M. Maupeou, by a most arbitrary and unconstitutional decree, had abolished the ancient organizations of the parliaments of France, and had ended by dissolving entirely that of Paris, exiling its members, and erecting a new chamber of his own

creatures. This proceeding had naturally produced great excitement. The whole nation at once was in a flame. The eleven provincial parliaments gave vent to the most violent indignation. With a solitary exception, the princes of the blood royal, as well as a numerous body of the peers of France, refused to recognize the existence of the new chamber; and the eloquence of Malesherbes gave expression to the sentiment of the united people. But all was in vain: Maupeou stood firm; and his new parliament was proof against any opposition that had yet been waged against it. It was reserved for a single and a private hand to strike the blow to which a nation was inadequate.

The affair with La Blache had now nearly reached its conclusion in the chamber. A reference had been made to a member named Goëzman, and on his report, it was thought, the case would be decided. This man's wife entered into relations with Beaumarchais, who was anxious to gain favor with his judge, and obtained from him two hundred louis, which she was to return if the decision was against him. Fifteen louis further she exacted, to be paid to her husband's secretary. The day arrived; the determination of the parliament was made known; and it was against Beaumarchais. Madame Goëzman refunded his two hundred louis; but the fifteen, she said, were paid to the secretary, and were beyond her control. Irritated at the loss of his suit, which was almost ruinous to his fortune, and quite so to his character, and ascertaining from the secretary that the fifteen louis had never been given him, Beaumarchais took the dangerous step of demanding their restitution. Should she now repay him, he would be not only by fifteen louis the richer, but he might be able to make some capital out of her conduct; if she denied the whole transaction, he trusted to establish his case, and to impute to the husband a share in his wife's venality; and so in either event to facilitate the reversal of the decree. His policy here was very plain. Convinced that the suit had gone against him simply because La Blache had bid the highest, his first object was to have a new trial. The consequence was, that Madame Goëzman loudly denied the whole transaction, charging Beaumarchais, in his turn, with having sought to

bribe her husband through her hands; and on this charge Goëzman himself formally accused him before the parliament.

Beaumarchais was now in a truly perilous position. The crime alleged against him bore a punishment at the discretion of the court of aught save death, — *omnia citra mortem;* his accuser was one of that very assembly which was to judge him; and the facts in the case were necessarily of a most obscure and questionable complexion. But his spirits rose with his danger. His pleadings were read by all Paris, — we may almost say, by every capital and polite circle in Europe, — and he took care that they should not be read in vain. Voluminous as a blue-book, they are even at this day as exciting as a romance. This man, said the Prince de Conti, must either be paid or *hung!* His antagonists had painted him in the most odious colors. He now not only vindicated his own character, but returned with compound interest all that they had said of him. The public was pleased with his talents, and willingly conceded the truth of the reproaches he cast upon the opposing party, who had commenced the attack. "On riait," says La Harpe, "de les voir écorchés, parce qu'ils avaient le poignard à la main."

Unfortunately for himself, however, Beaumarchais was not to be tried before the tribunal of public opinion, but by a court already amply exasperated against him from the very fact that he had become a public favorite. They well knew that the daily exhibitions of popular hatred, though directed for the moment against but one of their fellows, owed their origin in a large measure to a general dislike for the whole body; and so far as their courage would permit, they avenged themselves. Forced to convict the Goëzmans, they involved Beaumarchais in the same category, by what train of logical reasoning it is impossible to perceive; but the three were found guilty together. On the 26th of February, 1774, Beaumarchais was sentenced to degradation from all his civic rights; "la cour te blâme et déclare infame," were the words of the decree; on the 27th, he was the most popular man in Paris. There was scarce a person of note in the city who did not call upon him; the Prince de Conti and the Duke of Orleans united to give a superb fête in his honor; every man recognized in him the

virtual conqueror of the public foe. For though the Maupeou parliament had indeed stung him to the quick, it had thereby ruined itself; like that of a venomous insect, its sting was left in the wound, and gone for ever. In proclaiming civil death to a man whom court, camp, and *quai* united to honor, it had signed its own death-warrant. A few months later its dissolution was consummated, and its predecessor re-established; but it was not for some time afterward that the obnoxious sentence and judgment were repealed. The only remaining feature of the trial that we will refer to is the curious episode of Clavijo, so agreeably narrated by Mr. Lewes in his late work, and which gave to the illustrious Goethe a subject for one of his earliest dramas.

Pending the remission of his sentence, Beaumarchais did not remain unemployed. The Barber of Seville was written; his second wife was buried, and her place supplied by a third; and Louis XV. had engaged him in a secret mission to London, to purchase the suppression of a scurrilous life of Madame du Barry, the royal mistress. Such was his success in this last affair, that, despite his hatred of that profligate adventuress, Louis XVI., immediately on the death of his grandfather, despatched him on a somewhat similar expedition. It was in these negotiations that Beaumarchais laid the foundations of certain intimacies in London, which he turned to so very excellent account a few months later in regard to the American question. His intervention between the French government and that famous "jack-gentlewoman," (as Peter Pindar calls him,) the Chevalier d'Éon, forms one of not the least curious chapters in his life. These events, however, and much more of a history scarcely less entertaining than that of Gil Blas (to whom, indeed, its hero may be well compared), we must pass over, to come at once to what must be to Americans the most interesting portion of his career. The importance of the French assistance to this country during its Revolutionary war has hardly ever been overrated, and the means by which it was brought about have never been fully developed. "Non pourtant rien est," as we are told by old Froissart, "qui ne soit sceu, ou loing ou pres"; and the volumes before us have done much to illuminate this matter.

Exhausted by the Seven Years' War, disgusted with the peace which concluded it, France could not but regard with the deepest interest the approaches of a struggle which, terminate as it might, must greatly injure her hereditary enemy. But she was in no condition to interfere openly, and to do so secretly required no small degree of tact and dexterity; for sooner or later the fact would be known, and if America were to fail, the revenge of Britain was not likely to spare the covert abetter of civil war. Her approaches therefore were at the outset of the most careful and guarded description. As early as November, 1775, an old French officer was in waiting upon Congress at Philadelphia, assuring them of the good dispositions of the king, his master, but disguising even his own name. "If you want arms," said he, "you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it." But when pressed for his authority, he merely drew his hand across his throat, and informed them that "he should take care of his head"; and so departed as secretly as he came.* About the same time that this wary negotiator must have been despatched to America, Beaumarchais was sent to London, ostensibly on business connected with the D'Éon affair, to collect Spanish coin for the West Indies, and on other nominal pretexts; but really to watch the current of English and Transatlantic policy. This task he performed with characteristic acuteness and dexterity. Of course, the first thing for him to do was to obtain accurate information of the actual designs of the colonists and of the mother country; and next, to ascertain the power of either party to carry through its plans. His facilities were singularly good; for while on the one hand he was on terms of established and easy intimacy with Lord Rochford, a member of Lord North's cabinet, and the same "gentle youth" whose musical proclivities made him the butt of the satirical scribblers of the day; his relations with Wilkes, on the other hand, brought him into ready communication with the American junto at London. Of such opportunities no one could have made a better use than the political agent of Louis XVI.; and this too seems to

* Flanders's Lives and Times of the Chief Justices, p. 152.

have been the opinion of the French ministry, since some of the most important state papers on America that we know of were sent from Beaumarchais with unbroken seals, through the hands of M. de Sartines, to those of the king himself. In September, 1775, we find him painting in the liveliest colors the condition of the political horizon, over which, dark and lowering as it was, there appeared to be gathering clouds yet more dangerous than any England had seen since the days of her Great Rebellion. In fact, to the eye of many political observers, on either side of the Channel, a visionary scaffold terminated the vista. Lord Rochford himself scrupled not to hint that the winter would scarcely pass without seeing seven or eight heads of the leaders of the king's party or of the opposition brought to the block; and M. de Vergennes uneasily doubted, in the probability of an English revolution, as to the personal safety of George III.

It did not long remain undiscerned by the cabinet of Versailles that a terrible struggle was inevitable between England and America. No great degree of foresight was necessary for them to perceive that in such a contest their own nation could not long remain an entirely neutral power. On the one side, they were clamorously beset with applications for aid from America; on the other, they were haughtily admonished by Great Britain to restrain their people from any steps which directly or indirectly might benefit the revolted colonies. But the safety of her sugar islands was an object very dear to France; and willing as she was to see the commerce and prosperity of Britain humbled, she was properly adverse to perilling needlessly her own interests. It was not until she saw her way clear before her, that she involved herself at all in the contest. The representations of Beaumarchais doubtless had great effect in bringing about the final result. Early in his mission he foresaw the coming *imbroglio*, and pointed out to his superiors the advantages, if not the absolute necessity, of an alliance with America. In fact, his views at this juncture seem to have been, in a measure, those of an alarmist. "If England gains the complete victory in America," he wrote in February, 1776, to Louis XVI., "it will be at such a cost of men and money that she will infallibly seize on our sugar

islands to compensate herself; and she will do this even more certainly, if fortune falls the other way, and she finds herself stripped of her continental plantations." Even if a conciliation should take place, he did not doubt that the ill-feeling of the two contending parties would be turned into one stream against France, and their mutual dislike merged in the hatred of a common foe. To such a conclusion he was perhaps led by the language of Arthur Lee, who, while offering to France for a term of years what was tantamount to a monopoly of American trade, as the price of her assistance, threatened that, should this ultimatum be declined, Congress would readily find some other European court willing to strike the bargain, and that America would not then be long in avenging herself on France. If Lee did really make such a proposal, (and there seems no reason to doubt it,) it is unlikely that Congress would have ratified the scheme. For though he was now the secret agent of that body in London, he was vested with no such plenipotentiary powers; and so far as foreign states were concerned, his functions appear to have been limited to ascertaining their disposition, and nothing more. This, however, could not have been known to Beaumarchais; and his interviews with Lee therefore only served to make him more vehement for the active interposition of his own court, which had so far endeavored to preserve a tolerably strict neutrality. Fortunately for us, Britain exacted yet more. In allusion to this, Vergennes, under date of April 26, 1776, remarks, with some bitterness, that England seems to consider his master bound to protect her interests, at the expense of those of France; and forcibly contrasts the conduct of his own court and of that of St. James during the Corsican rebellion, when aid without stint was poured into that island from England. To a cabinet thus "drifting into a war," the language of Beaumarchais could not have been very unwelcome. But it was some time, despite the supposed promises and threats of Congress presented by Lee, before this language produced any serious effect.

Beaumarchais had met Lee at Wilkes's, near the close of the year 1775, and many free conversations on the subject of American affairs ensued between them. A mutual misappre-

hension appears to have occasionally taken place, — the very natural consequence of an enthusiastic young American and a not less excited young Frenchman comparing together the propriety and feasibility of plans which at best were as yet barely speculative and contingent. Besides, though Lee was a good French scholar, it is not probable that he had then acquired the conversational fluency which is usually gained only by a prolonged residence in France; while Beaumarchais himself understood no English. The one word which he esteemed the root of the language, and which probably stood him in the same stead as Wamba's *pax vobiscum* in Ivanhoe, he wittily enough brings forward in the Marriage of Figaro; and we prefer this mode of accounting for the incongruous versions of their conferences, as given by the two parties, to charging either of them with wilful mendacity. Beaumarchais may have misunderstood what he reports Lee to have told him respecting the intentions of Congress. Lee was certainly wrong in his statement of December 13th, 1775, to the Secret Committee, that Vergennes had sent a gentleman (Beaumarchais) to him, "who informed him that the French court could not think of entering into a war with England; but that they would assist America by sending from Holland that fall £ 200,000 worth of arms and ammunition to St. Eustatius, Martinique, or Cape François; that application was to be made to the governors or commandants of those places, by inquiring for *Monsieur Hortalez*, and that, on persons properly authorized applying, the above articles would be delivered to them." This transaction explains itself to us as the first sketch of the scheme which was afterwards in a modified form carried into effect, but which at the time we refer to was rejected by the French ministry. During the summer of 1776, however, various plans were probably revolved in the cabinet, all tending to the adoption of some means whereby supplies might be secretly transmitted to America, actually by the government, but apparently by some private and irresponsible individual. And throughout, the ideas and influence of Beaumarchais had altogether the controlling weight with Vergennes. It is certainly to him that we owe the first material assistance obtained from Europe. On June 10th, 1776, he received

the sum of 1,000,000 francs from M. de Vergennes, to whom account therefor was to be rendered; and on August 11th, a like sum from the court of Spain, to be in like manner accounted for to Vergennes. The transaction bears on its face no direction as to the application of these moneys; but M. de Loménie explains it as follows. The fund was for the ultimate benefit of America; but, for prudential reasons, the operation was to assume, not only to English but to American eyes, the appearance of a commercial speculation of essentially private origin, with which the government had no connection. With the capital thus furnished him, Beaumarchais was to found such an establishment as should supply America with all needful articles of war, which he was permitted to purchase secretly from the royal arsenals, at fair rates. Reimbursement was to be obtained by him in American produce, for the introduction of which into France every facility was furnished him. The business, once started, was to sustain itself; government reserving a discretion, founded on inspection of the accounts to be given it by Beaumarchais, as to the necessity of yielding him thereafter any more solid encouragement.

This, it must be observed, is merely M. de Loménie's conclusion; he gives no positive proof that such a convention was actually made. Its existence was always denied by Lee, who assured Congress that the supplies sent by *Roderigue Hortalez & Co.* (for this was the fictitious style under which Beaumarchais conducted his business) were gratuities from the French government; and that, according to their agent, Beaumarchais, as a cover only, and not as a payment, a small quantity of American produce was to be remitted, to give it the air of a commercial transaction. We incline to believe that Lee was more or less mistaken here. The character of this patriotic and talented, but arrogant and ambitious man, has been so well drawn by Mr. Sparks, that we need not repeat his verdict. His imprudent suspicions and ill-founded jealousies often led him into reflections which neither contemporaneous judgment nor that of posterity can sustain. Such was his distrust of Franklin, for instance. It does more credit, however, to Lee's heart than to his head, that, after having in his

official capacity for years treated Beaumarchais as a dishonest man, and stigmatized him as an adventurer, he should be found declaring, in July, 1779, that "he absolutely does not know whether Beaumarchais is right or wrong, and while it is doubtful, one would not impeach his character!" The fact seems to us to be, that, in the outset, Lee was prodigiously and virtuously gratified at the idea of aiding to render to his country such an important service as the procuring of French subsidies. At this time, he was the only European representative, in any form, of Congress; and as such, he was treated with. When Mr. Deane came to Paris, in July, 1776, clothed with a precise authority, Beaumarchais of course transferred his negotiations to that person. Lee, finding himself thus thrown out, came at once to Paris, quarrelled with both of them, and went back in a rage to London. Hence arose a hatred, which, we fear, led him unwittingly to commit more than one injustice, at the moment, perhaps, when, blinded by prejudice, he thought he was acting most patriotically. For Deane was not a whit less ambitious than Lee.* Each desired that his country should be served, and well served, but neither wished to see it served, in this regard, by any other than himself. With

* The history of Deane's recall from France, and his disgrace at home, his failure to render satisfactory accounts to Congress, and his subsequent improper conduct in abandoning America, are well known. But we cannot resist quoting here the most valuable exposition of his character that we have met, and which may not be familiar to many of our readers. It is the judgment of the late Colonel John Trumbull, — a man in every way competent to decide. "Ambition, not avarice, was his ruling passion. In his early transactions at the court of France, as the political and commercial agent of Congress, he rendered important services to his country, but by exceeding his powers, he made his recall necessary. Exasperated at the cool reception he met with on his return, and at the delay in settling his accounts, he became engaged in a contest with many of the most influential members of Congress. Defeated in many of his purposes, he repaired again to France. He found his political influence lost, with the loss of his official character. The publication of a number of his letters, written during his residence in France, and charging the French Court with intrigue and duplicity in their negotiations with us, rendered him obnoxious, and drove him into voluntary exile in the Netherlands, dissatisfied, exasperated, and impoverished almost to penury. Thus forced into an unnatural and friendless residence in foreign countries, he gave himself up to rage, resentment, and actual despair, and vented his passions in execrations against France, America, and mankind. . . . . He considered himself as a man, not only abused and ill-requited for important services, but denied those pecuniary rewards which had been promised him for his agency in Europe." — *Memoirs of Elkanah Watson*, pp. 131, 132.

all his faults of character, Lee was an honest man; which Deane was not. Lee's fate was therefore far more happy. When Deane fell, who had engaged heartily in the plans of Beaumarchais, the suspicion with which Lee had regarded their connection had a great effect in embarrassing the Frenchman's fortunes. Congress, having been warned that the two were in a plot to cheat America by making her responsible to Hortalez & Co. for stores sent by Louis XVI. as a free gift, naturally took alarm. The return cargos from America soon came irregularly, and then not at all. In the mean time, having appropriated and enjoyed the benefit of these remittances, it was necessary for our government to know whether they were to be paid for or not; in other words, who really sent them, the king or Beaumarchais. Vergennes assured the commissioners, that his master had furnished no part of the shipments made by Hortalez & Co., but had merely suffered a portion of them to be purchased by Beaumarchais from the royal arsenals. This ought to have settled the question; but it is probable some inkling of the fact that the money to buy them came from the treasury had reached the Americans, and they still persevered. What equitable difference this would make in the case, we cannot perceive. Louis had a right to do what he pleased with his own; and if he chose to lend it to a subject to go into business with, that circumstance could not exonerate the subject's debtors. There is no earthly reason to assert that the advances made by Beaumarchais (confessedly, as now appears, by the king's aid) were ever designed by the king to go to America as a free gift. He may have wished, while helping Congress, to help also one of his own subjects; and this seems to us as probable a theory as any other. But to cut a long story short, we will merely state, that, after years and years of contention, the heirs of Beaumarchais were compelled, in 1835, to compromise his claim for a sum infinitely less than they thought was due to him, and hardly more than a third of the balance reported in his favor by Alexander Hamilton, so long ago as 1793. It seems to us, therefore, that he had abundant cause to complain of the lack of good treatment at the hands of the United States.

But despite his Transatlantic misfortunes, he was yet a prosperous man. He was constantly engaged in the most extensive transactions and the most audacious speculations. His publication of two complete editions of Voltaire, — one in seventy volumes octavo, the other in ninety-two volumes duodecimo, — would alone serve to show the adventurous character of his mind. This was by far the heaviest and most dangerous publishing enterprise that had ever been essayed, and his losses by it were enormous. His books, from October 1st, 1776, to September 30th, 1783, are interesting, as presenting some idea of the nature and extent of his dealings through our Revolutionary war. Without entering into details, it will be sufficient for us to mention here, that, against a debtor's side of 21,044,191 livres, they give a credit sheet of but 21,092,515 livres; a profit, on such enormous expenditures, of scarcely ten thousand dollars in seven years.

But while he was expending a fortune in tribute to the literary fame of Voltaire, it must not be thought that he was unmindful of his own. In 1781, he had written and presented for publication his most renowned play, the Marriage of Figaro. Accepted by the theatre, it had passed to the proper authorities to be licensed for publication. The sparkling but audacious wit of this piece renders its attractions inexhaustible, even at this day; we may therefore judge of the sensation it produced among the excited circles of Paris, on the eve, almost, of the Revolution of 1789. Even they whose privileged follies and social immunities were most keenly lashed in its pages, ignored its satire for the sake of its wit; sporting as it were among the flowers that garnished the very verge of the precipice, and reckless of the gulf below. The whispers of applause from those who had seen the author's manuscript penetrated the palace, and the king himself expressed a desire to examine the production whose political tendencies were as strongly condemned by one part of his court, as its vivacity and wit were praised by the other. Madame Campan describes to us the occasion when the gentle and amiable Louis XVI., alone with Marie Antoinette, perused for the first time those stinging attacks upon courts

and courtiers, *lettres de cachet*, seigneurial rights, the censorship of the press, and all the thousand-and-one parasites which clung to the old walls of feudalism, and which were already shaking in the first breathings of the revolutionary storm. It was impossible for him not to perceive the effect its representation might produce upon a Parisian audience. "This is detestable," he cried, at the famous monologue in the fifth act, — "this is detestable; it shall never be played. The Bastile must be no more if such a piece as this is to have no fatal consequences. This fellow mocks at everything which a government ought to cause to be respected." "And then it is not to be performed?" inquired the queen, with a slight air of disappointment. "Most decidedly not," replied the king; "of that you may rest assured." In fact, it was not until March, 1784, that Beaumarchais, constantly intriguing to obtain his end, leaving no stone unturned to bring popular opinion to bear upon his case, and to stamp the royal refusal with the stigma of tyranny and arbitrary oppression, succeeded by mere dint of outside pressure in teasing an extorted consent from the reluctant monarch. By this time, all Paris had become aware of the nature of the play; and the occasion of its first representation was welcomed with a clamorous enthusiasm unprecedented even in that excitable city. From early day, crowds beset the theatre doors. Ladies of the first quality had their dinner in the green-room, to secure their places. In the throng, says Bachaumont, *cordons bleus* were elbowed by the Savoyards; the guard was dispersed, the doors broken down, and the railings gave way before the mob. Three persons were suffocated in the press, says La Harpe; "which was one more," as he adds, rather maliciously, "than died for Scuderi." On the stage, the most brilliant display of dramatic ability that France could produce, lending every power to give the piece success, — in the house, an audience alternately enraptured with his wit and electrified by his audacity, — all united to render this, perhaps, the crowning night of the author's life. Sixty-eight performances, almost consecutive, did not exhaust the popular enthusiasm; the receipts on the last being scarcely less than those on the first night. But intimately as the history of the *Folle Journée*

was already blended with that of the approaching revolution, the chapter is not yet concluded. Like all men, Beaumarchais had his rivals and his enemies; and of these not the least bitter was the dwarfish but venomous Suard, who had from the first been opposed to the licensing of the play. With the pestilent warfare of anonymous criticism, he so drove the author to desperation, that at last, weary of a guerilla contest in which, write as wittily as he would, his antagonist was shielded from the world's bitter laugh by his disguise, and yet certain of the identity of his assailant, he discharged a Parthian dart, while avowing his intention to notice no more irresponsible and unvouched assaults. "Shall I," he said, "who, to bring my piece upon the stage, have vanquished lions and tigers, — shall I now degrade myself to the level of a Dutch chambermaid, searching the blankets every morning for some *vile insect of the night?*" The stab was cruelly severe, and the antithesis was happy; for Suard, with whom alone Beaumarchais thought he had to do, was keenly sensitive about his physical insignificance. But unfortunately for the success of the repartee, its author did not know that the bulky Count de Provence (afterwards, as Thackeray irreverently styles him, "that unwieldy monarch, Louis XVIII.") had occasionally taken a secret share in Suard's outpourings of sarcasm and malignity. It was easy to persuade the prince that the satire was aimed at himself; but, mortified as he was at the unlooked-for retort his critical progeny had provoked, he was too sagacious to avow his part in Suard's handiwork. Sinking, therefore, all allusion to the "insect of the night," he took an opportunity to point out to his brother that by lions and tigers the insolent demagogue referred to nothing less than the king and queen; animals to which those amiable and unfortunate personages were never perhaps before or since accused of bearing a resemblance. Already provoked against the writer of the Marriage of Figaro, Louis gave vent to his irritation in a manner not unprecedented, but very unwise and very unjust. Without rising from the table, where he appears to have been engaged in some social amusement, he wrote with a pencil on a playing-card an order for the poet's instant confinement in the

prison of St. Lazarus. This was at that time a sort of house of correction; a jail peculiarly for the benefit of young profligates whose debaucheries were not such as to render it desirable to send them to the galleys, yet were too gross to be winked at by the law. To put a grave merchant of fifty-three in the same category with the loosest young men of the town was a thing, to say the least, very unexpected. In fact, we are told that, on the morning of the 9th of March, 1785, when people learned that Beaumarchais, in the very height of his prosperity, had on the night previous been cast, without any cause assigned, into St. Lazarus, the ludicrousness of his position overcame all other considerations, and a universal titter spread through the town. But presently the public, as well as himself, began to be inquisitive about his offence, and to ask questions that could not well be answered. The government, ashamed to say that it was because he was suspected of insinuating a likeness between the king of Frenchmen and the king of beasts, was disturbed by the murmurs that arose on every side. No man in Paris, it was said, can now know in the morning whether he shall not sleep within the walls of a prison. The king was soon as anxious to get Beaumarchais out, as he had been to get him in; but he, probably receiving an inkling of the truth, positively refused to go till the charge against him was declared. The natural good sense and kindly feelings of Louis XVI., however, brought him to reflection, and Beaumarchais was dismissed with every possible compensation to his wounded pride for his five days of captivity.

But his imprisonment seems to have been the turning point in his history. Despite of ministerial regret and popular sympathy, the prestige of his name was gone. His social position was found to be no longer impregnable. Erelong, he was involved in a stock operation with certain bankers in Paris. While he was an extensive holder, they had speculated largely on the prospect of a fall. To depreciate the stock, they engaged the pen of the young and (save for the wildest excesses) almost unknown Mirabeau. As penniless as unprincipled, but in the full vigor of his wonderful genius, Mirabeau leaped into the arena like a practised gladiator.

Never exceeded in powers of invective and contumely, by fair blows and by foul, he so terribly battered the reputation of Beaumarchais as to leave it very unpleasantly affected in the public esteem. The most that the victim could do was to liken his enemy to Demosthenes, and to compare the philippics of the one with the *mirabelles* of the other. Less capable, but not less scurrilous and virulent, was a certain M. Bergasse, an advocate shortly after employed to conduct a trumped up lawsuit against Beaumarchais; and though in deciding for the defendant the court punished the advocate exemplarily for his calumnies, the injurious effects of so much public defamation were irreparable. The operatic spectacle of *Tarare*, which he brought upon the stage in 1787, though it had more success than it deserved, could not have tended to increase his fame. It was received, as we are told, (and can readily believe,) with more surprise than admiration. But he was still wealthy; still full of the same old gayety of heart and audacity of spirit that characterized his earlier days. Past troubles were to him things past; he never suffered them to overcloud the present; while in the future he could see nothing to fear. If the sea were calm and bright, it was well; but if the waves ran wild and high, and the heavens frowned, his disposition was such as to find a fierce pleasure in the turmoil of the elements, and to triumph in mastering the storm. His philosophy was, to a certain extent, that of Rochefoucault: "Il vaut mieux employer notre esprit à supporter les infortunes qui nous arrivent, qu'à prévoir celles qui nous peuvent arriver." In 1789, he was absorbed in the erection of a mansion, sumptuous even beyond the measure of that superb city of which it was to be one of the local wonders. The various political disorders that so soon ensued kept his pen idle till 1791, when he produced *La Mère Coupable*, a meritorious drama, in which he manages, by the way, to settle accounts with his enemy Bergasse. In the following year, he undertook the purchase, in Holland, of a quantity of fire-arms for the French government. The results of this affair were disastrous. He fell into suspicion; his house was searched by the mob, and he himself cast into the Abbaye, whence he was released but two days before the

massacres of September; and finally, having again passed into Holland on the interminable business of the sixty thousand muskets, he was accused of secret correspondence with Louis XVI., and his property was attached by the Convention. A year later — in March, 1793 — he hazarded a return to Paris to vindicate himself, and once more was sent back for the muskets, while the Convention retained possession of his effects. During this mission, his name was placed on the list of *émigrés;* his family at Paris were arrested and imprisoned; and he himself was left friendless and destitute at Hamburg. It was not till July, 1796, that, by favor of the newly appointed Directory, he obtained permission to return to Paris. He was now an old man, and his affairs were in a state of the utmost dilapidation and confusion; but his spirit was still unbroken and *rampant.* The brief remainder of his days was spent in the fulfilment of his social duties; the reconstruction of his shattered fortunes; and a constant intermeddling, *pro more suo*, in national politics. His life ebbed away, so far as we learn, with but little pain. At length, on the morning of the 18th of May, 1799, having retired, on the evening previous, from a singularly cheerful party of friends in his own house, he was found dead in his bed. A stroke of apoplexy had surprised him, and he probably passed away, almost unconsciously, at the age of sixty-seven years and three months.

The history of the life of Beaumarchais is one of the most dramatic that biography exhibits; and the events on which it hinges are of large historical importance. The volumes we have here noticed cannot fail to gratify the fancy of every intelligent reader; if they are not found as instructive as entertaining, the fault must be his own.

ART. VII. — *Village and Farm Cottages. The Requirements of American Village Homes, considered and suggested, with Designs for such Houses, of Moderate Cost.* By HENRY W. CLEAVELAND, WILLIAM BACKUS, and SAMUEL D. BACKUS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856.

THE study of the outward forms of nature, with reference to the improvement of landscape, is a modern exercise of the taste, and the result of a civilization not attained by any of the ancients. The Greeks and Romans had their architecture, their sculpture, and their painting; they could fully appreciate the beauty and the grandeur of art; but we have little proof that they felt as we do the full influence of nature. In the progress of the human mind, the power of appreciating art seems to precede the development of that sentiment which causes one to be delighted with the contemplation of real landscape. The majority of men can feel and understand the value of paintings, without any poetic sensibility or any extraordinary mental cultivation. Even a fine landscape painting affords delight to many who would look with indifference upon the scene represented.

It may be remarked, however, that in the case of pictures the spectator's vision is assisted by the genius of the artist, who not only circumscribes the view, but selects such objects, and places them in such harmonious relations to one another, that one whose imagination is too dull to feel the influence of the same scene in nature, is with these aids enabled both to feel and to admire. But the apparent love of paintings, and of other productions of the fine arts, is often the mere affectation of persons who wish to be in fashion. Paintings have in all ages been fashionable, because they are costly; Nature has always been unfashionable, because she is cheap. When one has become the possessor of a fine picture, his ambition tempts him to study its beauties, and to exalt it by his praises in the opinion of others. But let a man become the possessor of a beautiful landscape, under the open heavens, if his sense of its beauty or his ambition had tempted him to speak its praises, the crowd both of rich and poor, in a

former and not very remote period, would have laughed at him, unless he could make it plain to their minds that it had cost him a large sum of money. On this account the proprietor of a domain could have used no other means of making it contribute to his pride, except to embellish it with works of art, which should render its costliness self-evident to the untutored.

These remarks may be illustrated by facts in the history of gardening, which in former times consisted in the blending of artificial and natural objects in such a manner as to make Nature look as much as possible unlike herself. He who was the owner of a palace or a mansion, and wished to enjoy the advantages of a garden, sought in the decoration of it only to gratify his pride. The ruling idea that occupied his mind was to exhibit a work that should elevate him above the multitude. For the creation of the several objects connected with it, architecture was of the first importance; sculpture afforded assistance in the second degree; and lastly, the trees, shrubs, and flowers were valuable chiefly as they admitted of an arrangement evincing that great wealth alone could have accomplished the whole work. In the construction of the several objects in our rural cemeteries, we observe, in the present period of progress, the same preference of the works of art over nature. The majority ruthlessly destroy all that is most pleasing among the native beauties of the place, to make room for a fashionable iron fence and a showy marble monument. Even here ambition rules at the expense of every tender affection, and every sentiment whether romantic or holy.

We find in some of the ancient poets descriptions clearly showing that they looked upon the face of nature as we look upon it now. This evidence abounds in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, in Virgil and Lucretius, and in some of the Greek poets; but it never occurred to one of the ancients to make terrestrial scenery the sole theme of a poem, and in their allusions to natural objects they referred rather to their sensual than to their picturesque or poetical charms. Neither did the ancients ever assume nature as a model in their attempts to improve the appearance of landscape. The study

of scenery, with the idea of making it more beautiful or picturesque, seems to have been suggested by the modern art of landscape-painting; and it was fostered by the perusal of modern romances, which abound in glowing descriptions of nature, that greatly transcend anything of a similar kind in ancient literature. Though at the commencement of this revolution in taste the purpose of the reformers was to make the garden a copy of nature, this was soon found to be an impracticable attempt, which resulted, in many instances, in injuring the appropriate features of the garden. One of the beneficial consequences of the movement was to banish some of the absurdities that prevailed in the old style, and to substitute greater simplicity. The attempt to extend many of the true features of the garden into the landscape outside of it was found likewise to be more or less offensive; but it led to the study of the sources of beauty in landscape, and taught men, by a variety of experiments, how far Nature might be adorned without spoiling her original charms.

At length the topiary art was banished; the enormities of the Dutch garden were driven out; peacocks and lions in box and yew were slain, and the prevailing system of laying out grounds — that of straight lines and right angles — gave place to one of irregular lines and figures. This mode was still further improved by one of more graceful forms and serpentine walks. The avenue was superseded by the belt, and straight hedge-rows were broken into clumps. Everything was still formal, but more graceful than the old style. These improvements soon became general; for men were tired of seeing all gardens the exact patterns of one another, and were prepared to be pleased with any deviation from this tiresome uniformity. It was a leading doctrine of the new school that nature, not geometry, was to be studied by the ornamental gardener; and the whole community of landed proprietors became possessed of a mania for the "natural," or more properly the *irregular*, style of laying out grounds.

It was soon perceived, however, that the public was chasing an *ignis fatuus;* that the improvers were doing mischief by the wanton and merciless destruction of old gardens and

avenues, which were valuable as remnants of antiquity; that the new style was not what it professed to be, an imitation of nature, but the substitution of a new for an old formalism; that it was extending the gardener's operations beyond his province, and covering all the country with artificial landscapes resembling parterres. It had reformed the garden, but it was spoiling nature, by the destruction of all picturesque appearances, and putting in their places stately gravel-walks, circular clumps, and other objects suggestive of affectation and pretence. Yet these operations were the germ of the idea of improving landscape, and have issued in the development of a new science, which it is our present purpose to examine.

It is evident that in all matters of taste there has always been a struggle between fashion and the love of display on the one hand, and genius and the love of nature on the other. This is no more true of the art of improving landscape, than of poetry, painting, and all the fine arts. The revolution in the style of gardening was first suggested by the writings of men who, being endowed with genius and sensibility, were led to believe that the secret of deriving the greatest amount of pleasure from a garden was to make it resemble nature as much as possible consistently with its purposes, to introduce no artificial objects for mere ornament, and in all mechanical operations to work in such a manner as that the method of art should not be detected. But the simplifying of the garden was unsatisfactory to the ambition of land-owners, and they made themselves compensation by dressing Nature, and stamping all their domains with the monotonous impress of art. Some of the best writers on this subject have condemned this entire system of improvements; and the question still remains unanswered, how far the practice of dressing Nature may be carried, without injury to her features, or to the expression of her original scenes. In all attempts of this kind we perceive the difficulty of escaping the requisitions of wealth and fashion, which demand that all their possessions shall be stamped with the evidence of cost. The sensibility, which is the foundation of true taste, can never belong to minds cast in an ordinary mould. These must always be the slaves of fashion, and follow in the wake of distinguished examples.

It is the part of genius to guide and direct those who have sufficient power and influence to form the public taste, and thus to bring about improvements in the arts, as in other cases it has introduced improvements in morals and in social life.

The united efforts of the different writers on landscape have gradually developed certain principles, that need only proper arrangement and classification to be expanded into a science. Any one who will study these authors for the purpose of obtaining general views, will see that their prevailing aim is to show in what manner the work of art may be combined with that of nature, so as to produce the most agreeable influence on the mind. Operations to this end must be founded on the observation of nature, a knowledge of the general principles of the fine arts, and the power of tracing all agreeable and disagreeable effects to the mind, by a careful analysis of its feelings, prejudices, and associations. The improvement of landscape, then, is no part of the gardening art,—not even an extension of it; it includes *gardening* only as it includes *architecture*, *dendrology*, *monumental sculpture*, and some other arts as subsidiaries.

The term *landscape gardening*, which is commonly applied to this science, is plainly a misnomer, and has served to confound the general improvement of nature with the operations of gardening. Sir Walter Scott, who is of high authority on this point, makes the following remarks in the Quarterly Review: "This art is unfortunately named. The idea of its being, after all, a variety of the gardening art, with which it has little or nothing to do, has given a mechanical turn to the whole profession, and certainly encouraged many persons to practise it, with no greater qualifications than ought to be found in a tolerably skilful gardener." Whenever a term which is applied to any art or science becomes immediately and universally misused, this is sufficient proof that the term is in itself inappropriate. One of the evils arising from the use of a term compounded of two vernacular words is that the subordinate of the pair too often rules the signification. The word *gardening* has so long been applied to certain common and definite operations, that a compound term including this as a part will necessarily suggest all these operations. The defi-

nition given to this term by Mr. Repton, who first brought it into use, is comprehensive, but not sufficiently definite and precise. "The whole art of landscape gardening," says this author, "may properly be defined the pleasing combination of art and nature, adapted to the use of man." From other pages of Mr. Repton's works, we learn that he includes architecture, sculpture, and some other arts, no less than gardening, under this general head. The art which by its name has been thus identified with gardening is so intimately connected with the other arts above named, that it would have been as proper to call it landscape architecture as landscape gardening. Indeed, it is of greater importance to the beauty of landscape, that buildings, which are prominent objects, should be in good style, and in a proper situation, than that the garden, which is comparatively inconspicuous, should be well located and arranged. A writer in the Quarterly Review remarks, that "Scott very justly finds fault with the term landscape gardening, which is a term that has proved fatal to our parterres. If such a word as *landscaping* be inadmissible, it is high time to find some phrase which will express the laying out of park scenery, as completely distinct from gardening as the things themselves are." A term, however, thus limited in its signification, would not supply the *desideratum*. A term is wanted that shall embrace all the signification attached to landscape gardening, but so compounded as that it shall not be narrowed down to signify the mere mechanical practice of one particular art. This new term should apply to all general operations for the improvement of the face of the country, including the pasture and the farm no less than the park and the garden, and having no more reference to ornament than to those fortuitous combinations of artificial and natural objects, which, without positive beauty, produce a pleasing effect on the mind. We would suggest the word *Calichthonics* (compounded of the Greek words καλός, *beautiful*, and χθών, *earth*) as an appropriate name for the science that treats of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, both in nature and art, as applied to the improvement of landscape, thus comprehending within its sphere, not gardening alone, but likewise dendrology, architecture, road-making, geognosy, and monumental sculpture.

Dendrology, or the forester's art, is embraced in this science, so far as it relates to the grouping and arrangement of trees and shrubbery for the sake of giving pleasure to the sight. Under this head are included the characteristics of individual species, their manner of growth in a forest, in a grove, or on the open plain, the aspect of their undergrowth, and their comparative value as picturesque and ornamental objects, in the forest, in the park, on the farm, by the road-side, in the garden, or in the enclosures about the dwelling-house. All that relates to trees as ornamental objects, to the beauty of their forms and foliage, to the worth of their shade and shelter, to the associations awakened by them, and to their character as subjects of poetry or painting, belongs to the treatment of landscape.

Architecture is one of the most important divisions of our science. In the language of Mr. Repton, the improver must be "acquainted with the higher requisites of the art, relating to *form*, to *proportion*, to *character*, and, above all, to *arrangement*." He needs a knowledge of all that part of architecture which relates to the effect of the different kinds and styles of buildings in landscape, and to the laws of beauty as applied to the disposition and arrangement of them, with respect to other works of art and to natural objects. His cognizance includes all dwellings, from the hovel to the palace; all edifices, from the hermitage to the cathedral; all structures, from a foot-plank across a rivulet, to the suspension-bridge across the Niagara. His scope comprehends the *morale* and the *picturesque* of architecture; while the details of construction belong to the architect as a mere builder.

Road-making also forms a branch of this science, — not indeed the mechanical construction of roads, but all that relates to their courses and directions, — everything about them which can be considered as a matter of taste. It treats of the comparative beauty of the different descriptions of roads, from the cart-path through the woods, to the highway from the city; of their different forms, as the straight and the crooked, the wide and the narrow; of their character, as the rude, the wild, the neat, the rough, and the smooth. Lastly, it relates to the planting of trees and shrubbery by the road-side,

to the style of the fences that enclose it, and to all objects that may be regarded as its appurtenances.

Geognosy or Geoscopy, the science that treats of the parts and the configuration of the earth's surface, constitutes that division of the landscape art which is usually treated under the heads of ground, rocks, and water. It treats of the inequalities of ground, — hills, plains, islands, mountains, and valleys, of the different forms of rocks, of lakes and rivers, of the sea and its branches, and of the colors of the earth and of vegetation.

Monumental Sculpture belongs in great part to the science of landscape, which is intimately concerned with the different descriptions of monuments exposed to view, whether by the road-side or in the garden, in the public square or the cemetery. All will admit that the style of a monument, erected in a conspicuous place, must seriously affect the expression of landscape; and that, especially in our rural cemeteries, it is important that a correct taste should preside over the various objects of sculpture, which are their chief and most costly ornaments.

The science of landscape is yet only in its infancy; for this must be said of every science, until its aims and ends are clearly and precisely defined, and its limits distinctly marked. It is safe to assert, that what has hitherto been written on the subject is like what is written of the geography of a country before its boundaries are known. We cannot be sure that the traveller may not be describing some parts of a neighboring province as belonging to it, or that he may not omit to describe many tracts which are properly included in it. The majority of works on landscape gardening discourse too minutely concerning the objects of the garden and the parterre, and very imperfectly concerning objects outside of the domain of cultivation. They contain rules for embellishing estates; some having particular reference to artificial structures, others to natural objects; some treating almost solely of ornament, others alluding more particularly to the expression of character, but all having more to say of gardening than of any other branch of the subject. From these works might be gathered materials for a system; but no single author has yet arranged

his topics philosophically and according to a judicious classification. The majority of writers on this subject regard the gentleman's estate as the only object of great importance, and plainly consider the general aspect of nature outside of this as of no consequence, except as it necessarily constitutes a prospect from the estate. Their rules are essentially aristocratic. They treat everything beyond the garden and the park with evident contempt; and the belt, invented by Mr. Brown, was plainly designed to isolate the nobleman's grounds from the surrounding country. We do not deny, however, that there may have been some necessity for these things in Great Britain. Whether this be true or not, the landscape art, as practised in that country, seems until of late to have been designed solely to gratify the ambition of the noble or wealthy proprietor. In accordance with these principles, and with the idea that the view of humble cottages was not consistent with the dignity of these isolated landscapes, many little hamlets were removed out of sight, and frequently to such a distance as to cause great inconvenience to the toil-worn peasantry who tenanted them. Mr. Repton, who felt some commiseration for these poor laborers, and who had sufficient benevolence to understand the value of simple cottage scenery in a landscape, as giving it a human interest, condemned this cruel practice; and by his advice, after their appearance was improved by appropriate ornaments and a better arrangement, they were allowed, in many instances, to remain.

As political economy regards the general wealth of the nation, instead of the improvement of private fortunes at the expense of the masses, in like manner should the science of landscape embrace a system of rules for improving the aspect of the whole country, and not merely for the laying out of estates and the erection of magnificent houses. We use the word *improving* instead of *ornamenting*, because the majority of operations required by this art are not to be considered as ornamental, in any sense, unless every object, however plain, that awakens an agreeable sentiment, is an ornament. To extend the meaning of a word so greatly beyond its customary limits of signification, would be an abuse of language. An old, misshapen tree, a mass of venerable ruins, a plain, un-

adorned cottage, or a huge precipice, is not an ornament; yet, in certain situations, each of these objects may add a peculiar interest to the landscape. The same may be said of many other objects that please by their expression of character, or by agreeable images associated with them. It is not the aim of this science to teach those citizens alone who have accumulated great fortunes how to construct magnificent houses, gardens, and parks, which by their splendor shall excite the admiration of the crowd. Its aid should be proffered to the poorest and most humble citizens, to awaken in their hearts certain dormant sensibilities, and to strengthen their minds with a new intelligence. By the study of these principles they will learn, that magnificence and splendor are not the only qualities that are beautiful in prospect; that there is beauty to the mind as well as to the eye; and that, amidst the pomp and glitter of pride and extravagance, the spectator often turns away unsatisfied or displeased, to view with unspeakable delight the plain cottage of a laborer, surrounded with the tokens of lowly industry and thrift. Our art has as much to do with a rustic field-path as with a gravel-walk; with a bed of wild-flowers as with a flower-garden. It seeks to regulate the wild growth of the forest, no less than to group the trees and shrubbery upon the dressed grounds of a princely estate. Many points on which certain improvers set the highest value are of little importance, except as they serve to disfigure a landscape. There are persons who seem to think that the great secret of this art consists in knowing how to carve out certain geometrical or irregular figures, constituting, in the cant phraseology of the profession, respectively the *gardenesque*, the *arabesque*, and the *picturesque* styles, according as they are more or less regular or irregular, simple or complicated. The art with such persons is reduced to a level with that of the mere calico-printer, or the designer of patterns for paper-hangings. With regard to prospect, the gravel-walk, the fence, the square enclosure, and the hedge-row are so many disagreeable lines and patches, differing from one another only in being more or less injurious to the unity and beauty of the landscape.

This last remark does not apply unqualifiedly to roads,

without which a prospect would be defective in many points of interest. The gravel-walk is suggestive only of ornament, of the garden and the pleasure-ground. Roads are suggestive of the general wants and conveniences of human life, and take from a scene or a prospect that expression of solitude which would otherwise be inseparable from it. Roads and by-ways are necessary to the completeness of a landscape, though they are not required in a picture, which is necessarily circumscribed. There are but few objects we encounter in a ramble more delightful than a green lane leading by a pleasant and devious course through a wood. Such an object is associated with the toils and the welfare of humanity, like the sight of herds and flocks. Yet, as a part of rural scenery, the less evidence a road or a path affords of its being a thoroughfare, the more picturesque and romantic is its appearance, and the more beautiful is it in the sight of the traveller. The most interesting woods are those which abound in paths to render them accessible; but it is worthy of notice, that the most interesting paths are those which were made by the farmer, or the woodman, for the convenience of labor. If these wood-paths bear evidence of having been constructed for purposes of pleasure, they please the less on this account. More especially do they fail in giving delight, if they are neatly gravelled, and evince a great deal of expensive toil.

An important department of study relates to the source of these preferences, and to the operations of the mind, by which we might explain why one particular scene affords a great deal of pleasure, while another, very similar to it, is cold in its expression, and perhaps disagreeable. These moral qualities of scenery are carefully investigated by painters, but they have been generally overlooked by artists in real landscape. One cause of the preferences to which we have alluded is undoubtedly a propensity of the human mind to be delighted with the evidences of freedom, and to dislike the signs of exclusive appropriation. Such inquiries to many may seem unimportant; but they are necessary to a correct understanding of the sources of beauty in landscape. The beauty of more than half the scenes we behold is derived from prejudices, some of which are peculiar to certain classes of men, while others

are nearly universal. The latter only are worthy of serious respect. A nobleman may be pleased with those circumstances in a landscape which afford to him a sense of his own superiority of station and of the vastness of his possessions; the same objects, however, are offensive to all the rest of mankind, except to those servile beings who sympathize only with greatness. Hence, in England, almost all improvers aim at making the grounds which they are employed to embellish express this character of exclusiveness, because they think merely of satisfying the pride of their employers. In this country, the improver should endeavor to produce the very opposite effect; because, to the majority of intelligent minds, the expression of freedom, simplicity, and a reference to the general welfare, alone is pleasing, and that of pride and exclusiveness is offensive.

It is not true that a scene must appear to be "natural," to be capable of affording pleasure; there are many scenes entirely artificial in their arrangement, that are highly delightful to the eye and the mind. Indeed, without art, nature is wanting in some of the most pleasing attributes of beautiful scenery. Without art, the earth is but a solitude and a wilderness. It is affectation, pride, selfishness, exclusiveness, and pretence which ought to be concealed; there is nothing disagreeable in the evidences of art, abstractly considered. Houses are artificial objects, but no landscape is complete or interesting without them. After all this cant about the natural and the artificial, the warmest admirer of nature must admit that a landscape is cold and inexpressive, unless it contains some work of human hands. When the works of art which we behold in any scene are so many evidences that we are trespassers or intruders, they are proportionally offensive; but if they leave us our freedom, and the consciousness of this freedom, they please us more than natural objects, because they agreeably interest the mind, while we are enjoying the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

Among the rules of practice in landscape, we find the classic canon, that "the perfection of art is to conceal art," or rather to conceal the means by which certain effects are produced. But there is gross inconsistency in the modes of car-

rying this principle into practice. It is absurd to endeavor to conceal art, while one is using the utmost of his ingenuity in the same place to make it apparent to the spectator, by certain artificial objects and arrangements, that the grounds are a part of the estate of a wealthy gentleman or nobleman. The custom was once prevalent among the landlords in Great Britain, of removing the huts and cottages of their dependents outside of the aristocratic belt, and afterwards introducing certain counterfeit objects in their place, to constitute an "Arcadian scene." Had these cottages been allowed to remain, they would have furnished a genuine Arcadian scene, which, forming a legitimate appendage to the estate, would have required no artifices to conceal design. In operations of this sort, pride is the quality that ought to be concealed, and this, unfortunately, is the very thing which the proud are most anxious to display.

Another similar species of absurdity is to affect rusticity, by the introduction of certain rude objects into a scene which is in the highest style of decorative art. Why should not one build a rough and mean cottage at once, and dwell in it, if he is so highly delighted with rusticity? It is a singular trait in human nature, that leads men thus to prefer the counterfeit to the true. Such coarse appendages to the costly works of ambition can never awaken the pleasing emotions with which we contemplate a genuine scene of rustic life, — a fisherman's hut by the side of a river, or the neat cottage of a laborer, surrounded by the wild scenery of nature.

There is no other art in the theory and practice of which may be found a greater number of inconsistencies, than in this modern art of improving landscape. Its practitioners embellish the forest, and rusticize the garden; they add filigree ornaments to a genuine rude cottage, and annex rustic appendages to a magnificent villa. To be consistent in their absurdities, they should introduce the plain rush-bottomed chairs of the laborer's hut into the gilded saloons of a palace, and suspend golden chandeliers from the rough-hewn beams in the kitchen of a log-cabin. It is not in the power of art to blend these opposites harmoniously. Nature alone can successfully rear, side by side with the rude rock, the loveliest

works of her creation, without discord, and combine incongruous forms, without awakening in the mind of the beholder a feeling of aversion. Such attempts may probably have been suggested by the practice of carving rustic devices upon elegant works of art. These representations are often very beautiful, and in keeping with the highest style of embellishment. But to carve upon the entablature of a porch certain rude devices, and to take for the columns of this porch rude stumps of trees, rough from the woods, are two very different things.

Another kind of affectation, which is still more prevalent in this country, is that of making a cheap house wear the appearance of a costly mansion, thus attempting to convey the impression of a state of affluence on the part of the proprietor, which does not exist. By so doing one reverses the rule of good taste, — that no expectations should be raised above the point to which they can be gratified. This rule is violated, first, when, by the distant view of the house, the spectator is disappointed on a near inspection of it; secondly, when, by the external character of the house, the spectator is disappointed at the comparative meanness of style in the interior; and lastly, when, by the general appearance of the whole, the visitor is disappointed at the inferior manners of the owner and his family, at their poverty of resources, or at the want of correspondence between the grandeur of the house and grounds, and the proprietor's unsocial, coarse, and vulgar mode of living and receiving company. It is a false ambition which causes one to make his own low-breeding and slender education the more conspicuous, by placing it in contrast with the princely style of his dwelling.

But while these contrasts are always offensive, and the signs of actual wealth, when unconnected with refinement, can excite no higher emotion than envy, the evident affectation of wealth by one who does not possess it fails even of this mark, and elicits only contempt. So far do some men carry this kind of folly, that in many cases we have witnessed the assumption of a pride which was really no part of the character of the vain but innocent proprietor. On account of the general custom of neglecting the rules of consistency and propriety, landscape

gains less from expensive and showy houses than their owners are apt to imagine. A good taste would always select such styles of building for the wealthy as exhibit elegance without ostentation, and for persons of moderate fortune such styles as are pleasing and beautiful, without any signs of the foolish imitation of superior houses. An ambitious man is guilty of extreme folly, when he cramps his means of hospitality by spending his whole fortune upon a house which, from its spaciousness, the number, variety, and arrangement of its rooms, and its general magnificence, seems to be designed for purposes of hospitality alone. If he be truly a man of generous and social feelings, he must suffer continual chagrin by perceiving his inability to fulfil the expectations authorized by the imposing appearances displayed under his own roof.

It is a commonplace remark, that everything is great or small only by comparison. This is no more true, than that everything is beautiful, in the ornamental signification of the word, only by comparison. The impression made upon the mind by a splendid work of art depends greatly upon the habits of the observer, — upon his having been accustomed to more humble or more superb objects of the same sort. This principle may be applied equally to architecture and to dress; and hence the necessity of going every year further toward extremes in extravagance. It will apply to all objects of beauty whose influence depends on the amount of stimulus they apply to the organs of sight. No sooner has the public become familiar with an example which is more splendid than any previous one, than all former examples seem inferior or insignificant. A constant familiarity with gaudy displays in the works of any art, destroys one's power to be affected by creations of the same art which are inferior in dazzling qualities; and we can imagine this sort of extravagance to be carried so far as to render external gilding in architecture necessary to make any impression on the public sight.

But there is another kind of beauty which is not affected by comparison. It is that which awakens in the mind an agreeable sentiment, and depends for its influence on the expression of some pleasing trait of character, and not on a certain stimulus applied to the visual organs. The

charm of the appropriate dwelling of a happy and industrious citizen in humble life, depends on the benevolent trains of thought which it starts in the mind. The proximity of a splendid edifice does not weaken its effect, as it would weaken that of an inferior, ostentatious dwelling, because its beauty is of a kind that evades unfavorable comparison. The same may be said of all those dwellings whose peculiar charm is their suggestiveness of some agreeable poetic, social, or romantic image. This is the kind of beauty which every wise man, whose object is to be happy, and not to dazzle and astonish the crowd, will choose, — beauty that consists in the expression of thought and feeling.

The influence of mere ornament upon the happiness of a people is quite opposite to that which is usually attributed to it. A love of the beautiful constitutes a habit of the mind which has been greatly extolled. But a love of the beautiful, in the vulgar sense of agreeable stimulus applied to the organs of sight, is liable to be carried to a very injurious excess. By cultivating a taste for ornamental architecture, and by living in the midst of highly decorated houses, and in splendid apartments, one becomes so perverted by their dazzling effects as to despise simplicity, and dead to impressions of any kind which are less stimulating to the perceptive faculties. Luxury in architecture, with respect to our private dwellings, may become as injurious a vice as luxury in dress, or in eating and drinking. The one destroys our physical capacity to enjoy the gifts of nature for our refreshment, the other destroys our ability to be affected by scenes that yield pleasure to persons equally cultivated, who are accustomed to plainness and simplicity.

These remarks are equally applicable to the luxury of superb and highly ornamented gardens. Those who are in the constant habit of frequenting them, lose their power of enjoying the simple scenes of nature. There is some difficulty in determining the bounds between healthful indulgence and voluptuous excess; but it seems to us a moral duty to keep our feelings alive to all impressions of simple beauty, by avoiding extremes in luxurious and costly displays. We cannot have too much of nature in its simplicity, nor too

much of art, when it is employed to afford rational pleasure to the mind, instead of an intoxicating stimulus to the senses, or a flattering unction to the pride. By studying the forms and the harmonies of nature, and the rules and principles of art, we increase our susceptibility to enjoyment; but the opposite effect is produced by a general emulation, on the part of the citizens, to outvie one another in the costly splendor of their houses and grounds.

No error is more common, than to mistake the evidences of fashion for those of taste, — unless it be to overlook the close connection that exists between fashion and vulgarity. No man can possess taste, without either a superior intellect or a superior education; but the veriest blockhead can appreciate the value of fashion, and adapt himself to its requisitions. The first idea that enters into the head of a vulgar-minded man, upon attaining wealth, is to build an ostentatious house, and to destroy every appearance of nature about his grounds. He becomes a man of fashion, which is the governing principle of all who are both ignorant and vain. The consequence that often follows this architectural mania, is that of crippling one's self for life in his pecuniary circumstances. In former times, when these showy houses were less common, they were designated as "follies." They are too often the monuments erected over the grave of one's fortune.

The works of nature are no less subject to injury from profuse embellishment, than the works of art. It cannot be denied, that, in the majority of cases in which an old farm and farm-house have passed into the hands of a wealthy proprietor, to be converted into a country seat, the attractions of the place, in the eyes of a man of taste and sensibility, are spoiled. It is worthy of serious study to find out the cause of this misfortune. The beauty of a farm depends in a great measure on certain appearances of rusticity, combined with neatness, and the evidences of industry and good cultivation. But it is not necessary to this desirable appearance, that the grounds should be made entirely smooth and ornamental. To change the cart-paths into gravel-walks; to place hedge-rows in the place of rude stone-walls; to root

up every straggling bush and brier in the pasture-land; and to destroy the spontaneous growths of shrubbery that diversify the grounds, would add nothing to their attractiveness. Were the vines, bushes, and thorns to be cleared from each side of every fence and stone-wall, there would be a sort of presumptive evidence of care and good husbandry. But the latter may exist in perfection where this description of work has been entirely omitted; because there is no advantage in it, except in a garden, or where the space occupied by these natural objects is needed for cultivation.

We have seen on a farm the most admirable neatness and good culture, unconnected with any of this grubbing and clearing which we have just described. On this farm the fields were separated by loose stone-walls, neatly laid without masonry. On each side of the walls, covering a space of about two feet in width, was a beautiful miscellaneous growth of vines and shrubbery. The delicate wild-flowers of spring peeped out from the green turf in this border, and the gaudy blossoms of autumn nodded their plumes of purple, yellow, and lilac over the tops of the walls. Often in the heart of a mowing field might be seen a mass of shrubbery surrounding a tree, or a group of trees which had been left standing on a barren knoll. In all parts of the farm were similar wooded tracts of wild and spontaneous growth. Vines were often suffered to wreathe themselves around a projecting rock, that raised its head in the midst of a ploughed field, and caused an interruption in the regular planting of the crops. All these circumstances might be considered proofs of a want of neatness and thrift. But a more attentive observation would, amidst all this apparent negligence, discover the real evidences of good farming. The owner of this farm believed it to be more necessary to economize labor, which is expensive, than land, which is abundant and cheap. If a growth of trees and shrubbery had covered a barren knoll, or a cluster of vines had twined itself around a rock, neither of which could produce anything more valuable, he wisely left them to adorn his fields and to add variety to the landscape. The proofs of his thrift were to be seen in those parts of his farm that were devoted to tillage. Here the

soil was in the most prosperous condition, and though the wild shrubbery grew under the walls, half concealing them by the profusion of its flowers and verdure, and adding to the scene a beauty which nothing else could so well yield, yet there was no unsightly growth of weeds among his crops, which were all healthy and luxuriant, and there was no evidence of neglect except where neglect was wisdom. The owner regarded all these rustic appearances as an important part of the genuine attractiveness of the landscape. He looked upon the vines that graced his walls not as weeds and a cumbrance of the ground. They were the rustic ornaments of his farm, that served to regale his sight when he was employed in the labors of the field, and to allure and harbor the birds, who were both his servants and his musicians. Any system of improvement that required the destruction of these objects he justly regarded as devastation. The chief aim of the improver should be to prevent this sort of outrage upon Nature. The omission to do anything at all for adorning the face of the country is better than to deprive Nature of these ornaments, which are her genuine features, and with which are associated some of our most pleasing images of rural life.

These native ornaments, especially trees, are more apt to be preserved when the old farm is distant from a large market, which usually creates a demand for wood, and causes all the farms in its vicinity to be laid bare of their groves and forests. Since the country has been girdled with railroads, many of these picturesque farms have lost all their former beauty, and others which are now so many little Edens in the landscape are destined within a few years to be equally despoiled and laid waste. The railroads are inflicting upon this country, by the destruction of its forests, a curse which we fear will more than balance the benefits they have conferred, and which, without some legislative interference, will end in universal drought and devastation, making the country an arid desert, and depriving our posterity both of wood and water.

By many writers on landscape improvements, the farm is considered an unfit subject for the exercise of their art, because it does not admit of embellishment in the usual

acceptation of this term. Further objections are made, on the supposition that the farm and its appurtenances are injurious to the beauty of landscape. As a farm is necessarily laid out in divisions approaching more or less to the form of a square, and as the grounds must in most cases be planted in straight lines, it is contended that there can be nothing picturesque in its appearance, and that it ought, therefore, to be excluded from the domain of the "improver." Others take a different position, and contend for the practice of laying out the fields in what they are pleased to call "picturesque" forms, of grouping the trees in the orchards, and hiding the crops by plantations of wood and other screens. We differ entirely from each of these parties, and consider all that reasoning fallacious which maintains that right lines and angles, and fields laid out in squares, are incompatible with the sort of beauty which is called picturesque.

It is admitted by all, that a house may be an agreeable and picturesque object in a landscape, notwithstanding its straight lines, right angles, and flat surfaces, because we know such mathematical forms to be in character with the house. Why then should the same lines and angles, drawn with less mathematical precision, be considered offensive in the aspect of a farm, when we know that they are equally in character with it, and that any other lines or angles would be out of character. The pleasure we derive from landscape depends entirely on its expression of those ideas and images which are agreeable to the mind and appropriate to the scene. When we are looking for rustic simplicity, we are offended if we see only affectation and pretence; when we are looking for grandeur, we are offended if we see only its counterfeit. When we are looking at a farm, we wish to behold certain objects and appearances which necessarily belong to it, and which in their charming perfection would, in the eyes of a philanthropist, elevate a true farm as high in the scale of landscape beauty as the isolated estate of a prince or a nobleman.

All these notions about a certain "line of beauty" are but the whims of theorists. It would be easy to show that straight lines and right angles are an essential part of the beauty of a farm, and that without them there would be noth-

ing to remind us of its character. Any attempt at the grouping of its objects would be attended with ludicrous effects, and an endeavor to conceal the real nature of a farm under the disguise of something that resembles park scenery, would be still more ridiculous. A *ferme ornée*, in our opinion, would be a monstrosity; and yet we believe a farm might consistently be made one of the most beautiful features in the landscape, by clothing it in its native and appropriate rustic ornaments. In looking from an eminence down upon a fertile valley, which is divided into irregular squares, and exhibits that pleasing diversity of colors which arises from the nature of the different crops, is any observer offended by the artificial appearance of the scene? On the contrary, the particular forms and hues of these fields, how much soever they may resemble a chess-board, are suggestive of many delightful trains of thought. Such evidences of industry, plenty, and tranquillity, and of the easy and happy circumstances of the human beings who are occupied on the farm, make it both picturesque and beautiful, and even sublime, if such a view could be sufficiently extended.

Were these fields subdivided too minutely, they would cease to be pleasing, because they would suggest the idea of a minute subdivision of property among contending heirs. No man could believe that such minute partitions of land are among the requisitions of agriculture. But can any one suppose that a designed irregularity in the shapes of these fields, graceful curves or zigzags in the paths and fences, would render them more pleasing or *picturesque?* Regularity or irregularity is pleasing or displeasing, as it seems to answer in the best manner the purpose to which the land is devoted. There are certain forms and arrangements that are appropriate to the garden, others that belong respectively to the park, to the farm, and to the rude scenes of nature. All these should remain distinct, and the forms identified with any one of these should not be forced into another. But it is a mistake to suppose that the beauty of landscape would be seriously injured by the lines and angles that belong to the garden and the farm.

Our preceding remarks naturally lead us to consider the

meaning of that much abused and misused term, — *picturesque*. There are but few writers who use it alike, or who connect it with any definite idea. But its signification is usually confined to a particular class of objects, usually to such as are rude, rough, wild, and irregular. We shall endeavor to show that it is a relative term, and that the reasons for thus limiting its signification are fallacious; — that an object may possess any or all of the above-named qualities, and not be picturesque, or may possess this character without any one of these qualities.

The word *picturesque*, as originally used, was undoubtedly applied only to those scenes and objects which, on account of their peculiar arrangement of parts, their distance, middle distance, and foreground, their breadth of light and shade, and expression of character, were adapted to the painter's art. Hence, when it was first incorporated in our language, it must have been employed to characterize only very limited scenes or groups, whether in art or nature. As the word came into more general use, its signification was extended; and when applied to landscape, it was not confined to scenes of such narrow dimensions as would enter easily into a picture, but used concerning any range of scenery combining that sort of unity and variety, those lights and shadows and expressions, which, if within narrower limits, would please the eye of a painter, and be applicable to his uses. As painters of landscapes were generally in the habit of representing rude and rough scenes and objects, grounds that had not been dressed and ornamented, simple cottages rather than villas and palaces, and ruins rather than buildings in a perfect condition, the word, in popular use, came to be more particularly applied to these ruder types of scenery, rather than to highly cultivated landscape, grounds with smooth and flowing surface, or costly and elegant buildings. But if we examine the subject by a careful analysis, we shall discover that the former are not the only kinds of scenes and objects which are capable of being successfully represented on canvas. The rude parts of landscape, it will not be denied, are more commonly picturesque than such as have been smoothed and embellished by the hand of man, because Nature does not, so often as man, introduce

offensive and discordant objects into her scenes. This fact, however, does not prove that the highly ornamented works of art cannot be made picturesque; it proves only that, in the majority of cases, the hand of art is not guided by genius. A painter of genius could easily invent a highly ornamented scene, that should exhibit all those interesting properties which are delightful in a picture. But it is difficult to find such scenes in real landscape; and the majority of painters, like the majority of other artists, not having this *mens divinior*, are obliged to select such scenes as nature and accident afford them, requiring no modification from their hands to fit them for their use. These ready-made picturesque scenes and objects are almost invariably simple and rude. A higher gift is required to enable a painter to compose a picture of artificial splendor, which, without offending by any sinister expression, shall exhibit all those admirable qualities which are necessary to constitute a pleasing scene on canvas or in landscape. While true genius delights in painting simple and rude scenes, mediocrity is safe in attempting those only. For this reason there are hundreds of pictures of this description to one picture of combined elegance and grandeur, because the latter can be well executed only by the hand of a master. In producing a magnificent composition of art, the painter must not only be under the guidance of genius, but he must also possess a general and liberal knowledge of the principles of harmony in form. It may be further remarked, that the difficulty of making a scene picturesque is proportional to the number of objects to be combined, and the consequent multiplicity of sentiments and associations awakened by them, because this complexity of parts increases the liability of introducing a false or incongruous object, by which the intended effect may be greatly injured or destroyed.

The picturesque, in the abstract, is any quality in a scene or an object which, through the medium of the sight, awakens an agreeable emotion in the mind, independently of any intrinsic beauty it may possess or want; and a picturesque scene or object is one in which all parts unite in producing this agreeable action upon the mind of the beholder. There may be several objects in a composition that possess this

character, and yet the whole may be wanting in it, on account of the presence of certain discordant parts. The scene must be entirely unique and harmonious, uncombined with anything that would interrupt the agreeable emotions or trains of thought that proceed from it, by suggesting others of a different or opposite character. It is from overlooking this principle, that so many imitators of rustic scenes in real landscape fail in their attempt, because their vanity causes them to introduce certain ornaments which are incompatible with its simplicity. No matter how rude or how beautiful a scene may be, whether it be smooth or rough, simple or complicated, if it has a certain breadth of light and shade and unity of parts, and awakens in all susceptible minds an agreeable sentiment or emotion, it is picturesque.

Let us now briefly consider the application of this term to individual objects. It is thought that a house cannot exhibit this character, unless it is considerably varied in its outlines, and has a great variety of parts. This may be true of a house standing isolated from all other objects; but if it be plain and simple in its construction, and wanting in this variety, the necessary expression may be given to it by certain accompaniments, adjacent to it, yet not forming a part of it. It is readily admitted, that, of two houses standing in vacant space, the one that exhibits a pleasing variety of outline, other things being equal, is more picturesque than the other, which is plain and square. But by a judicious assemblage of objects, artificial and natural, about this square house, it may be made as interesting, either in a landscape or in a picture, as a house of varied architectural members and outlines. It is the part of wisdom, therefore, to build one's house in that particular shape which is required by economy, utility, and convenience, though it be a plain cube, and then to make it picturesque by its adjuncts and surroundings.

A rough, square, and barn-like house, without any appendages, standing alone on a dead level, awakens no agreeable or poetic sentiments. Let us consider what must be added, to impart to it this desirable charm. A chimney would yield something of this expression, by suggesting the idea of fireside comforts within. Windows would yield to it other evi-

dences of convenience, of light, of prospect, and of social enjoyment. Afterwards, by affixing certain projections, wings, vestibules, and piazzas, under different roofs, and showing by these external appendages the presence of certain needful accommodations, within and without, we increase still more this agreeable expression. In proportion as, by enlarging the variety of these suggestive appurtenances, we multiply the number of pleasing images of comfort, convenience, cheerfulness, and hospitality, or any other agreeable ideas awakened by them, we render the house more and more picturesque, until by an excess of variety we create confusion in the mind of the beholder.

It is highly necessary to understand the importance of these circumstances, which serve to add force, beauty, and character to a scene, and to know that the expression of a plain house depends more upon surrounding objects, than on any architectural ornaments that can be added to it. We would not deny the force of such agreeable adjuncts, but contend that nearly all desirable effects may be produced without them; and if our opinion be correct, the principle asserted is important to those who are obliged to be governed by a rigid economy. Almost all American writers treat of the picturesque, as if it were an intrinsic quality of certain objects; and they do not seem to understand that it is only a relative term. Hence they speak of some trees as having this character, and of others as wanting it; now attributing it to the coniferous trees, then to those trees only which are disfigured, shattered, or of an anomalous shape, and invariably denying that it can appertain to trees which are round-headed, beautiful, or graceful. Yet there is in truth no particular shape or color, except from association, that renders a tree or a house picturesque, but each may become so, according as it harmonizes with any pleasing scene with which it is combined.

This quality in a tree, as well as in any other object, depends on its power of conveying a distinct and vivid impression of an agreeable nature to the mind, either by being itself an image or an emblem of some poetic sentiment, as in the case of an ancient patriarchal oak, or by assisting to heighten the poetic character of a scene of which it is a part. Thus

the pyramidal firs would be picturesque in rough, wintry, and mountainous situations, by adding wildness to the scenery and being in harmony with it. But they do not deserve, on this account, to be distinguished by this epithet, since they lose all this character in other kinds of scenery. If the larch and the fir are picturesque in mountainous and wintry landscapes, the weeping-willow is no less so, when standing on a green savannah, and overhanging the widening of a natural stream, with a neat cottage included in the same picture. The willow has this character, under these circumstances, because it adds to the peaceful and romantic expression of the scene, with its long branches dipping into the water, as the larch and the fir add force to natural wildness and ruggedness.

Nearly all this confusion of ideas has arisen from the general practice of using a *relative* term as if it were *specific*. We may say of a certain tree, that it is noble or magnificent; of another, that it is graceful; of another, that it is rugged, knotted, and gnarled; and our meaning is understood. But if we say of a tree, that it is picturesque, are there two persons living to whom the term thus used would convey the same idea? If this epithet should be applied specifically to any particular trees, it belongs to those which have been consecrated to certain interesting uses by poets, by the sacred and classical writers, and more especially by painters. An old tree of any species, of grand and ample dimensions, partially decayed, is highly suggestive in a picture or in a landscape, because it forms a pleasing patriarchal image, and is allied with the sentiment of ruin. A knotted and gnarled oak has this expression, because it is a symbol of fortitude, and emblematical of the successful resistance of power. Had we seen the beech-tree in pictures as often as we have read of it in the poets, it would have been as picturesque as it is now poetical.

It is common among writers, when comparing the English and American elms, to speak of the latter as more beautiful, and the former as more picturesque. This distinction is made on the assumption that the two qualities are incompatible. How, then, has it happened that the ash, one of the most beautiful and graceful of all trees, is called, by way of

distinction, "the painter's tree," and that the most picturesque houses, being such as exhibit the most agreeable variety of outlines, are likewise the most beautiful? No assumption can be more entirely unfounded, as these two qualities always assist and heighten each other, when they are in combination. Neither the beautiful nor its opposite is incompatible with the picturesque. We are all familiar with those old-fashioned farm-houses, built about a century ago, with two stories in front, and a long roof sloping down to one story behind. We ask if anything in landscape can be more picturesque, in the eyes of one born and educated in the New England States, than a scene containing a graceful American elm, bending over one of these old houses, and standing upon a grassy elevation, surrounded by all the suggestive appurtenances of a rustic farm-yard. Here is a beautiful tree, combined with a very plain and homely house; yet both are equally necessary to the picture. Add to the most beautiful or the most homely scene something that gives it a poetic expression, and it immediately becomes picturesque. When a tree of magnificent proportions has become old, or a noble edifice has sunk into a ruin, each has acquired a poetic interest, and has become picturesque by the change. Add to any object whatever a similar poetic expression, by any other change, — as by leading a natural stream through an uninteresting piece of ground, by covering a bare rock with evergreen ferns and club-mosses, or by wreathing a plain cottage with a profusion of vines, — we produce a similar effect. As the chemist, by combining the same elements in a different manner, may produce a compound that is wholesome or poisonous, agreeable or nauseous, so may the artist arrange the same objects in different combinations, so as to produce successively an offensive, an insipid, a ridiculous, or a delightful picture.

Let us now inquire to what extent, and in what manner, the science of landscape concerns our American people. It must strike every intelligent observer at once, that the circumstances of the United States are widely different from those of Great Britain, where the landscape art originated. The general principles established by English writers on this sub-

ject are in many cases entirely inapplicable to this country. The land of Great Britain is in the possession of about thirty-two thousand proprietors, averaging over two thousand acres each, some having estates containing more than one hundred thousand acres. Hence the English treatises on this art are essentially aristocratic, and dwell emphatically on the importance of "appropiation," — a term used to express a uniform style of objects, that shall enable the stranger to recognize the whole estate as belonging to one individual. An entire "riding" may be the property of one lord, and it may extend several miles through his own estate. This must be distinguished from common roads, "to extend the idea of a seat, and appropriate the whole country to the mansion." The riding must be marked by certain peculiar appearances, such as plantations of trees that differ from the common trees of the country, so that they shall be "immediately received as evidences of the domain." All such management would be idle in this country; and, except in some extraordinary cases, it could serve but to show the narrow limits of one's estate. The only way to make pleasant ridings, in this land of cottages and small farms, is to encourage the people to preserve the trees and shrubbery on all barren hills and eminences, and to cultivate the valleys; for every riding of more than a mile in extent must necessarily pass through the property of several individuals. Our people should be governed by a republican feeling, and not endeavor to distinguish their own grounds from those around them, for the vain purpose of indicating the extent of their domains, but should strive, as far as it is compatible with their own superior cultivation, to make their grounds harmonize with all adjacent scenery. The whole system of improvements in Great Britain is based upon the assumption, that the gentleman's estate is the only object that concerns it; and the general aspect of the country occupies but a small share of attention. The farm is by many practitioners of this art regarded with contempt, and, if it were possible, they would remove it out of sight, as they do the kitchen garden. In this country the farm is the most important object that can occupy the attention of improvers; and gentlemen's estates, though requiring a different style of

embellishment, are not to be regarded as more important than laborers' cottages.

In our land, the idea of a park, except in some extraordinary cases, is preposterous. The pasture is the American's park, and in this it would be pleasing to preserve, to the fullest practicable extent, the character of nature and rusticity. In England the landlord is a nobleman, and the farmer is his tenant; in this country, the landlord is himself the farmer, in the majority of cases. Hence the rules of art that are applicable to the landscape in Great Britain are often entirely inapplicable to American landscape. The equal distribution of property in this country must render the more magnificent efforts of art, except in large cities, generally unattainable by the wealth of private individuals. A true patriot would not wish to alter this state of things; and, when engaged in the discussion of a question like the present, he must establish his principles on this political ground. Hence, though we believe that the United States might surpass every other nation in the theory and practice of the landscape art, we see plainly that its grand results must be produced by the mutual understanding and co-operation of all classes of the people.

Highly ornamental work, which is necessarily expensive, whether applied to buildings or to grounds, can be properly performed only by the wealthy; for any attempt that falls short of the grandeur and elegance of the model, comes under the head of pretence, and is ridiculous just in proportion to the distance between the model and the imitation. The science of landscape should inculcate such principles as, if generally understood, would cause the people to prefer the successful copy of pleasing mediocrity, to a vain attempt to imitate a superior style, which, with their pecuniary ability, could only be counterfeited. There is no fondness of distinction more absurd, than that kind of vanity which prompts one, that he may surpass his neighbor's silver, to gild his own brass; and it is a serious offence against good taste to cause a house, a garden, or a farm to appear to be what it is not, or to deck it with ornaments which, in the minds of the cultivated and intelligent, are associated with very different objects. It is equally unwise to commence a system of operations,

with a house and grounds, built and laid out in a superior style of decoration, that can be maintained only at a continual expense plainly beyond the ability of the owner.

These considerations afford no good reason for believing that the science of improvements should not form a study for the American people, as well as for the landlords of Great Britain. On the contrary, in our land it is the concern of the people, not of an aristocracy; and as there are more substantial land-owners here than in any other country, there are more persons, in proportion to the population, who are immediately interested in the art. One important result of an extended diffusion of this kind of knowledge would be to check the present rage for ostentatious and expensive embellishments, and to render the people better satisfied with a humble and modest appearance, and ambitious to conform the style of their houses and grounds to the principles of that higher beauty which is the expression and the evidence of happiness. All those books, or lectures, or examples, that are calculated to inspire men with a passion for a style of decoration that does not comport with their circumstances, are directly at war with the true principles of our art. We believe that the perusal of the majority of works on landscape-gardening that have issued from the English press is hurtful, by affecting the mind of the reader with an ambition to imitate the unattainable grandeur of foreign models, or with despair of doing anything. We see this evil influence, in all parts of our land, in the numerous unsuccessful attempts to accomplish, on a small scale, certain works in gardening and architecture, which are ridiculous except on a fitting scale of magnificence. As we live in a republic, our rules for the improvement of landscape must be republican; and the less we copy the examples which are exhibited to us in a foreign land, and the more we govern our practice by general principles, the more useful and delightful will be the result. It would be no great gain to the beauty of the country, that a few rich men had fine gardens and estates, laid out in a costly style of decoration, if the principles of this art were neglected by all the rest of the community.

But we must not omit to take into consideration the fact

that this country is at present, as compared with Europe, very extensively wooded, and that the formation of pleasing landscapes must depend more on the manner of clearing than of planting. Although the original growth of the forest cannot be used with so much advantage as the second and more sparse growth, yet there are frequent occasions when a correct taste, and a liberal comprehension of what is to be done, would direct the labors of the woodman so as to produce the most important results, with respect both to economy and landscape beauty. It must be very unpleasant to the feelings of an intelligent citizen to discover, after the completion of certain operations, that he has done a serious injury to the landscape, and has innocently incurred the censure of the community, when a little study of the sources of beauty in landscape would have taught him to avoid his error, and, with equal advantage to his interest, have enabled him to improve the general features of the scenery around him. The advantage of these operations is not confined to the individual who performs them. It extends to the whole community; for such is the intimate connection between the beauty of landscape and the prosperity of agriculture, that each requires nearly the same disposal of the most important ornaments of the face of nature, — trees and shrubbery. How many instances are of daily occurrence, in which a noble tree in a fine situation, a beautiful mass of wild shrubbery, a group of trees with their underwood, or even a knoll of wild-flowers, growing in a spot too barren to be worthy of cultivation, might have been saved, had the owner but learned to feel the value of such objects in the landscape! It is a fatal mistake to suppose that every spot that is covered with wild shrubbery is lost to agriculture. Every tree and every bush that grows on a barren elevation, besides clothing it with beauty, yields its tribute of moisture to the atmosphere and its annual crop of foliage for the pasture, affords a harbor to useful birds, protects the farm from winds and storms, and contributes its humble influence in increasing the salubrity of the atmosphere about our homes. A moderate knowledge of the advantages of these picturesque objects, as sources both of benefit to the farm and of beauty to the landscape, would lead every farmer to save them, and

to encourage their growth, especially on all wastes and barren hills. And to say nothing of the other advantages connected with the preservation of these objects, how necessary is it, in these days of commerce, when trade, which is the only source of rapid accumulation, offers the strongest temptations to young men to quit the farm for commercial pursuits, — how necessary is it to spare no pains nor study to render everything about the farm so attractive as to bind men's affections as much as possible to their own paternal acres!

But it is not by encouraging a profusion of ornament and expensive decoration, that this desirable end must be accomplished. Those objects which have been dignified with the name of ornaments are not the most pleasing things in a landscape. The embellishments which are the most costly are commonly the least pleasing to a man of feeling and taste; and the poor man should be made to feel and understand, that there is a way of decorating his grounds which is attended with no expense beyond his own moderate ability. He should learn to make his fields, pastures, and enclosures delightful, by the careful preservation of all natural and accidental beauties. We would recommend but little planting for mere decoration, without reference to utility; but we believe there is a closer connection between utility and beauty than is generally admitted. There are many parts of every man's grounds, if he owns more than two or three acres, where trees would be more valuable, as well as more ornamental, than anything else. In these places, and in these alone, let his trees be planted. There are certain tracts that ought, for purposes of economy, to be always covered with wood. It would be absurd to leave such places uncovered, and to plant trees where they would be unprofitable. In all cases, the general considerations of shade, shelter, and protection should be prior to those of ornament. We would willingly guarantee the pleasing effects which would follow from this rule of planting. Roads and enclosures must be planted for shade; the northern boundaries of farms and estates, for protection; the tops of hills and rude eminences must be wooded, for economy and for the improvement of climate; and sandy wastes must be covered with trees, to render them

available for the use of man. Let these considerations govern the planter and the pioneer, and with respect to ornamental appearances the result cannot be far from pleasing.

One highly important circumstance that concerns the Americans, is the style and extent of their public grounds. In these there is an opportunity for a display of grandeur and magnificence that would not accord with the simplicity that should characterize our private residences. In regard to these matters, however, there has been an unfortunate apathy in the general mind; and the quantity of land devoted to such purposes has been as small as if the public domain were measured by the inch, and not by the acre. Hence many public squares, or commons, in our towns and cities, that might have been made spacious and beautiful, are now contracted and bald, and so narrow as to afford but little convenience to the public, except as market-places. The necessity of spaciousness in these public grounds could not be apparent to our ancestors, who, being surrounded with a vast unoccupied territory, perceived that such conveniences were not needful to their circumstances. But no such apology can be made for the present neglect. Our public grounds deserve as much consideration as the public buildings. Every new city and town should appropriate a large tract, to be planted with trees and to be used for recreation; and the grounds connected with our school-houses, town-houses, hospitals, and other public institutions, should be no longer confined to the space of a few square rods.

In the narrow limits of this article, it cannot be expected that we should treat minutely of the style in which these grounds should be laid out and embellished. We can only dwell on the importance of making them ample, and of considering them as an indispensable provision, not only for every city, but for every village in the country. The directors of private corporations are more generally disposed to regard these matters with a favorable eye, than the officers of a town. This difference probably arises from the comparatively superior mental culture of the former. Hence there are gardens and groves attached to almost all our academies and colleges, while the town school-houses stand on a naked enclosure of a

few rods. The grounds connected with these institutions are not liable to be planned on too magnificent a scale, and committees who have the management of them are more likely to err in the small quantity of land they devote to such purposes, than in the manner of laying them out, and the style of their embellishments. We would recommend no affected imitation of what are called picturesque styles; for in all places which are to be used more or less for public resort, artificial forms and arrangements should predominate. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the want of taste displayed in the arrangements on the Boston Common, we do not believe they could have been improved by any affected irregularity in the forms of the paths and the disposition of the trees. The heart of the city is no place for an imitation of the wildness of nature. We believe, however, that all these operations would be performed nearly enough in the right way, if the public could but be animated with a general enthusiasm in favor of such improvements.

In regard to the style of our dwelling-houses and private grounds, we are unfortunately almost entirely under the influence of British taste and examples. It would be well if we could imitate them in our public grounds, where they are deserving of imitation, and where successful imitation is within our reach. In our general improvements, and in embellishing our private estates, our copying of foreign models has been unwise, and often ridiculous, and it is time that some competent person should put forth in a general treatise those principles which are applicable to our own land. Many essays, and some volumes, have been published, in nearly all of which we perceive that the authors were guided or materially influenced by English opinions. Their rules and principles are modified, in a greater or less degree, to suit our peculiar circumstances. But the art, as practised in the United States, should be entirely divorced from the English system, which ought not to be a pattern for us, unless we also adopt the constitution of Great Britain and all its aristocratic customs.

As a work which is comparatively free from these objections, we commend the volume of Messrs. Cleaveland and

Backus, entitled "Village and Farm Cottages." It contains chapters on "The House considered in its Influence on the Occupants"; "The Value of a Permanent Home"; "Home in the Country"; "The Village"; "The Choice of a Lot"; "The Adoption of a Plan"; and "Principles as applied to Details"; besides a variety of plans for cottages, well executed and designed. For their general remarks they have made an excellent choice of subjects, which are treated with great good sense and a just appreciation of the wants of those to whom they are addressed. We have read no other American publication that discusses these topics in so practical a manner, and at the same time with so much correct taste and chastened enthusiasm. The "Hints on Construction" and "On the Improvement of Grounds" are equally valuable.

The practical hints contained in this volume are well adapted to the circumstances and habits of our people, not overlooking the importance of economy in building, to persons of moderate wealth. This country is not destined to be a land of mansions and palaces. We have but few owners of whole counties and townships; and our farms of the largest size are small compared with those of average size in Europe. We live in a land of cottages and small farms; and the principles of taste are therefore particularly important in the United States, where a large proportion of the inhabitants are land-owners and cultivators. The treatise on "Village and Farm Cottages" is well calculated to cherish that sort of taste which would increase the happiness of the people, by making them contented with a humble home, surrounded by the agreeable accessories of pleasant gardens, woods, orchards, and green fields.

With regard to the style which one should adopt in laying out his garden or his pleasure-grounds, which must necessarily be artificial in their character, and contracted in their dimensions, we think it at best only of secondary importance. In these cases it is well for every man to indulge his own peculiarities of taste; and we should as soon think of dictating to a lady the greater importance of a certain style of figures compared with another, for her carpet or house-paper, — whether they should be regular or irregular, or, in the lan-

guage of gardening, "arabesque," "gardenesque," or "picturesque," — as to dictate to the owner of an estate whether the style of his gardens and enclosures should be regular or irregular, with walks angular or serpentine, straight or zigzag. We consider these things mere matters of fancy, not of taste, which concerns the more important arrangement of objects that affect the general aspect of the country. The preservation of the forests on our mountains and hills; the clearing and cultivation of the fertile slopes and valleys; the covering of waste and sandy plains, stony ridges, and gravelly knolls with the verdure of trees and shrubbery, — are the circumstances on which the beauty of landscape chiefly depends, and with which the prosperity of agriculture and the welfare of man are intimately connected.

One of the most dangerous liabilities to which the general beauty of nature is exposed, arises from the prevalence of an ambition to be considered a man of taste. When such a mania prevails, it is the ambition of men and their love of distinction, and not their taste and sensibility, which are excited. In their zeal to be thought as tasteful as their neighbors, they forget everything but the manner in which they shall make known their accomplishments to the great, admiring crowd. If, under these circumstances, one has upon his land, near his house, a beautiful clump of trees and shrubbery, of spontaneous growth, such as the Dryads, if they could be seen, would be found accepting as their own appropriate haunt, this must be all swept away, and certain exotic trees and shrubs must be planted there, because the former appearance is considered incompatible with the fashionable style of dressing grounds. But the true principles of taste would teach one that Nature should never be dressed, when her native beauties surpass any ornaments that can be put in their place; and that no scene about one's grounds, which affects the mind with a charming or tranquillizing influence, should be sacrificed for the sake of making room for some costly ornament, which, with an expression as cold as an iceberg, serves no other purpose than to answer the demands of fashion.

After witnessing all the glitter of architectural pomp, and

the gay splendor of the parterre and the pleasure-ground, the man of feeling turns away, sick and weary of the constant stimulus occasioned by these objects, to seek the tranquillity of more humble scenes, amidst the wildness of nature. Under the spreading branches of a rugged old oak, where he could muse by the side of a rustic stream, gliding in spontaneous meanderings through sedges and over pebbles, he would find more enduring satisfaction than in the proudest park or pleasure-ground. To encourage this simplicity of taste, to check any exorbitant zeal for luxury in architecture or mere ornamental gardening, and to cherish in the minds of the people a love of Nature and a sensibility to her unadorned charms, should be one of the chief aims of the American proprietor and artist.

It was our original intention to review the whole ground of gardening literature in this country; but we have already exceeded the space which we can properly use, in the discussion of the general subject. We have in years past noticed the valuable works of Mr. A. J. Downing, whose short and brilliant career of genius and enterprise has made an impression on the public mind that can never be obliterated. But among the writers on subjects connected with rural improvements, we must not omit to name Mr. Charles M. Hovey, author of "The Fruits of America," a work of rare merit and beauty, and for more than twenty years the able and persevering editor of the "Magazine of Horticulture," a periodical that embodies more practical information on this and collateral subjects than any other American journal. If Mr. Hovey, who certainly possesses talents of a high order, had been less absorbed in practical operations, and had devoted himself entirely to the literature of horticulture, we think there are but few authors who would have surpassed him in this department.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Dramatic Works of* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *with Notes original and selected.* By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER. Chiswick: Charles Whittingham. 1826. 10 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Works of* SHAKESPEARE: *the Text carefully restored according to the first Editions; with Introductions, Notes original and selected, and a Life of the Poet; by the* Rev. H. N. HUDSON. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1851–56. 11 vols. 12mo.

3. *The Works of* SHAKESPEARE; *the Text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of* 1632, *containing early Manuscript Emendations, with a History of the Stage, a Life of the Poet, and an Introduction to each Play; by* J. PAYNE COLLIER. *To which are added Glossarial and other Notes, and the Readings of former Editions.* Redfield: New York. 1853. 1 vol. large 8vo, and 8 vols. 12mo.

IT is one of the maxims of commerce, that supply is regulated by demand; and when publishers issue new editions of standard books, we may infer that new editions are wanted. But if we had access to the publishers' statistics, and could show how many copies of Shakespeare have been issued from the English and American press within a twelvemonth, we should probably think that no more could be required for the present generation. What is ordinarily implied, however, by new editions, is old editions literally *reproduced;* the only variations of the new from the old consisting of certain mechanical arrangements of paper and type, at the publisher's discretion. This rendering of the term "new editions" is substantially correct when applied to the multitude of authors in our vernacular; but it fails in its application to him who stands at the head of the multitude. We read, in the various forms of publication, Milton's Milton, Gibbon's Gibbon, Scott's Scott, and so on; but whose Shakespeare do we read? Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Johnson's, until we reach, perhaps, five hundred volumes, compiled by some forty editors and commentators, each of whom makes a point, if not a merit, of differing from his predecessors. Of their labors

in the aggregate it may be said, Conjecture "has done its worst"; and a perverse determination on the part of editors to alter at any rate has at last placed Shakespeare where, in that way, "nothing can touch him further." It may be called the calamity of English literature, that Shakespeare's Shakespeare, in a text unanimously recognized by the English people, is yet wanting to the English language.

Account for this as we may, Shakespeare's indifference to posthumous fame, or his unconsciousness of deserving it, must form a part of the explanation. But the circumstances were peculiar. To all authors except dramatists and clergymen, typographical publication is of primary importance, for by that means only do they come before the world; it is their first step toward the results of authorship, and they look after its correctness with proportionate solicitude. On the other hand, the chief publication of the dramatist is through the medium of actors, instead of printers; his first success must be achieved on the stage; and in Shakespeare's time, as now, not only did the success of a play at the theatre precede its publication in a book, but also then, as now, the chief profit to the author arose from its scenic representation. Hence, when Shakespeare had attained the main object, — a competency for life, — he took little heed of the insignificant sum that he might have derived from his plays as books; and he had this much more important affirmative reason to prevent his publishing them, — that the publication would deprive his theatre of the monopoly of the profits arising from their performance. These things sufficiently account for the fact, that Shakespeare never authorized or supervised the printing of his own works; but they still leave mankind to wonder at his indifference to a poet's immortality.

The imperfections in Shakespeare's text have long been commented on and lamented; and their existence is understood by none better than by the poet's editors themselves, — when they commence editing. But no one of them can be expected to entertain the same opinion after he has completed his work, *his* being the exception arising from the rule. Take, for example, the views of Mr. Singer, whose edition is the

basis of Mr. Hudson's. Mr. Singer says, in his Preface, that he intends

"to afford to the general reader a correct edition of Shakespeare; accompanied by an abridged commentary, in which all superfluous and refuted explanations and conjectures, and all the controversies and squabbles of contending critics, should be omitted; and such elucidations only of obsolete words and obscure phrases, and such critical illustrations of the text, as might be deemed most generally useful, be retained. To effect this, it became necessary"

for Mr. Singer to do certain things, which he goes on to particularize, without any misgiving as to his success. His claim to have "omitted all the superfluous and refuted explanations of previous commentators" is, perhaps, the most audacious assumption ever seriously put forward by a literary man. And as for a "correct edition of Shakespeare," meaning thereby a correct text, we should prefer almost any other expositor. It is true, he was aware of the blunders of his predecessors in this regard; he elaborately specifies them; he quotes Gifford to denounce them; but he ends by imitating them. Like many theatrical Hamlets, after laboring to make the players understand the philosophy and the folly of their stage-ranting, he incontinently "rants as well as they." A single example may suffice to show the nicety of his sensibility to a correct Shakespearian text. It is a fact superlatively familiar to every one, that, in Macbeth's last scene with the witches, the three apparitions that rise successively from the caldron utter their "promises" *in rhyme*. Yet Mr. Singer, without the slightest remorse, thus arranges the lines for the second apparition:

> "Be bloody, bold,
> And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
> For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

Mr. Singer's edition of Shakespeare, as a whole, is thus fairly and accurately described by Mr. Hudson: —

"The celebrated Chiswick edition, of which this is meant to be as near an imitation as the present state of Shakespearian literature renders desirable, was published in 1826, and has for some time been out of print. In size of volume, in type, style of execution, and adaptedness to the wants of both the scholar and the general reader, it presented a

combination of advantages possessed by no other edition at the time of its appearance. The text, however, abounds in corruptions, introduced by preceding editors under the name of corrections."

Mr. Hudson says of his own text, that his chief authority is the folio of 1623, with frequent and careful references to the quartos of an earlier date; but he wrote his Preface in 1851, previously to Mr. Collier's discovery of the value of the annotated folio of 1632. The readers of this journal* need not be reminded, that we consider the work of the old MS. annotator indispensable to the correction of any new edition of Shakespeare's text. It would be superfluous here to repeat what we have already stated at length; but we have no hesitation in saying, that any effort to "restore the text of Shakespeare according to the first editions," unaccompanied by a careful collation with Mr. Collier's volume, is substantially labor in vain.

The radical error of editors and commentators in dealing with the old MS. annotator consists in their treating him as one of themselves, whereas he actually has nothing in common with them. They, in their corrections, confessedly deal only in theories; he, apparently, only in facts. They, ages after Shakespeare was dead, conjecture what he wrote; he, nearly contemporaneous with Shakespeare, affirms what he wrote. They have printed books, not revised by Shakespeare, and universally admitted to be full of blunders, on which to found their speculations; he had his own concurrent knowledge of the plays as acted, and probably had access to the very prompt-books from which they were performed. They correct hesitatingly, conjecturally, like an editor who has never seen the "copy," and their corrections are numbered by scores; he corrects confidently, as with knowledge, like a proof-reader who has the "copy" at his elbow, and his corrections are numbered by thousands, — their very multitude and minuteness tending strongly to establish their authenticity. The proof-reader may not always be right, nor the editor always wrong, in case they differ; but, beyond all peradventure, the proof-reader has, *à priori*, the best of the argument. Nor does

* North American Review, April, 1854.

it help the case of a modern editor, that his emendation, in any particular instance, may be the more acceptable to a modern reader; for the question is not what Shakespeare should have written, but what he did write.

It is but justice to Mr. Hudson to say, that he adopts some of the MS. annotator's corrections. But he does so "under protest," — not because they are authentic, but because they happen to coincide with his own views. We shall not quarrel with his reasons, so long as we approve his acts; especially when a different course on his part would convict him of inconsistency. Were he to admit any one of the annotator's emendations on the ground of authenticity, he would be compelled to adopt them generally, on the same ground. But we complain of his want of judgment in what he rejects. For example, Mr. Collier's book, in Othello, gives:

> "Rude am I in my speech,
> And little blest with the *set* phrase of peace."

Again, in the same play:

> "But alas! to make me
> A fixed figure for the *hand* of scorn
> To point his slowly moving finger at."

And in Hamlet:

> "For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of *despised* love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office?"

These several readings are not only the MS. annotator's: they are found in various editions of Shakespeare; they are so delivered on the stage; they are so printed in school-books; they are so quoted in conversation and in writing; until they have the familiarity of household words. Yet Mr. Hudson, in the face of all these precedents, substitutes "*soft* phrase of peace," "*time* of scorn," and "*disprized* love," because he finds those words in some of the old editions, — or, to state the case more accurately, because he thinks those words the best. Even admitting, which we certainly do not, that they are the best, association alone should have preserved such familiar lines from this reckless spirit of "correction."

The greater portion of the MS. annotator's alterations, however, unlike the three just cited, are new to Shakespearian literature; and in rejecting them, Mr. Hudson has but followed his predecessors; though with this difference, that he had, as most of them had not, the light of Mr. Collier's discovery for a guide. We can give but isolated examples of this, as we think, unwise rejection. The MS. annotator thus renders Macbeth's address to the ghost of Banquo: —

> "Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
> The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
> And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
> If trembling I *exhibit*, then protest me
> The baby of a girl."

The earlier editions of Shakespeare had *inhabit*. Pope changed it to *inhibit;* and Steevens changed *then* to *thee*, making the line,

> "If, trembling, I *inhibit thee*, protest me,"

and this is the present stage-reading. Pope's and Steevens's alterations were bad enough; and the passage as it stood was worse. But worst of all — exceeding, transcending, and overwhelming all — is Horne Tooke's *explanation* of the word "*inhabit*," which we regret to see Mr. Hudson adopts. The note, in full, is as follows: —

> "Inhabit then. That is, if I *stay at home* then. The passage is thus explained by Horne Tooke: 'Dare me to the desert with thy sword; if, then, I do not meet thee there; if, trembling, I stay in my castle, or any *habitation;* if I then hide my head, or *dwell* in any place through fear, protest me the baby of a girl.' But for the meddling of Pope and others, this passage would hardly have required a note."

Considering the piece of work that Horne Tooke made of this, the fling at "Pope and others" by the writer of the note, who, we believe, was Singer, is exquisite!

Another instance of the MS. annotator's corrections is in the scene between Brutus and Cassius. In former editions it reads thus: —

"*Cassius.* I am a soldier, I:
Older in practice; abler than yourself
To make conditions.

. . . . .

"*Brutus.* You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

"*Cassius.* You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus.
I said, an older soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?"

The Edinburgh Review (April, 1856) remarks on this with great force: —

"The comparative tameness of the line in italics, in a passage in which every word *tells*, cannot escape the reader; and yet no correction is absolutely required, and we can scarcely imagine a mere guesser attempting one. The corrector, however, by the change of a letter or two only, reads,

'I shall be glad to learn of *abler* men.'

'Abler' was precisely the word Cassius had used, and thereby stung the sensitiveness of Brutus. But Cassius, with the characteristic sophistry of hasty self-defence, passes by the word *abler*, which he had used, to deny the word *better*, which he had not used, — 'I said, an older soldier, not a *better*.'"

Mr. Hudson takes no notice of this correction. He, however, makes a note on the substituted line of the MS. annotator in Coriolanus, to which attention is called in our number for April, 1854. The note is: —

"This speech certainly appears very elliptical as it stands. In Mr. Collier's second folio, a whole line is supplied to complete the sense, thus:

'I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger;
But yet, a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.'

Which, though not admissible into the text, forms a good comment on it, and brings out the right meaning.

We are free to confess that we cannot understand the sort of professional perversity that can make such a comment on

such a correction. The line is indispensable to the meaning, and yet is "inadmissible into the text"!

In the banquet scene of *Macbeth*, we have this colloquy in former editions:

"*Macbeth.* There 's blood upon thy face.
"*Murderer.* 'T is Banquo's then.
"*Macbeth.* 'T is better thee without, than he within."

This last line is quaint, but perfectly intelligible; and of all the lines of Shakespeare commented on, none less needed a comment. Still, if editors must explain, let them explain, not mystify. Mr. Singer's note on the passage is correct, but superfluous. Mr. Hudson's is utterly absurd. The former is: —

"I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face, than in his body."

The latter: —

"I am better pleased that his blood should be on thy face, than *he in this room!*"

The MS. annotator effectually disposes of Mr. Hudson's note by a correction, the existence of which has escaped even the careful eye of Mr. G. L. Duyckinck, Mr. Redfield's editor. Mr. Redfield's reprint of Collier contains the correction, but it is not designated as such in the editor's foot-notes. The line there reads:

"'T is better thee without than *him* within."

This change will enable Mr. Singer to improve his note, if he must make one, by using Shakespeare's words instead of his own: "It (Banquo's blood) is better *without* thee, than *within* him."

We may remark here, that in many instances, as in this, the very best method of writing explanatory notes on Shakespeare is to transpose Shakespeare's own language. Mr. Hudson gives an example in this same scene of Macbeth: —

"My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched, while 't is a making,
'T is given with welcome."

Mr. Hudson's note is: —

"The feast is sold, that is not often vouched *to be* given with welcome, while 't is a making."

We commend this note as a model to all editors who wish to explain Shakespearian lines that are so involved as to leave the meaning uncertain.

To a modern ear there is something wrong in the word *happily*, in the passage:

> "May fall to match you with her country forms,
> And, happily, repent."

Mr. Hudson solves the difficulty by saying: —

"Where a word of three syllables is wanted, the poet often uses *happily* for *haply*."

On the word *opposite* in Othello, —

> "You, mistress,
> That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
> And keep the gate of hell," —

he remarks: —

"That is, the office *opposed* to St. Peter. The opposition is between Emilia, as keeper of the gate of hell, and St. Peter, as keeper of the gate of heaven. The sense requires that the special emphasis, if there be any, should be laid on *opposite*."

Mr. Hudson's judgment is corroborated by Macready, who always made *opposite* the emphatic word of the line.

Mr. Hudson remarks on the passage in Macbeth, —

> "And with thy bloody and invisible hand
> Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
> Which keeps me pale," —

that "the great bond is Banquo's life."

We hold it to be a great merit in Mr. Hudson's notes, that, in instances like these, he throws light on passages not quite intelligible to the common reader, without any unnecessary words, or any ambitious display of learning. The notes in Singer's edition alone, which are both ostentatious and superfluous, would make a volume, if separately collected.

A note in Othello gives evidence of Mr. Hudson's careful study: —

"*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
"*Othello.* He did, from first to last."

The note is: —

"In Act I. Sc. 2, when Iago, speaking of the Moor to Cassio, says, 'He 's married,' Cassio asks, 'To whom?' Yet here, he seems to have known all about it. The explanation is, that Cassio there feigned ignorance, in order to keep his friend's secret until it should be publicly known."

Mr. Hudson's selected notes are chosen with the same judgment as his original notes are written. In Much Ado about Nothing, Beatrice inquires of the Messenger whether Signior *Montanto* is returned from the war. The literal messenger replies, that he knows no such person; and the reader is left in doubt whether the name of the celebrated bachelor is Benedick Montanto, or Montanto Benedick; but the note clears it up: —

"*Montanto* is an old term of the fencing-school, humorously or sarcastically applied here in the sense of a *bravado*."

Don John, in the same play, replies to Conrade: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace"; and the note is: —

"A *canker* is the canker-rose, or dog-rose. The meaning in the text is, I would rather be a wild dog-rose in a hedge, than a garden-rose of his cherishing."

Again, Beatrice says: "Thus goes every one *to the world* but I"; which the note explains: —

"To go *to the world* is used by Shakespeare for *to get married.* Thus, in All 's Well that Ends Well," etc.*

Contrast now this simple and direct interpretation of what needs explaining with one of Singer's notes. Cassius says to Brutus, Julius Cæsar, Act IV. Sc. 3:

"Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

* The author of this note might have made it more satisfactory by giving the origin of the phrase. To go *to the church*, in early Catholic times, implied celibacy; and to go *to the world*, matrimony.

"*Brutus.* I do not, till you practise them on me.
"*Cassius.* You love me not.
"*Brutus.* I do not like your faults."

Could anything be plainer than this? Yet observe Mr. Singer's solemn explanation and necessary *italics*: —

"The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults; I only see them and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me*."

One more specimen will suffice. In Macbeth, Act I. Sc. 4, Duncan says to Macbeth: —

"O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved;
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay."

On this Mr. Singer says: —

"That is, I owe thee more than all: nay, more than all that I can say or do will requite."

It is needless to comment on such notes; but the citation of the above passage from Macbeth enables us to point out one of the old MS. annotator's corrections. The word *mine* is clearly a blunder. The thanks and payment, in their proportion, or in their imparting, were Duncan's already; there was no occasion for his ejaculating a wish that they were *his*, — unless, indeed, one might infer that he was already grudging, and wished to retain, them; but the reader will easily see, from the connection, that Duncan was regretting that his thanks and payment could not be *more*, and *more* is the old annotator's alteration: —

"Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion, both of thanks and payment,
Might have been *more!*"

Is there, in the whole catalogue of *conjectural* emendations, one that equals this correction from contemporaneous *knowl-*

edge? There is another in Macbeth, equally obvious in its propriety, though not equally necessary to the poet's meaning. In Act III. Sc. 1, all the editions read: —

> "*Macbeth.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
> And I 'll request your presence.
> "*Banquo.* Let your highness
> Command upon me; to the which my duties
> Are with a most indissoluble tie
> For ever knit."

It will be perceived, here, that *command* is a verb, and as such not only renders *upon* superfluous, but deprives *which* of an antecedent: to say nothing of the clumsiness and *un*-Shakespearian character of the expression, "Command *upon* me." The old annotator makes a very slight change, so far as the types are concerned; but see its effect!

> "*Banquo.* *Lay* your highness'
> Command upon me; to the which," etc.

Do such corrections need any argument to prove their authenticity? We must remind the reader that these (typographically) minute and unobvious imperfections of Shakespeare's text are corrected *by the thousand* in Mr. Collier's volume; and from that fact alone, it would be impossible for any reviewer to cite a hundredth part of them. The only way to appreciate at once their numbers and their value is to study the volume itself, as issued by Collier and reprinted by Redfield. We will give only one more example here. In Macbeth, Act IV. Sc. 2, Rosse says to Lady Macduff, according to all previous editions: —

> "I dare not speak much further;
> But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
> And do not know ourselves. . . . . .
> . . . . . I take my leave of you:
> Shall not be long, but I 'll be here again."

There may be a distinct meaning to "do not know ourselves" in this connection, but there is very little point to it; and "*Shall* not be long," &c., is evidently, somehow, wrong. Turn to the annotator, and all is plain: —

"— cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know *'t* ourselves. . . . . .
. . . . . I take my leave of you:
'T shall not be long, but I 'll be here again."

The Introductions to the plays in Mr. Hudson's edition are very elaborate and comprehensive. He has given, at much greater length than any of his predecessors, sketches of the plays, romances, and histories from which Shakespeare drew his materials, and on which his dramas are founded; so that the sum total of the poet's obligations to others is fairly and fully presented. This feature of Mr. Hudson's editing does not, indeed, interest all classes of readers; but it has become, by precedent, one of an editor's duties, and if it is to be done at all, it should be done in full. His analysis of the individual characters of the plays is a very different order of intellectual achievement, and here Mr. Hudson's finest qualities are developed. We can best illustrate them to the reader by quotations; although these must be limited in number and extent.

The strongest contrast which Shakespeare has embodied in any one play is to be found, probably, in Shylock and Portia. Mr. Hudson remarks on these: —

"In Portia Shakespeare seems to have tried what he could do in working out a scheme of an amiable, intelligent, and accomplished woman. And the result is a fine specimen of beautiful nature enhanced by beautiful art. Eminently practical in her tastes and turn of mind, full of native, homebred sense and virtue, she unites therewith something of the ripeness and dignity of a sage, a rich, mellow eloquence, and a large, noble discourse, the whole being tempered with the best grace and sensibility of womanhood. As intelligent, therefore, as the strongest, she is at the same time as feminine as the weakest, of her sex: she talks like a poet and a philosopher, yet, strange to say, she talks for all the world just like a woman. Nothing can be more fitting and well placed than her demeanor, now bracing her speech with grave maxims of moral and practical wisdom, now unbending her mind in playful sallies of wit, or innocent, roguish banter. Partly from condition, partly from culture, she has grown to live more in the understanding than in the affections; for which cause she is a little more self-conscious than we exactly like; yet her character is scarce the less lovely on that account: she talks considerably indeed of herself, yet al-

ways so becomingly that we hardly wish she would choose any other subject; for we are rather agreeably surprised, that one so fully aware of her gifts should still bear them so meekly. Mrs. Jameson, with Portia in her eye, intimates plainly enough that she considers Shakespeare about the only artist, except nature, who could make women wise without turning them into men. And it may be worth remarking, that, honorable as the issue of her course at the trial would be to a man, she shows no unwomanly craving to be in the scene of her triumph: as she goes there prompted by the feelings and duties of a wife, for the saving of her husband's honor and peace of mind, so she gladly leaves when these causes no longer bear in that direction. Being to act for once the part of a man, it would seem as though she could scarce go through the undertaking without more of self-confidence than were becoming in a woman; and the student may find plenty of matter for thought in the skill wherewith the Poet has managed to prevent such an impression. It is no drawback upon Portia's strength and substantial dignity of character, that her nature is all overflowing with romance: rather, this it is that glorifies her and breathes enchantment about her; it adds that precious seeing to the eye which conducts her to such winning beauty and sweetness of deportment, and makes her the 'rich-souled' creature that Schlegel so aptly describes her to be.

"Shylock is a standing marvel of power and scope in the dramatic art; at the same time appearing so much a man of nature's making, that we scarce know how to look upon him as the Poet's workmanship. In the delineation Shakespeare had no less a task than to inform with individual life and peculiarity the broad, strong outlines of national character in its most fallen and revolting state. Accordingly Shylock is a true representative of his nation; wherein we have a pride which for ages never ceased to provoke hostility, but which no hostility could ever subdue; a thrift which still invited rapacity, but which no rapacity could ever exhaust; and a weakness which, while it exposed the subjects to wrong, only deepened their hate, because it left them without the means or the hope of redress. Thus Shylock is a type of national sufferings, sympathies, and antipathies. Himself an object of bitter insult and scorn to those about him; surrounded by enemies whom he is at once too proud to conciliate and too weak to oppose; he can have no life among them but money; no hold on them but interest; no feeling towards them but hate; no indemnity out of them but revenge. Such being the case, what wonder that the elements of national greatness became congealed or petrified into malignity? As avarice was the passion in which he mainly lived, of course the Christian virtues that thwarted this were the greatest wrong that could be done him.

"With these strong national traits are interwoven personal traits equally strong. Thoroughly and intensely Jewish, he is not more a Jew than he is Shylock. In his hard, icy intellectuality, and his 'dry, mummy-like tenacity' of purpose, with a dash now and then of biting, sarcastic humor, we see the remains of a great and noble nature, out of which all the genial sap of humanity has been pressed by accumulated injuries. With as much elasticity of mind as stiffness of neck, every step he takes but the last is as firm as the earth he treads upon. Nothing can daunt, nothing disconcert him; remonstrance cannot move, ridicule cannot touch, obloquy cannot exasperate him: when he has not provoked them, he has been forced to bear them; and now that he does provoke them, he is proof against them. In a word, he may be broken; he cannot be bent." — Vol. III. pp. 17 – 19.

With equal power, and equal mastery of his subject, Mr. Hudson daguerreotypes Macbeth and Banquo in one frame: —

"And the Poet evidently supposes from the first that Macbeth already had the will, and that what he wanted further was an earnest and assurance of success. And it is the ordering of things so as to meet this want, and the tracing of the mental processes and the subtle workings of evil consequent thereon, that renders this drama such a paragon of philosophy organized into art. The Weird Sisters rightly strike the key-note and lead off the terrible chorus, because they embody and realize to us, and even to the hero himself, that secret preparation of evil within him, out of which the whole action proceeds. In their fantastical and unearthly aspect, awakening mingled emotions of terror and mirth; in their mysterious reserve and oracular brevity of speech, so fitted at once to sharpen curiosity and awe down scepticism; in the circumstances of their prophetic greeting, — a blasted heath, as a spot sacred to infernal orgies, — the influences of the place thus falling in with the preternatural style and matter of their disclosures; — in all this we may discern a peculiar aptness to generate even in strong minds a belief in their predictions. And such belief, for aught appears, takes hold on Banquo equally as on Macbeth; yet the only effect thereof in the former is to test and approve his virtue. He sees and hears them with simple wonder; has no other interest in them than that of a natural and innocent curiosity; questions them merely with a view to learn what they are, not to draw out further promises; remains calm, collected, and perfectly planless, his thoughts being wholly taken up with what is before him; and because he sees nothing of himself in them, and has no germs of wickedness for them to work upon, therefore he 'neither begs nor fears their favors nor their hate.' Macbeth,

on the other hand, kindles and starts at their words, his heart leaps forth to catch what they say, and he is eager and impatient to have them speak further; they seem to mean more than meets the ear, and he craves to hear that meaning expressed in full: all which is because they show him his own mind, and set astir the wicked desires his breast is teeming with: his mind all at once becomes strangely introversive, self-occupied, and absent from what is before him, 'that he seems rapt withal'; and afterwards, as soon as his ear is saluted with a partial fulfilment of their promise, he forthwith gets lost in thought, and shudders and goes into an ecstasy of terror at the horrid suggestions awakened within him, and his shuddering at them is even because of his yielding to them.

"It is observable that Macbeth himself never thinks of making the Weird Sisters anywise responsible for his acts or intentions. The workings of his mind all along manifestly infer that he feels himself just as free to do right, and therefore just as guilty in doing wrong, as if no supernatural soliciting had come near him. He therefore never offers to soothe his conscience or satisfy his reason on the score of his being drawn or urged on by any fatal charm or fascination of hell; it being no less clear to him than to us, that whatsoever of such mighty magic there may be in the prophetic greeting is all owing to his own moral predisposition. For, in truth, the promise of the throne by the Weird Sisters, how firmly soever believed in, is no more an instigation to murder for it, than a promise of wealth in like sort would be to steal. To a truly just and virtuous man such a promise, in so far as he had faith therein, would preclude the motives to theft; his argument would be, that, inasmuch as he was fated to be rich, he had nothing to do but wait for the riches to come. If, however, he were already a thief at heart, and kept from stealing only by fear of the consequences, he would be apt to construe the promise of wealth into a promise of impunity in theft. Which appears to strike something near the difference between Banquo and Macbeth; for, in effect, with Banquo the prophetic words preclude, but with Macbeth themselves become, the motives to crime. So much for the origin of the murderous purpose, and the agency of the Weird Sisters in bringing it to a head.

"Henceforth Macbeth's doubts and difficulties, his shrinkings and misgivings, spring from the peculiar structure and movement of his intellect, as sympathetically inflamed and wrought upon by the poison of meditated guilt. His whole state of man suffers an insurrection; conscience forthwith sets his understanding and imagination into morbid, irregular, convulsive action, insomuch that the former disappears in the tempestuous agitations of thought which itself stirs up: his will is buf-

feted and staggered with prudential reasonings and fantastical terrors, both of which are self-generated out of his disordered and unnatural state of mind. Here begins his long and fatal course of self-delusion. He misderives his scruples, misplaces his apprehensions, mistranslates the whispers and writhings of conscience into the suggestions of prudence, the forecastings of reason, the threatenings of danger. His strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and so gives an objective force and effect to its internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, 'present fears are less than horrible imaginings.' Thus, instead of acting directly in the form of remorse, conscience comes to act circuitously through imaginary terrors, which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings even when he is really most subject to them. It is probably from oversight of this that some have set him down as a timid, cautious, remorseless villain, withheld from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. He does indeed seem strangely dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his enterprise; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with imaginary fears: but whence his uncontrollable irritability of imagination? how comes it that his mind so swarms with horrible imaginings, but that his imagination itself is set on fire of hell? So that he seems remorseless, because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination." — Vol. IV. pp. 231 – 233.

All this is admirable; but still more so the analysis of Lady Macbeth: —

"In the structure and working of her mind and moral frame Lady Macbeth is the opposite of her husband, and for that reason all the better fitted to piece out and make up his deficiency. Of a firm, sharp, wiry, matter-of-fact intellect, doubly charged with energy of will, she has little in common with him save a red-hot ambition; for which cause, while the prophetic disclosures have the same effect on her will as on his, and she forthwith jumps into the same purpose, the effect on her mind is just the reverse; she being subject to no such involuntary and uncontrollable tumults of thought: without his irritability of understanding and imagination, she therefore has no such prudential misgivings or terrible illusions to make her shake, and falter, and recoil. So that what terrifies him, transports her; what stimulates his reflective powers, stifles hers.

"Almost any other dramatist would have brought the Weird Sisters

to act immediately upon Lady Macbeth, and through her upon her husband, as thinking her more open to superstitious allurements and charms. Shakespeare seems to have understood that aptness of mind for them to work upon would have unfitted her for working upon her husband in aid of them. Enough of such influence has already been brought to bear: what is wanted further is quite another sort of influence; such a sort as could only be wielded by a mind not much accessible to the former. There was strong dramatic reason, therefore, why nothing should move or impress her, when awake, but facts; why she should not be of a constitution and method of mind, that the evil which has struck its roots so deep within should come back to her in the elements and aspects of nature, either to mature the guilty purpose, or to obstruct the guilty act. It is quite remarkable that she never once recurs to the Weird Sisters, or lays any stress on their salutations: they seem to have no weight with her but for the impression they have made on Macbeth; that which impression may grow to the desired effect, she refrains from using it or meddling with it, and seeks only to fortify it with such other impressions as lie in her power to make. Does not all this look as though she were sceptical touching the contents of his letter, and durst not attempt to influence him with arguments that had no influence with herself, lest her want of sincerity therein should still further unknit his purpose? And what could better set forth her incomparable shrewdness and tact, than that, instead of overstraining this one motive, and thereby weakening it, she should thus let it alone, and endeavor to strengthen it by mixing others with it? Moreover, it does not elude her penetration, that his fears still more than his hopes are wrought up by the preternatural soliciting: for the Weird Sisters represent in most appalling sort the wickedness of the purpose which they suggest; and the thought of them scares up a throng of horrid images, and puts him under a fascination of terror: the instant he reverts to them, his imagination springs into action, — an organ whereof, while ambition works the bellows, conscience still governs the stops and keys. So that her surest course is to draw his thoughts off to the natural motives and solicitings of the opportunity that has made itself to his hands: otherwise there is danger that the opportunity will unmake him; for, so long as his mind is taken up with those stimulants of imagination, outward facilities for his purpose augment his inward recoilings from the act.

Coleridge justly remarks upon her consummate art in first urging in favor of the deed those very circumstances which to her husband's conscience plead most movingly against it. That the King has unreservedly cast himself upon their loyalty and hospitality, this she puts forth

as the strongest argument for murdering him. An awful stroke of character indeed! and therefore awful, because natural. By thus anticipating his greatest drawbacks, and urging them as the chief incentives, she forecloses all debate, and leaves him nothing to say; which is just what she wants; for she knows well enough that the thing is a horrible crime, and will not stand the tests of reason a moment; and therefore that the more he talks the less apt he will be for the work. And throughout this dreadful wrestling-match she surveys the whole ground and darts upon the strongest points with all the quickness and sureness of instinct: her powers of foresight and self-control seem to grow as the horrors thicken; the exigency being to her a sort of practical inspiration. The finishing touch in this part of the picture is when, her husband's resolution being all in a totter, she boldly cuts the very sinews of retreat by casting the thing into a personal controversy and making it a theme of domestic war, so that he has no way but either to fall in with her leading or else to take her life. To gain the crown she literally hazards all, putting it out of the question for them to live together, unless he do the deed, and thus embattling all the virtues and affections of the husband against the conscience of the man. He accordingly goes about the deed, and goes through it, with an assumed ferocity caught from her." — Vol. IV. pp. 234 – 236.

Chronologically speaking, this method of analyzing the poet's characters is *after* that of Coleridge and of Mrs. Jameson; but Mr. Hudson has so improved on his models, that he is but little more indebted to them, than Shakespeare was to his predecessors for the plots of his plays.

If the works of Shakespeare are among the world's wonders, so also, with a difference, is the biography — or the want of a biography — of Shakespeare. In this age of the universal laudation of literary men, — when the life and likeness of each scribbler become indispensable to the Monthly Magazines the moment his "first production" is on the bookseller's shelves, — it is difficult to conceive, not only that Shakespeare himself was apparently unconscious of his gigantic intellectual powers, but that his contemporaries were so far from fully appreciating them, as to leave the details of his life to be guessed at by posterity. Mr. Hudson's biography of the poet shows that some misapprehension has existed on this point, and that Shakespeare was not so much unknown to the men of his own time as has been commonly supposed. Still, all

that can be authentically stated is but a meagre sketch, wholly disproportioned to the importance of the subject. The prominent facts are, that Shakespeare wrote for the stage, performed in his own plays, and became a proprietor in part of the theatre where they were acted. He subsequently retired to the country, where, in his joint capacity of writer and theatrical proprietor, he enjoyed an income of four hundred pounds sterling; but he never looked after his plays beyond the point of their performance on the stage, and he received no compensation for them, as books, at the hands of their publishers. Of this period Mr. Hudson remarks: —

"Shakespeare was now in the meridian of life. There was no special cause that we know of, why he might not have lived many years longer. It were vain to conjecture what he might have done, had more years been given him: possibly, instead of augmenting his legacy to us, he might have recalled and suppressed more or less of what he had already written as our inheritance. For the last two or three years, he seems to have left his pen unused; as if, his own ends once achieved, he set no value on that mighty sceptre with which he since rules so large a portion of mankind. That the motives and ambitions of authorship had little to do in the generation of his works, is evident from the serene carelessness with which he left them to shift for themselves; tossing those wonderful treasures from him, as if he thought them good for nothing but to serve the hour. Still, to us, in our ignorance, his life cannot but seem too short. For aught we know, Providence in its wisdom may have thought best not to allow the example of a man so gifted living to himself. Be that as it may, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE departed this life on the 23d of April, 1616. Two days after, so much of him as could die was buried beneath the chancel of Stratford church. His burial took place on the day before the anniversary of his baptism; and it has been commonly believed that his death fell on the anniversary of his birth. If so, he had just entered his fifty-third year; but there is no good authority for the belief, save the then usual custom of baptizing three days after the birth."

So far as the text of Shakespeare is concerned, we consider Redfield's reprint of Collier altogether the best edition that ever has been published. Collier's volume was incomplete in this respect, — that while it contained all the MS. annotator's corrections, it did not designate where the corrections were made. In Redfield's edition these are all, or nearly all, point-

ed out by foot-notes at the bottom of each page. On the other hand, as to the size of volume, typographical arrangement, completeness of explanatory notes, and full analysis of the characters of the plays, with their histories, Mr. Hudson's work may safely challenge competition with the long array of his predecessors.

In dismissing this subject, we cannot forbear a passing remark on the disappearance of the theatrical representatives of Shakespeare, just at the point of time when his text, in its highest attainable purity, is restored to the world. Garrick, Kemble, Siddons, Cook, Kean, and Macready, for the greater part of a century, practically expounded the language of the poet; and the genius of the actor, co-operating with the genius of the author, unfolded to five successive generations the living realities of Shakespeare's power. These six luminaries have now all passed away; Macready alone surviving to enjoy in retirement the homage due to his public talents and private virtues. The loss of these great actors is the more to be deplored, because *their* art dies with them; and hence it is not strange that, with their professional *exit*, the drama itself should have declined. Shakespeare is immortal in the library; but on the stage, probably few men now living will see him resuscitated.

ART. IX. — 1. GUILLAUME GUIZOT: *Alfred le Grand.*
2. AMÉDÉE THIERRY: *History of Attila.*
3. M. THIERS: *Consulat et Empire.* Vol. XIV.
4. SCRIBE: *New Edition of Dramatic Works.*
5. LAMARTINE: *Entretiens Familiers.* Nos. 9, 10.
6. EDMOND et JULES DE GOUCOURT: *La Lorette.*
7. AMPÈRE: *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.*

THERE is a rage for history just now in France, and for more than one good reason. First, there is no denying that the historic Muse has from time immemorial been propitious to her Gallic votaries. Their very language and their natural

turn of mind, their strong critico-philosophic instincts, with a far greater respect for accuracy than is often ascribed to them, and a patience of research subordinate only to their anxiety to discover hidden lore, — all these qualities eminently fit Frenchmen for the task of writing history, whether as chroniclers of what is passing, or as reproducers of what is long past. To say truth, the two so opposite races, the Gallo-Latin on the one hand, and on the other the Teutonic, are equally intent in our age upon the study of the great events of bygone times; but they set to work in very different ways, and the results of their labor are as diverse as their methods. The Latin blood that mingles in the veins of Frenchmen with that of Gaul, has made them chroniclers from the days of Tacitus to our own. From Eginhard and Joinville, Philippe de Comines and Froissart, down to the journal-keeping, diary-noting, letter-writing society of the seventeenth century, no event can be said to have passed in France unchronicled. If the historical student in France desires to render more familiar to the public any one particular period of the national story, it will not be the documents necessary to the achievement of his object that will fail him. When he has himself well determined what he wishes, he will very soon probably be confused by the quantity of contradictory information he will find ready to his hand on all sides. We have in one word pointed at what forms the difficulty of the historian's task in France, and what constitutes his merit, namely, the contradictions of the documents he discovers. Upon the same fact, upon the same person, one writer says one thing, and the other the direct reverse. Letters, diaries, memoirs, notes, memoranda, official reports, — every kind of paper that he can require, the historian will most likely find; but, as we have before said, half his documents will lead to one conclusion, and the other half to another. This is inevitable with the French temperament, and with the blind party zeal of Frenchmen, which, from the era of Charlemagne down to our own, has made it possible for party spirit to animate, inflame, and govern the whole race. For this very reason, however, the historian of our century is better placed for bringing to our knowledge the real truth of transactions that occurred two or three hundred years ago, than were the con-

temporaries who lived in the very heart of those transactions. He is dispassionate, — nay, perhaps even sceptical; he has before him the whole mass of evidence on both sides, and he is at liberty to judge what is the value of the depositions on either; but those depositions are at his service in abundance, — partial, it is true, and passionate, yet minute, full of interest, and *living* in their reality. This is not so with the German; never having been a noter of contemporary incidents, when he comes to be an annotator on those that are past, his difficulties are doubled, and he never succeeds in reanimating things and men as does the Frenchman. The best history or biography composed by a German is scarcely more than a mere document for those who possess the genuine historic vein. As we have said, then, in these facilities for writing history lies one of the chief reasons, if not *the* chief, of the multiplicity of historical works published in France. Another is to be found in the social and pecuniary advantages attached to this species of publication, and also in the ease with which it may be brought to serve the purposes of political hatred or affection. The writer of a serious historical work in France is pretty sure of being in due time a member of the *Académie Française*, and of securing to himself very considerable sums by the sale of his work; and he may perhaps inherit one day the pension of ten thousand francs a year, left by Baron Gobert to the historian accounted the most eminent in the country, and until his death enjoyed by the late lamented and illustrious Augustin Thierry. In the possible attainment of these latter distinctions lay, we are inclined to think, one of the great attractions of the historic Muse for M. Amédée Thierry, whilst we are half disposed to believe that the power of instituting political comparisons has not been without its charm for Ampère, and for the son of Louis Philippe's minister, M. Guizot.

When, some few months ago, the man who by common acclamation was recognized as the first historian of France, Augustin Thierry, died, his brother, as was not unnatural perhaps, fancied he might have some slight chance of succeeding to the academic position and emoluments of the deceased, with a view to which he had for years been following in the steps

of his illustrious senior. The calculations of Amédée Thierry were in this respect deceived. M. Henri Martin, the author of a long and complete History of France, objected to by some only on account of its democratic (or it was even said "socialist") tendencies, was the successful candidate for the Gobert pension; and the brother of Augustin Thierry had no notice taken of his claims, precisely, we believe, because it was not thought just that two members of the same family, bearing the same name, should monopolize distinctions and benefits meant to be strictly the reward of merit, not the result of favor. However that may have been, M. Amédée Thierry's books remain, and have, by their intrinsic worth, won from the public an attention that has been paid not to the name, but to the works only, of the writer. His History of Attila is a solid and valuable contribution to the historic learning of all nations in general, and is as interesting to the Anglo-Saxon races as to those of Gallo-Roman descent. When we reflect that the events narrated belong to the period of time that elapsed in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries of the Christian era, that the heroes and heroines are no other than those of the *Niebelungen* (that Iliad of the Germans), and that our sympathy or antipathy, our interest, in a word, is demanded for Goths and Visigoths, Gepidæ, Ostrogoths, and Huns, and numberless other savages whose names some readers may perhaps never have even heard before, — when we reflect upon this, we cannot refuse our admiration to the historian, who, by the mere force of erudition, untiring research, talent, and that rarest of all qualities which some French critic has called *le don de vie*, has animated the personages of an almost fabulous drama, so as to make them live and act before our eyes as though they were our contemporaries. "The gift of life!" — yes, assuredly this is possessed by Amédée Thierry, if not to the whole extraordinary extent in which it was commanded by his eminent brother, at all events in a degree sufficient to make him one of the greatest of living historians.

Not a source has been neglected by the chronicler of the "Scourge of God"; and from Latin and Greek poets of the Lower Empire, from the effusions of Teutonic bards, from the traditionary tales carried from the camps of Hunnish tribes to

the tents of Arab chiefs, from the lays of Slavonian minstrels, and from the legends of saints and homilies of Churchmen, M. Thierry has collected the materials wherewith to reanimate the terrible scenes of a drama enacted in the very infancy of the modern age.

The hypercritics of France — those who hope to put down to the account of their own superior talent and learning all that they subtract from others — object that Amédée Thierry is "too picturesque," and, starting from the point that "history is not meant to amuse, but merely to instruct," they lose sight of the fact that what is tiresome is not remembered, and that history would cease to be instructive, if it ceased to be sufficiently interesting to make the necessary impression. It would be difficult, we think, to find any work in which, as completely as in M. Thierry's *Histoire d'Attila et de ses Successeurs*, the destruction of that social and political form identified with the name of Rome is made evident, and the rising up described of that new society out of which are gradually to emerge all the splendors and all the darknesses, all the learning and the chivalry, all the crimes — yet all the forces — of the Middle Age in Europe. We recommend to our readers a scene which, when once read, is scarce likely to be forgotten, — the reception, namely, of the imperial Roman ambassadors by Attila. Each detail of the banquet to which these two representatives of what was the refinement and the glory of civilization are bidden by the great barbarian, is a lesson. The inferiority in which they are placed by what would in our times be termed the *etiquette* of Attila's court, but which in his was the mere consequence of his consciousness of power, shows us more strikingly and more simply than would the most erudite and the driest dissertation, how completely Rome was already numbered with the things of the past, how bygone was her greatness, how impossible her regeneration, unless in an altered form. Comparing together the Rome that had been, of the Cæsars, and the Rome that was to be, of the Popes, the immense spiritual force that was to spring from the absolute ruins of temporal strength, the intense life that was to be born of such utter death, it seems to us, when witnessing the humiliation of the Empire before the Goth, as

though we were standing by the funeral pyre on which the dying Phœnix had breathed its last, and from the ashes whereof the new and more sovereign Phœnix had not yet risen. To those among our readers who regard history as something higher than a schoolboy's task, and who discern the philosophy taught by its annals, we strongly recommend Amédée Thierry's History of Attila as the best and most living reproduction of one of the most solemn moments of our world's existence, — the minutely detailed chronicle of that epoch when classic civilization, after long struggling, expired, and when Christian civilization, rude and barbarous, but strong, began to be, to act, to predominate over the human race.

We have said that the facility of instituting comparisons between the present and the past is one of the attractions of history to both Ampère and Guillaume Guizot; but we would not be made to say more than we really intend by this. We do not mean that either of these authors makes the history of the past serve the political passions of the present, but simply that, when either of them lights in history upon a period or an individual that offers a parallel to what exists in our day, he eagerly seizes upon it, and is active in pointing out all the hopes and fears, all the censure and the praise, that are justified in our own epoch by an attentive study of the past. The History of Alfred the Great, by the son of M. Guizot, is a remarkable monograph, the result of much research, and of what would be extraordinary erudition in a man so very young, were the paternal erudition not at his disposal to begin with. It is what such biographies ought always to be, the expression, in a concise form, of what has been gathered from a vast number of various sources; but remarkable as it undoubtedly is (and ought to be, with the name that stands on its first page), we cannot refrain from thinking that the reason of its existence is to be found in the following opening passage of the work: —

"Henri IV. is not, in the history of Christian Europe, the only prince who reigned 'by right of conquest and by right of birth.' England, as well as France, counts among her kings a great man, who by study and by war was obliged to carve his way to the throne that was the heritage of his race, — a destiny more enviable even than difficult;

for a just cause derives more lustre from hard-won victories than from success achieved with ease. Nothing strikes the imagination of nations more than the sight of an ancient supremacy that consents to be reinvigorated by its union with more modern fame, and that aspires to *deserve;* and for princes who have to serve their apprenticeship to the trade of royalty, the teachings of adversity and the efforts employed in contest are worth more than all the lessons of a Bossuet or a Fénelon. Alfred the Great and Henri IV. were strengthened in their own resolves by the feeling of their hereditary right, but in public favor by the renown of their personal high deeds. The hard and adventurous life of each instructed him in the character, the wants, and the resources of his people. Thus both, whilst fighting for the possession of a throne that was theirs in virtue of their ancestors, proved themselves worthy to be the ancestors of future kings, — the founders of states, as well as the heirs thereto. And it is in races and times so widely apart that twice this great trial has been made in history! How shall we then be blind to the lesson inculcated? Neither the splendor of personal genius alone, nor merely the venerable titles to sovereignty of an ancient house, will suffice as a basis on which to build a solid government; but here are two princes who prove to us that no resistance is possible against a power in which are combined together the double principles of the right of force and the force of right."

When we reflect upon the name, the position, and the specific opinions of M. Guizot's son, we can easily understand what tempted him in the life of the Saxon monarch; and it is not difficult to perceive, that, whilst for his general readers he tells a tale full of historic interest, he aims at pointing a moral to be applied to themselves by the heirs to sovereignty of the two Bourbon branches.

"Princes have been seen," he says, in evident allusion to Napoleon I. and Napoleon III., "who with right royal souls have seized upon authority and wielded it all their lives, yet who have died without leaving their power to their descendants, a great name to history, or great progress to their people. Why does the case stand so differently with the two we have mentioned? Because their genius and the circumstances that surrounded it were so much in harmony, that the dangers whereto their respective countries were exposed could be combated only by them, and by them only vanquished. They were each of them as *necessary* as they were either legitimate by birth or personally great. Each did more for his kingdom than for himself. The ambition of each never appeared selfish, and in the success of each lay the salvation of

all. Henri IV. restored to France the peace and unity which religious dissensions had so violently disturbed; and, long ages before the time of the Béarnese king, at the end of the ninth century, it was in saving England that Alfred founded his own glory and his throne, the double price of his victories. How he succeeded in his task it shall be our province to record."

Now that we have pointed out to our readers what we believe to have been the cause of M. Guillaume Guizot's History of Alfred, we can conscientiously testify, that, the cause granted, the work is, in every respect, an excellent one.

If the object of the writer we have just spoken of be to teach princes what they should do to regain their thrones, the object of M. Ampère is probably to teach tyrants what they should avoid when they are seated on them. His "History of Rome in Rome" is one of the most strongly marked books published in the French tongue for many years. It is a complex work, — not solely that of an historian, nor wholly that of a *savant*, but a mixture of both, to produce which the archæologian and the artist were as much required as the politician, the philosopher as the jurisconsult, and the upright citizen more than either or all. It is not with the learning of the schools that M. Ampère is satisfied, not with what we possess of classic erudition, nor with the sources to which the students of ancient annals more or less invariably resort. No; he is too much of a philosopher, and (if we were not afraid of the word in connection with so grave a writer's name, we would say) too much of a poet, not to seek other evidences of reality than these. Full of that thirst for life, which, as we have said, is so strong a characteristic of the French historian, Ampère was unable to make up his mind to write upon the Romans in a spot where nothing save dusty college reminiscences spoke to him of the glorious race; and he accordingly started for the Eternal City, resolved to seek in the very stones and in the very atmosphere for traces of what had been the life of the past. The method has proved an excellent one, and the personages of the *Histoire Romaine à Rome* have a reality, and, to use a modern French term (adopted by the Germans also), an *actualité*, that unite the truth of detail of ancient contemporary authors to the critical and appreciative

sense of our day. One of Ampère's great studies is that of the portraits of those whose deeds he recounts; and when, with Tacitus or Suetonius, Cicero or Juvenal, in one hand, in the other he holds the genuine medal of a Cæsar, he compares form and physiognomy with the register of acts, and arrives at a reconstruction of the human being, at a reanimation of the man, as he lived and was, which very often seems to bear with it the evidence of incontrovertible truth.

This revival of the features and countenances of the heroes and heroines of history is a long-standing method with M. Ampère, and in a sketch of Catherine de Médicis, written long before his present work, we remember to have read the following lines: —

"Nothing is more curious than to compare the likenesses of famous individuals at different moments of their career. For instance, take the charming bust (although there be a threatening shade already over it) of the young Octavius, and set it beside a bust of Augustus, when he has grown old in deceit. Look at the portrait of Madame de Maintenon which M. de Noailles has done well to place as a frontispiece to her history; for it reminds us that she once was young. Look also at this image of Catherine of Medici when a young girl! what is not told by the difference between the face of this little Florentine, who, though serious, is frank and resolute, and the hard profile of the widow of Henri II.?"

This comparison between the young Octavius and the veteran Cæsar towards the close of his reign and of his existence, has helped M. Ampère to one of the finest and most complete portraits of the Emperor Augustus of which the modern literature of Europe can boast.

In common with Machiavel, Gibbon, Montesquieu, and Voltaire, M. Ampère judges Augustus with unqualified severity. Had he found any part of his character which, whether as man or emperor, had given him a real right to the praises lavished upon him by those who feared, flattered, and were dependent on him, no one who knows Ampère could for an instant doubt his eagerness to proclaim the discovery, and to make his picture of Rome's first emperor more favorable, whilst making it more complete; but such has not seemed to him to be the case. On all sides he found evidence of the

deep selfishness, the hypocrisy, and the "littleness of soul" of Augustus.

"I acknowledge," he observes, "his talents, his intelligence, that cleverness which has been so constantly remarked; but, in acknowledging it, I cannot but regret how many writers have neglected to see that often with him ability was nothing more than dissimulation and falsehood. Above all, sufficient notice is not taken of the use he made of his intelligence, employing it for the destruction of all political life in the state, of all moral energy in men's minds, and for the preparation of that permanent degradation, of that gradual dissolution, wherein was soon swallowed up the greatness of the Roman name."

Here we find the trace of what we noted in the beginning, of the peculiar kind of attraction exercised upon M. Ampère, as upon Guillaume Guizot, by certain pages of the historic annals of the world. At each step in the life of Octavius, the anti-Napoleonic author may, undoubtedly, be struck by the frequent and strong resemblance offered to the present Emperor of the French, and it is scarcely to be wondered at if one of the most sincere and ardent lovers of political freedom in the present day should be unable to resist the temptation of pointing out to his countrymen the similitudes which undeniably exist between the characters, and, to a certain degree, the destinies, of Julius and Octavius Cæsar, and of that other uncle and nephew of southern origin whose rule has twice within our century crushed all liberty in France.

Naturally, on this side of the Atlantic, it would be of very subordinate interest to the readers of M. Ampère's book on Roman history, that in it he should have found means to draw political comparisons applicable only to the readers of his own country; but the work itself is, without reference to this feature, deeply interesting, full of intensely curious details, written in the most brilliant language, and worthy to fix the attention of whomsoever shall find it under his hand. At the same time, we have thought it not uninteresting to American readers to give them the clew to the absorbing curiosity with which, as it appeared in number after number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it was watched for and devoured by the French public.

The anti-Napoleonic tendency that inspires M. Ampère is

by no means that which induced M. Thiers to undertake his voluminous work upon "The Consulate and the Empire." Thiers has, time out of mind, been a Bonapartist; and if he had not been so by vanity and by instinct, he would have been so by circumstances, and from the fact of his having been identified with the transportation of the Emperor's coffin from St. Helena to France. Thiers's position in this respect is rather a singular one, and among all the eminent political men and men of intelligence who are unassociated with the existing order of things in France, the secession of the leader of the opposition under Louis Philippe is the least easy to understand or explain. Whilst a constitutional government existed in the country, M. Thiers was for ever employing its liberties in order to vaunt the glories of Bonaparte, and his perpetual theme was the superior importance enjoyed by France when the eagle, instead of the cock, surmounted her flag. Glory was his war-cry, — the glory of the nation; and he lost no opportunity of declaring that France was humbled under the sway of the Orleans branch, and of pouring forth long harangues upon the shame inflicted at Waterloo. This went so far, that upon one occasion a conservative deputy is said to have exclaimed: "But what is M. Thiers driving at? Does he want, in Heaven's name, to restore to us the reign of Napoleon the Great?" And Marshal Bugeaud is reported to have rejoined: "Yes, but upon the condition of Napoleon the Great being this time no other than himself." It really would seem as though there were some truth in this; for when the nephew of the first Napoleon seized upon supreme authority, M. Thiers, instead of rejoicing thereat, bethought himself of his parliamentary antecedents, and refused to have anything to do with the violator of political and constitutional freedom in France. And yet — for his incoherencies do not stop here — when he resumes his pen to narrate the high deeds of the Empire, he is once more transformed into an undeniable imperialist, and exultingly breathes Bonapartism as his native atmosphere.

That there is great merit in these large volumes, of which *fourteen* lie already beneath the reader's eye, there can be no denial and no doubt; but that they are unequal and full of in-

accuracies, is also a fact not to be gainsaid; as it should likewise be remarked that their merit, where it occurs, is a special one, and one upon which there are two opposite opinions. The chief merit of M. Thiers is as a military historian, and it is admitted by tacticians themselves that they derive information from the way in which he describes the various battles and campaigns of the first empire. His fault — which is an evident one for the general reader — lies in his too great attachment to detail — in his sacrifice of a large and general view of things by the often tiresome attention paid to minute trifles.

In his recital of the Russian campaign of 1812, which is the principal subject of his fourteenth volume, M. Thiers is, we think, very inferior to the writers who have already treated that subject in France, and we ascribe his inferiority to the method of description he adopts. To describe that immense disaster which proved Napoleon's insanity and presaged his fall, it is not enough to have a strong enumerative faculty, to count the buttons on the gaiters of each infantry soldier, or to compute the quantity of rations divided between so many mouths. This suffices as little for the task, as for that of composing the Iliad it would suffice to be a banker's clerk. There is a sense that fails M. Thiers for this portion of his book, — the sense of the past, the poetical, the sublime; and the writers who have far better succeeded in reproducing the gigantic catastrophe of 1812 are men whose talent took its rise in their loftiness of intellect and in their constant habit of viewing everything from the height of philosophic and æsthetic contemplation. We will ask no further examples than those of Villemain and Châteaubriand. The latter, in one or two chapters of his (in many points deficient) *Mémoires d' Outre Tombe*, has left a finer and more real picture of the campaign of Russia than M. Thiers attains to in his whole enormous octavo; whilst to M. Villemain our epoch is indebted for the first and most irrefutably correct likeness of the greatest conqueror of modern times, when long habits of despotism and successful military adventure (no matter how dearly bought) had brought him to that narrow verge where a single step farther confounds genius and folly. Thus, if we

take, for instance, two pages from M. Villemain, we shall know more of the man (and in this case *the man* is everything) than M. Thiers can tell us from beginning to end of his compilation. Napoleon is brooding over the plan of the Russian expedition, not as a mere military man would do, not as Wallenstein, or Turenne, or Marlborough, or Frederick II., or any other general we wot of, would have done, but as he only could or would do, — as a conqueror of the race of Alexander, *as a poet*, as the being of whom Châteaubriand truly said, "But for the Muse, he would not be what he is." He has sent for his confidant, M. de Narbonne, with whom he remains closeted for hours, pouring forth all that is in him, and so dazzling his hearer that, when he regains his carriage, in which he has left Villemain (then quite a young man), he is as it were possessed himself; and, affrighted at the terrible grandeur, the insane vastness, of the conceptions that have been communicated to him, he exclaims: "Good God! where is the reality of all this? where is the curb to this madness or this genius? *Is his place Bedlam or the Pantheon?*" Here we have the real, because the poetical, Napoleon, — the Napoleon unguessed at by M. Thiers. And so, too, when, farther on, we follow in Duroc's journal the restless anxiety that has fastened on the Emperor, — the fever which, when he was once upon his fatal war-path, never left him for days, weeks, months: — "Last night he slept for two hours..... He says we have still time before us..... To-day he has taken opium to calm his sufferings, which are great; — he says we must march or die, — that emperors die standing, *and so die never*..... But what is to be done? Where are we to march? How are we to act? This doubt, this fever, cannot endure!"

Of all this anguish, and of this fearful, yet still *heroic* reality, what trace is there in M. Thiers? None. But let us end with a last quotation. If we read M. Thiers's fourteenth volume alone, we might be for ever ignorant of what formed the subject of Napoleon's chief preoccupation when he found himself seated in the Kremlin in the apartments of Catherine II., whilst the ruins of Moscow were smoking and smouldering around him. In a vast and dimly-lighted

presence-chamber, with his aides-de-camp and marshals gathered together, the thoughts of Napoleon were less upon the necessities of the hour, upon the means whereby to escape from the formidable difficulties and complications into which he had so rashly plunged, than upon the judgment of posterity upon himself. He was busy in framing the so-called Decree of Moscow for the organization of the *Théatre Français;* his talk was of actors and actresses, heroes and poets, and he was full of all but angry surprise that "the dramatists of *his reign*" did not invent great things, and put upon the stage heroes whom the world should compare with himself! "Why don't they take Philip, Augustus, or Charlemagne?" he said; "or indeed, why not Peter the Great, that man of granite, who founded Russian civilization here and Russia's ascendency in Europe, — Peter the Great, who, a century after his death, forces me to this terrible invasion?"

Here, we maintain, is the *reality* of the hero, — for, whatever we may condemn in him, a *hero*, in the antique sense of the word, he remains. But of all this, we again repeat, there is no trace in M. Thiers, and consequently we are disposed to say that, upon the whole, the fourteenth volume of "The Consulate and the Empire" is one of the least remarkable of the whole work.

Moreover, for the critical French reader, there is always a defect in M. Thiers which it is hard to palliate with a race that, in every branch of art, is above all enamored of forms. M. Thiers's books are written in anything but what is termed "*la grande langue française*," and fall far below that pure, simple, lofty, splendid style which some contemporary writers seem to have caught from those of the incomparable seventeenth century, of whom M. Thiers is as ignorant as M. Scribe. We mention this name, because it has been often said in France that Scribe, Vernet, and Thiers were, in the drama, in painting, and in political literature, three artists of precisely the same order, — full of intelligence and ability, calculated to be popular with the general public, but wholly unaware what are the secrets and the treasures contained in the austere regions of high art. M. Thiers, at the tribune of the Cham-

ber of Deputies, was the most seductive, the most captivating speaker that could well be imagined; his lucidness of explanation, and his extreme facility of expression, combined with that promptness of intelligence which enables him to assimilate to himself in a few hours subjects he has never thought upon once before in all his life, gave him the power of initiating his hearers into the details, no matter how intricate, of any topic of discussion whatsoever; and the versatility of his imagination and the brilliancy of his wit enabled him to charm his public by his manner of dealing with things which in themselves had no interest for any one person present. But these aptitudes have no application to the severer task of the political historian, whose written page is his means of communication with the public. Here M. Thiers, all but magical when he is merely called upon to employ his faculty of improvisation, sinks to a level decidedly inferior to that of the great thinkers and writers of France. Perhaps one word in the above phrase implies the chief reason of this fact. M. Thiers is no *thinker*. He himself avows this, when, in the commencement of his last volume, he declares the only positive necessity for a good historical writer to be "intelligence." He is little tormented by the philosophy hidden in history, by the mysterious sense of events, by the secret causes of things, by that which, being intangible and immaterial, yet produces and governs what becomes incarnate in facts and falls under the appreciation of the senses. Thiers in political history, as Scribe in the drama, occupies himself only with what is material, and therefore can find sympathy only among the superficial, which indeed, in all countries (unless we except North Germany), means the great majority of the people.

Some of these remarks are suggested to us as opportune, for the reason that M. Scribe is just bringing out a new and complete edition of the dramatic works with which, for the last forty years nearly, he has helped to supply the wants of the stage in France, and than which it is, in some respects, hardly possible to find a more curious field for critical study.

Great geniuses owe little or nothing to their nationality.

Their native country is God's whole creation, and it is only where human souls rise above all the special and particular trammels of country, sect, party, or whatever might bind them down to one definite spot of earth, that they find their compatriots. From such, then, we need never ask for information as to the society around them; for they live in it, but are not of it. It is the inferior order of spirits that reflect what surrounds them, and, instead of giving their own impress to, take *its* impress from, their age. For this reason, we do not hesitate in repeating that the *Théatre de Scribe* is one of the curious and instructive publications of the present time, for it gives us the aspect of civilization in France as in a mirror. Scribe's theatrical productions are counted by hundreds, and are of almost every kind, — operas, vaudevilles, comedies, melodramas. There is no form of theatrical creation, unless indeed the pure classical tragedy, that he has not attempted and *succeeded in.* Let this be well remembered; for though some of his pieces may have had comparatively less success than others, he does not reckon one absolute, irrevocable failure. It is consequently but fair to suppose, that between the majority of Frenchmen — the "public" — and Scribe there was sympathy. Now whence arose this? From the fact that Scribe painted the feelings and spoke the language of the common people in France. Whatever might be the peculiar tendencies of society at large, those tendencies he adopted; and when a play of Scribe's was on the *affiche*, the audience was certain not to have its intellectual powers taxed too highly, not to be solicited by any "out of the way" characters or events, but to see moving upon the stage men and women in whom every person, in boxes, stalls, or pit, might recognize his neighbor or himself. Here lies the secret of Scribe's immense and lasting popularity, — he addresses himself to what by the refined, by the *élite*, is termed in France *l'élément épicier;* in Germany, *Philisterthum;* and in England, *Snobbism.* He makes for snobbism everywhere, counts upon it, and renders it contented with itself. He appeals to the aggregate mass of snobbism that floats over the social spheres generally, and to the latent *snobbishness* that lurks in the

souls of otherwise distinguished and *un-snobbish* individuals. Whatever has been the particular platitude or the particular affectation of a period of time in France during the last forty years, we may be sure of seeing it faithfully reflected in Scribe; and — just the reverse of Thackeray, for instance, in this respect — he fills the snob who listens to him with self-satisfaction, and sends him away by many degrees more of a snob than he was before, and by as many degrees farther from any suspicion of the fact. All of what we would call the external civilization of France, under the restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe, is laid before our eyes by the *Théatre* of Scribe. Like Balzac, he makes us familiar with what went on upon the surface of French society; with this difference only, that in Balzac we learn at the same time what went on *beneath* the surface. All the conventionalisms of what French people so pompously term "the world" are honored by M. Scribe, and all its sentimentalisms are gravely accepted. We do not believe that genuine virtue was one whit the gainer by all this; but decency and decorum were not shocked. A married woman, for instance, was for years too tenderly attached to a young unmarried man. She had deceived all the while the husband to whom her faith had been pledged, but she had done so with so much precaution, with such *égards!* Not a word of too severe censure will be applied to her, and when she herself unfastens the chain which binds her to the person to whom she had no right to be attached, and when she does this for his express benefit, and in order that he may espouse a rich wife, the audience (husbands and all, forsooth!) are deeply touched by her heroic devotion, tearfully applaud both her and her quondam *adorateur*, and expect the latter and his young wife to be a respectable couple, as persons should be who have done a proper and reasonable thing, and as nine tenths of those are who have just witnessed it. Where is the morality? it may be asked. There is none; but the vast majority of the persons composing the society of France will argue, that, all scandal being avoided, there is no immorality, and young new-married women will be taken in crowds to see such plays by husbands whose bachelor career is, per-

haps, represented by the *amant*, and whose conjugal life will most likely be modelled upon that of the *mari*. To take another specimen: two young persons — cousins, friends, what not — grow up together and commit the folly of falling in love. What happens? The public is called upon to assist at the struggles and sacrifice of both, and to applaud the magnanimity with which each renounces the other, because their union would be an unpardonable imprudence, and because for each another and wealthier "half" is destined! And the public does applaud this, and gives itself credit for no end of sentimentality in weeping over it; young girls are taken to see it, with the hope that they will profit by it, and discern the impropriety of love-matches; and no one has the dimmest notion that the sacrifice so extolled is the immorality, that the act of "prudence" which closes the drama is the purchase and sale of a human heart, and that, in the deliberate acceptance of the hardships of life, together with the chosen one, lies not the folly, but the force, not the impropriety, but the virtue.

It is precisely because M. Scribe startled it by no higher morality, that the society of France so adopted him, — because he accepted all its fictions, that it repaid him by all its favors. He was wise enough never to *preach*, never to declaim, never to seem better or *other* than his audience; and his reward has been an enormous fortune, a seat in the *Académie Française*, and a popularity such as few writers have ever enjoyed. To this day (though in a less degree than ten or twelve years ago) the public that listens to one of M. Scribe's plays is in fact occupied with itself (the pleasantest of all occupations), and, as it looks and listens, says: "There I am; that is I; and how interesting I am, and how much worthier and more honest, and in every respect better, than has been said, or than I even thought!"

We will now explain what we mean by the words, "In a less degree than some ten or twelve years ago."

It is certain that, like all men, Scribe has necessarily submitted to the influence of his years, and, as is the case with every writer, unless in some few notable exceptions, what he has witnessed at the age of fifty or fifty-five has not impressed

him with the same vivacity as what he witnessed at twenty-five or thirty. The consequence is, that, to the actual generation, to the men and women of between twenty and thirty, Scribe does not represent the same sum of truth that he represented to those who are fifteen years older. Existing society in France is not so faithfully mirrored by Scribe, as by such young authors as Alexander Dumas *fils*. He is not at home in it; its sentimentalities and fictions are not those of his time; its snobbishness is of another kind than that he accepted and glorified; and as for its conventionalities, *it has none*, — and it is in the very absence of these that lies its radical dissimilarity from the society of a few years earlier. Of all sorts of irregularities covered over with a veil, and of intrigues decently managed, Scribe takes cognizance; but of the civilization which adopts effrontery for its watch-word, which disguises nothing, but on the contrary boasts of more vices than it really owns, — of this Scribe is ignorant, and of all "*Dames aux Camélias*," "*Filles de Marbre*," and such like patented impurity, he washes his hands. With the succession of the *Lionne* and the *Lorette* to the social throne and sceptre ceases the dramatic high-priesthood of Eugène Scribe, and when the *Demi-monde* begins to exist (long before young Dumas begins to paint it), the truth of his inventions is no longer a contemporary truth, — it is the truth of what is past; it is by the very young styled *rococo*.

Whence came the flagrant, flaunting, flashy corruption of French manners, so contrary to the natural instincts of the race, so repugnant to all their most venerated traditions of good taste, it would be hard to say; but it has come, and upon the sacrifice of good breeding in France every other sacrifice has been attendant. Did literature suggest a model to society; or did society originate the type that literature merely copied? We are inclined to believe the latter. When Eugène Sue took to painting *les Lionnes*, those ill-mannered, boisterous dames had already curbed society under their riding-whip; and when Roqueplan, in a witty little monograph, threw out the word *Lorette* for the public to fasten on, the thing had long existed, and its notoriety was evident.

There are few countries of the European continent where

La Lorette may not be discovered in one form or another, nor are those the least corrupt where this product of hyper-civilization is least visible; but in every country except France, the influence of family, which is the antidote to the *Lorette*, is victorious over her, and ends by forcing her to be ostensibly what she is in fact, — a mark for contempt and for shame. Not so with society in France. Here, the *Lorette* reigns and rules, and to her family is sacrificed. Not only do her worshippers voluntarily abdicate their own natural sphere, in order to move habitually in hers; but the women of what is called "the world," of what calls itself "the honest and the proper world," condescend to take the *Lorette* for their model, — copy her dress, ape her manners, imitate her language, and insanely fancy that by this self-degradation they shall secure to themselves her supremacy. Here was the origin of the *Lorette's* importance; here was what granted to her letters of naturalization in Parisian society; and to any one who should not take all this into account, the aspect of that society during the last ten or twelve years would be an enigma. Hence dates, too, the relative superiority of the *Lorette;* for, from the day when duchesses aspired to be mistaken for *Lorettes*, it became the ambition of the latter to be mistaken for duchesses, and they little by little grew to affect the steady air of acknowledged social powers, and to assume what we would fain denominate a kind of regularity in wrong. *Les Lorettes* were, as a German critic has observed, "an establishment in the state." Among the materials that constitute the *ensemble* of the social edifice they counted for as large a part as did family.

Now we maintain, that, judged by the standard of real honor and real virtue, the narrow-minded, selfish, and for ever untruth-telling society, so well reflected by M. Scribe, is not one whit more virtuous or more honorable than that over which reigns *la Lorette*, but is less scandalous; and when scandal came to be the order of the day in France, the *Théatre de Scribe* was, as the French express it, "alongside of the truth," — it was no longer true.

As we have said, the *Lorette* reign has lasted some ten or twelve years (beginning about 1844); but its splendor is

already on the wane, and those who within the last two or three years have the most borne witness to its existence have done so by levelling at it the first and most terrible attacks. Going with the stream, Alexander Dumas *fils* published in 1848 or 1849 his novel called *La Dame aux Camélias*, the very most complete expression of *Lorette* literature, and by its immense success he was induced to adapt it under the same title for the stage, where, during a hundred consecutive representations it remained the apology and triumph of *Lorettism*. Its author was the champion of *La Lorette*, and Marguerite Gauthier, his heroine, was admitted to share the honors of all those types which for a time command the applause of the public upon the stage. But Alexander Dumas, to his credit be it said, saw farther than his own success; or rather, the still greater success of a piece which was the counterpart of his own pointed out to him what might perhaps soon be the current of social opinion, if it were adroitly seized. *Les Filles de Marbre*, a keen, undisguised attack upon all the "Camellia-ladies" in the world, revolutionized Paris, and may be said to have been *an event*. The impetus was given. Young Dumas produced his *Diane de Lys*, in which the horrors of illicit affection are very aptly portrayed. Emile Angier followed with his *Mariage d'Olympe*, to which public favor did not so openly attach, precisely because the impure were more punished than condemned; and young Dumas fixed public opinion to self-consistency by what crowned this campaign against *les Lorettes*, — his famous piece called *Le Demi-monde*, — than which none ever drew the public more entirely along with it in the bold disdain it expressed for what was "outside the regularities of life and the decencies and respectabilities of society." The moral of the whole was the concluding phrase, — the formula of what may be regarded as the protest of society against the disorder it had tolerated too long. A French officer, a man of unblemished character, is about to fall a victim to the wiles of a *Lorette*, and to give her his hand and his name; but he is saved by a friend, who unmasks her, and consoles the lover's grief over his lost illusion by saying: "Remember, my dear fellow, that an honest woman only is worthy to be the companion, the wife, of an

honest man." To any one who may compare this sentence with all the theories of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and some others, touching the perfection of female virtue as dependent upon having at least once swerved from the path of duty and of right, it will be evident that a great progress has been made. There is no doubt of the fact; it is now "a received thing," as the phrase runs in France, that *Lorettism* is contrary to good taste, and the *Dames aux Camélias* totter upon their throne. But it must not be forgotten that the very importance of the attacks made upon them proves in turn the social importance they had acquired, without acknowledging which it would be impossible to arrive at anything like a just appreciation of the French society of our day.

One of the hardest blows that has been aimed at this "fifth power," as it has sometimes been called, is the treatise written by Messrs. de Goucourt (brothers), entitled *La Lorette*, published in a miniature form and sold in profusion throughout Paris. This little book it would perhaps be difficult to translate for our side of the Atlantic, but its publication may be regarded as a courageous act, and as a public service rendered on the other side of it. What we mean by a "courageous act" we will explain. The man who openly attacked *Lorettism* a year or two ago exposed himself to the silence or to the abuse of the greater number of the journals of Paris; for if we except some few of the more respectable or aristocratic of these papers, nowhere had the *Lorette* such authority as over the *feuilleton*. This was the centre of the dominion she exercised by *camaraderie*, and for any writer not standing upon one of those pinnacles of fame where there is impunity for whatever may be advanced, the enmity of the *Lorette* phalanx was a very serious consideration. Now, as we said, times are modified, and the tendency is in favor of the domestic element. As in the case of the *Théatre de Scribe*, so here again we say it may be doubtful whether real virtue and morality are as much the gainers by all this as might be supposed; but scandal is the loser, and ostensibly family is triumphant over the *Lorette*. For those among our countrymen who wish to have an accurate notion of the state of society, morally speaking, in France, from 1813 up to our

times, we would earnestly recommend an attentive perusal of the *Théatre de Scribe*, followed by that of Alexander Dumas *fils*, and by the little treatise we mention, from the pen of the brothers De Goucourt. These are not things to be neglected, and such apparently light productions often paint more truly the moral condition of a country, than do huge volumes of statistics or political economy.

There is another branch of literature in France which we propose to examine in our next number, — the so-called *Littérature de la Bohême*, — which occupies a not inconspicuous place in the French world of intelligence, but to which our present limits would not allow of our doing justice. This *Bohemian literature* may not improperly be considered as the history of the "decline" of letters in France, as the literature of the seventeenth century is pre-eminently that of their highest point of glory. Under the first half of the reign of Louis XIV., as under the Restoration and Louis XVIII., we have to watch the dignity of what the Athenians of modern days term with such pride *les lettres françaises*, and to note the tokens of respect by which great writers are surrounded, and the respect they take care to pay to themselves. For the last five or six and twenty years it is the very reverse that has to be observed, and an entire literature (full of talent, alas! in its way) is there to testify to the moral unworthiness, the social degradation, and the loss of self-esteem of nine tenths of the so-called men of letters in France. As in the case of the *Lorettes*, so with the *Bohemians*, there is no means of entirely judging the condition of French literature without taking them into account. They unfortunately represent a very large portion of the national literature at present, and, as we said, so far as *mere* talent goes, apart from every other qualification, they are often too highly distinguished for it to be possible to pass them over in silence.

Apropos to the flourishing state of letters in France under the Restoration, and to the social dignity of the men of intellect of that period, Lamartine's last *Entretien* (the tenth number) is as interesting as it is eloquent. Leaving on one side his Indian philosophers, and the subjects with which, for the previous six months, he had somewhat tired his readers, he has

in this last number launched out into a magnificent defence of the men who made illustrious the first years of the present century in France, and gave it a right to be classed as on a level with the age of Louis XIII. and XIV. Starting from the time of the Convention, and passing on to the Empire, to the Restoration, and thence to the Government of July, he pays a tribute of admiration no less just than admirably expressed to a period which, intellectually speaking, will always be one of France's titles to fame in the eyes of the world. Not one of the great names of the age is forgotten, and each is appreciated in a way that proves the author of *Jocelyn*, when he is animated by a sincere conviction, to be as well gifted in critical qualities as in those of poetic inspiration. M. de Lamartine's tenth *Entretien* has created a strong sensation, and calls everywhere for the reader's best attention.

Art. X. — 1. *Die Geschichte der Römer.* Von Fr. Dor. Gerlach und J. J. Bachofen. Erster Band. Basel: Bahnmaier's Buchhandlung. (C. Detloff.) 1851. 8vo. pp. 669.

2. *Römische Geschichte.* Von Dr. A. Schwegler, ausserord. Prof. der Class. Lit. an der Universität Tübingen. Erster Band. Tübingen. 1853. Verlag der H. Laupp'schen Buchhandlung. (Laupp und Siebeck.) 8vo. pp. 808.

3. *Geschichte Roms in drei Bänden.* Von Dr. Carl Peter, Director des Gymnasiums in Anklam, und Herzoglicher Sachsen-Meiningen'scher Consistorial- und Schul-Rath. Erster Band, die fünf ersten Bücher. *Von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gracchen enthaltend.* Halle, Waisenhaus Buchhandlung. 1853. 8vo. pp. 616.

4. *Römische Geschichte.* Von Theodor Mommsen. Erster Band. *Bis zur Schlacht von Pydna.* Leipzig, Weidmann'sche Buchhandlung. 1854. 8vo. pp. 644.

Roman History has fully shared in the rapid progress made in all branches of classical philology in the past thirty years. In no other branch, indeed, can progress be so clearly seen

and so accurately measured as in this; for in no other has there been within this period one man who contained in himself the whole of his science, who was not only the first, but the only one in it, as Niebuhr was in Roman History, — just as Comte is at the present day in Positive Philosophy, with opponents and followers enough, but no rivals. During Niebuhr's life the world did little more than to keep up with him. It was not until after his death that Arnold and Michelet published their histories, aiming at little more, in the early parts at least, than to give Niebuhr in a readable form. It was not until some years later that any important results of independent investigation were attained, and it is only in the present day that a history has been written presenting such results in full.

We propose in this article to notice four works now appearing in Germany, each aiming to become the standard History of Rome, and each containing in its own way and degree the results which have been reached in Roman history by Niebuhr and later writers. This is true even of the first, — Gerlach and Bachofen's; for although the writers reject Niebuhr's processes and conclusions, and deplore his influence, it is nevertheless true that many of the best parts of their own book would have been impossible but for him. The authors are already well and favorably known as writers on Roman antiquities. Professor Gerlach in especial has published from time to time a large number of treatises on this subject, many of which have been collected in his *Historische Studien.* They are characterized by a lively, elegant style, a ready enthusiasm, and an earnest, hearty appreciation. Of late years he has labored mainly on the history of the monarchy, a period to which he is much less adapted than to the later history, and with his natural boldness and impetuousness has devoted himself to overthrowing Niebuhr's theories. He says: "Niebuhr's name will last as long as the memory of Rome lives. But the creative power with which God endowed this mighty mind became its seducer. No one has erected a finer monument to the old Italian peoples, and spoken more nobly than he upon their fate, but also no one has *tutored* (geschulmeistert) tradition more arbitrarily." In accordance with these

sentiments, this History is not so much an attack on Niebuhr as an attempt to ignore him. It possesses all the brilliant rhetorical qualities which both its authors have amply at command, but is deficient in the logical element, which for this period is the most essential. Thus the purely narrative portions are admirably executed, and the chapters of the First Part contain descriptions of places and public works which are seldom surpassed for vividness and accuracy. Beyond this it can hardly be praised, except for the industry and enthusiasm with which it is written. Some of the best chapters are confused and disconnected, and there is throughout such a blind disregard of historical evidence, and such waywardness in judgment, as is in the present age incomprehensible.

The First Part is made up of the following chapters: — "West-Central Italy," "The Oldest Traditions of the Latins," "The Oldest Migrations of Peoples," "The Trojan Settlement, — Lavinium, Alba," and "The Peoples of West-Central Italy after the Overthrow of Alba." The Second Part contains, after a short and well-written Introduction, a chapter on each of the seven kings, and one on the principles of Roman Law, by Professor Bachofen. As respects the historical chapters, it is not without disappointment, even in view of the avowed principle on which the book is written, that the reader steps from the — to say the least — eloquent chapters of the First Part into a bare repetition of the stories of Livy and Dionysius, and finds no higher principle of criticism than an attempt to reconcile the contradictions of these writers with themselves and with each other, by picking out from the mass of tradition enough to make a consistent story. A fair instance of the arbitrary way in which this is done may be found in the argument for the Lydian origin of the Etruscans. "It need not be expected of me, that I follow any one of the many conjectures as to the race and origin of the Tyrrhenians. Where tradition speaks so distinctly as here, no one has a right to have an opinion of his own." Compare with this the following from Lepsius in his *Tyrrhenische Pelasger* (p. 8): "There is little more historical evidence for the Lydian migration than the story which Herodotus adduces as a Lydian one, and Strabo and some others repeat after him."

This is perhaps stated too strongly, but there is certainly as much historical evidence for the statement of Hellanicus * as to the Pelasgian origin of the Etruscans, as for that of Herodotus that they were a Lydian colony.

But what is the system of historical investigation which Professor Gerlach would substitute for Niebuhr's? We will state it in his own words: "We will not listen to opinions, conjectures, judgments, of the nineteenth century on old Roman affairs, but will learn the deeds and fortunes of the Romans as they were understood, comprehended, and related by themselves." That is to say, judgment, criticism, is not to be applied at all to history. We are to accept the accounts of early Rome which, not contemporary writers, of whom there exist none, but writers who lived six or seven hundred years after the alleged epoch, and who themselves complain of the scantiness of historical evidence, have transmitted to us. Suppose, however, these writers tell us what is utterly incredible, or suppose they give us two contradictory and irreconcilable accounts. In accordance with the principles here expressed, we have the stories of Numa and the nymph Egeria, of the eagle carrying off Tarquin's hat, of Attus Navius and the whetstone, of the flame on the head of Servius Tullius, all related as parts of the history. It would be unjust to accuse the authors of believing these stories, or to deny that they have really a principle of historical study, which is finely developed in Professor Bachofen's closing chapter. This principle is, to accept the history as the living, trusting mind of the Roman people worked it out, true in its grand features, true in its names and facts, but with much strange embellishment, such as men then delighted to believe, and we should not with sacrilegious hand cast away. "Under the Roman forms lies hidden a kernel of eternal wisdom. The forms have disappeared. The kernel remains. The old divination may appear to us, to whom a purer revelation has been granted, imperfect, in many respects even childish. But the conviction out of which it flowed, and the need which it was appointed to satisfy, belong to the noblest side of the human

* Dionysius Halicarnassus, I. 28.

mind, and form a foundation which no other state can ever do without (*entbehren*)." There is much that is noble and beautiful in this affectionate and reverential study of the past. But truth is nobler and more beautiful, and history demands truth. With all acknowledgment of what there is fine and genial in this book, we must still claim that it is no history, for it does not tell us what Rome really was, nor does it seek in the right way to know.*

Schwegler's History is in every respect a contrast to Gerlach's. It is clear, well arranged, passionless, logical. It is equally a contrast in its views, being as radical and sceptical as the other is conservative. The author's aim has been to combine in one work, not only all the results which modern investigation has reached, but the methods pursued, and the steps — even the false steps — taken in attaining the results, and to apply a searching criticism to all. Every point is discussed in detail, every theory which has been brought forward is stated and examined, all passages in ancient writers are cited, every treatise which has been written in modern times is named. The result is a volume of eight hundred pages on a period of which the author professes to believe very little, ending with the overthrow of the monarchy. The second volume promises to come down to the Licinian Rogations. Thus this is not a history, but an *encyclopædia of history*, unfit for general reading, but indispensable to the student, as containing in a comparatively small compass a mass of facts and authorities such as only long and careful labor can collect. The author seldom advances a theory of his own, but his statement of those of others is remarkably clear and just, and his judgment of them impartial, and in general satisfactory. He cannot be blamed for lacking enthusiasm, which would certainly have made his book less serviceable. His faults are diffuseness, and at times an overstretched and wearisome minuteness. It is strange that, with this generally successful

* The other extreme of historical investigation is represented by Sir George Cornwall Lewis, who maintains that we can know almost nothing of Roman history before the invasion of Pyrrhus, because, as he says, we have no contemporaneous testimony as to the previous time. This excess of scepticism appears to us as far from the truth as Professor Gerlach's credulity.

attempt at completeness, he has almost entirely omitted the chronological discussions, which form so valuable a part of Niebuhr's work. Next to his statements of the views of other writers, the most curious, and on the whole the ablest and most satisfactory portions, are those in which he treats of the Roman myths, for which his minute knowledge of religious antiquities and his clear logic admirably fit him. We will remark, by the way, that he has mentioned Newman's "Regal Rome" as pursuing an "apologetic-conservative tendency," confessing in a note that he knows it only from the notice in the London Athenæum. Had he seen the book itself, he would hardly have spoken of it in these terms.

Of Peter's History* we have less to say. It is well written and systematic, not aiming to exhaust the subject like Schwegler's, but perhaps as good a compendium as there is of the essentials of Roman history. Peter's views, which have been developed in former works, particularly in his *Epochen der Verfassung der römischen Republik*, are based upon Niebuhr's, with some modifications. Especially valuable is the prominence he gives to the constitution of Servius Tullius as the real starting-point of Roman constitutional history, and his refutation of Niebuhr's theory of the Centuries.

The fourth book upon our list is by far the most important. Theodore Mommsen has for some years been acknowledged as the first authority in Roman history. He is still a young man, having taken his degree at Kiel in 1843, and after a residence of some years in Rome having been made Professor at Leipzig. Losing his chair and condemned to prison in 1850 for the part he took in the revolution in that city, he was appointed to a professorship at Zürich, which he held until 1854, distinguishing himself meanwhile by various publications on matters connected with Roman history, especially by his *Inscriptiones Regni Neapolitani Latinæ*, acknowledged to be a model work of its kind. In 1854 he obtained a chair in Breslau, as Professor of Roman Law, where he is at present engaged on a *Corpus Inscriptionum*

* The second volume, published in 1854, carries the history down to the fall of the Republic.

Latinarum, a companion to Boeckh's *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum.**

The high expectations with which the work before us was received have not been disappointed. It is indeed unattractive in appearance. It forms part of a cheap series published by the Weidmann house in Berlin (recently removed thither from Leipzig),† and its dingy paper and closely printed pages — hardly broken into paragraphs — form a striking contrast to the white paper, clear type, and general air of elegance of the works already noticed. The First Book is headed, "To the Overthrow of the Roman Monarchy"; the Second comes down to the "Union of Italy"; the Third to the "Subjection of Carthage and the Greek States." Of the fifteen chapters of the First Book, — which alone covers over the whole ground of Gerlach's and Schwegler's first volumes, — one is introductory, five treat of the ethnography of Italy, four of the external and internal history of the city, and five of the law, religion, industry, science, and art of this period. In these he has not given us a series of investigations like Niebuhr's, nor an encyclopædia like Schwegler's, nor a bare uncritical narrative like Gerlach's. Neither is it in the true sense of the word a *history*, but rather a commentary upon history, taking Niebuhr and his followers for granted, passing hastily over facts, and discoursing largely on causes and development.

---

* The second volume of his History, coming down to the death of Sulla, was published in 1855; the third, ending with the fall of the Republic, in 1856. It will probably be completed in two more volumes. Besides the above mentioned, his principal works are: *De Collegiis et Sodaliciis Romanorum*, Kiliæ, 1843; *Die römischen Tribus in administrativer Beziehung*, Altona, 1844; *Ueber das römische Münzwesen*, Leipzig, 1850; *Die unteritalischen Dialekte*, Leipzig, 1850. He is also engaged to write the first part of the fourth volume of Becker's *Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer*, being that part which treats of Roman Law.

† Besides Mommsen's three volumes, Preller's Greek Mythology in two volumes, and one volume of Greek Antiquities by Professor Schömann of Greifswald, are already published; and we are promised works on Roman Antiquities, by Professor Lange of Prague; on Roman Literature, by Professor Hertz of Greifswald; on Greek History, by Professor Curtius of Göttingen; on Greek Literature, by Professor Bergk of Freiburg; on Roman Mythology, by Hofrath Preller of Weimar; on Ancient Geography, by Dr. Kiepert of Berlin; on Metrology, by Professor Jacobs of Berlin; on Archæology, by Professor Jahn of Bonn; and on Metre, by Professor Ritschl of Bonn.

For this work Mommsen is fitted, as perhaps no one else living is, both by his philosophical tone of mind and by his unsurpassed antiquarian learning. The treatises he has from time to time written have given him an enviable distinction in this latter respect, and what he says may almost be accepted as from authority. His History is written for the learned German public, in whom he assumes a familiarity with the subject which warrants him in almost entire abstinence from discussions, arguments, and foot-notes. He would let the reader seek in the works of Niebuhr, Becker, Schwegler, and others, the special verification of the views he maintains. This gives him an immense advantage as a philosophical writer, in enabling him to devote himself almost entirely to the development and expression of these views, and to neglect the framework of history for its real substance. His terse, sometimes too compressed style, aids him in this, and consequently there is a great deal more and harder reading in the book than at first sight appears. It is scarcely too much to say, that each volume, if printed in the same generous style, and with as large a proportion of annotations, would be equal to two volumes of Grote's History. The absence of notes is in many cases an evil. Mommsen advances new views and theories as freely as Niebuhr, and we know not where to look for their evidence. And, besides, there are many allusions where even the learned reader would be glad of a reference. An interesting feature in the early chapters is the frequent interpretation of archæological terms from the Latin and its cognate languages. His rare knowledge of the Italian dialects places him in this beyond criticism from us, however unexpected some of his derivations may be. It is also instructive when he translates Latin terms into German, such as *Mordspürer* (Murder-trackers) for *Quæstores Parricidii*, *Ackerbrüder* (Field-brothers) for *Fratres Arvales*, *Brückenbauer* (Bridge-builders) for *Pontifices*, *Lanzenmänner* (Lancemen) for *Quirites*, — in both these last instances showing the derivation by the translation; but it is a mere affectation, common to the Germans, to employ these translations in place of the original word, as we have seen *Engelsburg* employed to denote the castle of

St. Angelo in Rome. His style is animated, and in general good; not free, however, from the hard, involved sentences in which the German language delights, and occasionally a little obscure from this cause.

A most startling theory, advanced in the fourth chapter, and supported from time to time by incidental arguments and illustrations, is that Rome was founded as a commercial city (*Handelstadt*), and reached its high development as such under the Tarquinii. Its position on the only large river of Central Italy, its territory embracing both banks of the Tiber to its mouth, its harbor of Ostia for foreign traffic, the scattered notices we have of early intercourse with Carthaginians, Phocæans, Cumæans, and other nations, its symbol on coins (the beak of a ship), and many additional circumstances that might be named, lend probability to this theory; but it has met as yet with little favor.

Italian ethnography, to which Niebuhr devoted nearly two hundred pages, has received especial attention since his time; and so important have been the discoveries, and so vast the progress, made in this department, as to render many of his conclusions worthless. He worked indeed only from one side, on the materials afforded by ancient literature, and these he perhaps exhausted. But the languages of Ancient Italy were scarcely known, their inscriptions had not been collected, and their relation to one another and to the Latin and the Greek was an almost unexplored subject. Later investigators soon saw that these must form the only key to the ethnography of Italy, and to them attention has been chiefly directed. The Umbrian, Sabine, Samnite, Oscan, and other inscriptions, have been collected and studied, and the conclusions are of the most interesting character. These are stated by Mommsen, — himself one of the most active laborers in this work, — in a few brief and graphic chapters. The grand result is this:* — that the Latin language is not mixed,

* It will be seen that this is directly opposed to the theory of Newman, who maintains (Regal Rome, Chapters II. and IV.) that there was a large mixture of Keltic in the Latin language, derived as he thinks through the Sabine. While we do not pretend to such knowledge of the Keltic and the primitive Italian languages as might enable us to decide on their own merit between these views, we must

as Niebuhr supposed, but has all the characteristics of a pure language developed from its own resources and by its own laws (an *elder* brother, some suppose, of the Greek); that it is one branch — the most highly developed — of an Italian family, comprehending the Umbrian, Samnite, and various other branches; and that this Italian family is not descended from the Greek, but is related to it just as it is to the Teutonic, only more nearly. Mommsen says: "The Greek and the Italian are brothers, the Kelt and the Slave their cousins." And again: "If the Italian language stands independent by the side of the Greek, in the former the Latin dialect is related to the Umbro-Samnite, somewhat as the Ionic to the Doric, while the differences of the Oscan, Umbrian, and related dialects may be compared with those of Dorism in Sicily and in Sparta." This interesting discovery, made we believe by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, is as it were a key to Mommsen's work. "It is the history of Italy," says he, "which shall be related here, not the history of the city Rome." And his second book is devoted to showing how the different members of the Umbro-Sabellian family fell one after another before the Latin, until by the subjection of the Samnites the whole Italian race was united into one political body under the rule of Rome.

Mommsen appears throughout, as here, the representative of Italian nationality and independent development. "The incomprehensible opinion," says he, "that the Roman nation is a mixed people, exerts itself in various ways to represent the three great Italian races as component elements of the oldest Rome, and to transform the people that developed, as few others have done, its language, state, and religion, pure and without external influence, into a barren mixture (*wüstes Gerölle*) of Etruscan and Sabine, Hellenic and (*leider*) even Pelasgian elements." He reduces to the lowest possible estimate the influence exerted on the Romans by Etruria; but at the same time brings forward more prominently than is usual the part taken by the Greeks in the development

confess an attraction towards the grand simplicity of the German. At the same time, we are predisposed to accept the view which is almost universally held by German scholars.

of Rome. He shows how the law and the religion of the Romans were the growth of their own mind, and claims for their art a higher place than it has heretofore occupied. It was developed, he says, page 152, "not under Punic, but exclusively under Hellenic influence."

Into the various complicated questions of Roman antiquities our plan does not require us to enter. We will, however, notice one work, — Professor Rubino's,* — remarkable for its depth of thought and learning, and still more so for the severe logic with which it seeks to overthrow one of Niebuhr's fundamental and most cherished theories. Niebuhr held, as is well known, that the early constitution was really republican, the king being an elected chief magistrate with quite limited powers. Rubino argues, on the other hand, that it was strictly monarchical and absolute, the king the source of all power and all action. On this head it may be fairly conceded that the elder Romans had a deep reverence for authority, and that their kings had a very extensive and comparatively untrammelled power, as was demanded by the exigencies of a young state among powerful and unfriendly neighbors. As much as this, Rubino has clearly shown. It is none the less true, however, that the people, that is, the *populus*, the Patricians, are almost without exception represented by classical writers as the original source of power. As Mommsen says, "The oldest Roman constitution was to a certain extent the converse of the constitutional monarchy. As in this the king is considered as the possessor and bearer of the fulness of power (*Inhaber und Träger der Machtfülle*), and by consequence acts of grace go out from him, while the execution of the rights of the state is in the hands of the representatives of the people, so the body of the Roman people (*die römische Volksgemeinde*) was nearly what in England the king is, while all execution and administration belonged to its ruler (*Vorsteher*)."

* *Untersuchungen über römische Verfassung und Geschichte*, von J. Rubino, Professor in Marburg. Erster Theil (*Ueber den Entwickelungsgang der römischen Verfassung bis zum Höhepunkte der Republik*). Erster Band. Cassel J. C. Krieger's Verlags-Buchhandlung. 1839. 8vo. pp. 504. This work, which, notwithstanding its views are very generally rejected, took its place at once as a standard work, has never been continued beyond this *first volume of the first part*.

Rubino shows in his first chapter, "Of the Transferring (*Uebertragung*) of the Roman Magistracy," that office was conferred in all instances by a personal act (*creare, renunciatio*) on the part of a magistrate; that no magistrate could create an officer with higher powers than he himself possessed, nor could any but the highest magistrate (*consul, interrex, dictator*) create one with powers equal to his own; that without this *renunciatio* election by the people gave no power; that office thus conferred was sacred, and could never (in the flourishing period of the Republic) be taken away, — the first instance being that of Marcus Octavius, B. C. 133. There was therefore an analogy to ordination in the Roman and English churches, the officer receiving by this act a consecration (*Weihe*), which he could lose only by personal abdication. It will be seen that this is quite inconsistent with hereditary monarchy and divine right, as it has been understood in modern times. This consecration is not transferred by descent, but by a personal act of *renunciatio* on the part of the incumbent, based on the previously expressed will of the people, and at the death of the consecrated magistrate it of course expires. It is theocratic in its nature, resting on the will of the gods, which it was believed bestowed the consecration at first, and renewed it at every stage, by giving the possession of the auspices. Who then possessed the *auspicia maxima* when the consecration had expired through the death of the king or other chief magistrate? Rubino answers, that, when the consecration has expired in any individual chief magistrate, it must be renewed in some other individual (as *interrex*) by the patrician part of the Senate, since in this case the auspices, and the power of obtaining a fresh consecration from the gods, belong *for the moment* to this body.*

* We give his own words in the most important passage on this point (p. 86): "Wenn durch den Tod des Königs das Haupt, welchem die Auspicien angehörten, hinweggenommen war, dann wurde es als sicher angenommen, dass in der Mitte der patricischen Senatoren sich der befinde, welchem die Götter zunächst die Fortleitung ihrer Herrschaft über Rom übertragen würden, und daher hatte die Gesammtheit derselben, obgleich entblösst von aller Magistratswürde, oder wie der Kunstausdruck lautete, *privatim*, für diesen Moment und für ihn allein die Auspicien."

Thus far all is clear, and to the Romans, to whom this consecration was a real thing, true. But the thing proved is that the *patricians*, not the *king*, as Rubino assumes, were practically the source of power, and that the government was thus, not a monarchy, but an aristocratic republic. He continues his argument in the third chapter, and on the views there advanced as to the construction of the Senate and the origin of the patricians rests his whole theory. These views are, that the *patres* were in early as in later times identical with the Senators; that these were appointed by the king from a previously existing body of nobility, and that those thus set apart became the heads of the patrician *gentes*, the patricians being the descendants of the *patres*, and receiving their rank from the king through them. Now that the king appointed the Senators from his own free will may be granted as proved, but that the patricians were only the descendants of the Senators thus appointed is far from being made out. Rubino himself acknowledges that the Senators must have been selected from a body of nobles already existing; but what becomes of the rest of these nobles, perhaps equally wealthy, educated, and well-born, he nowhere tells us. We must suppose that they fell into the condition of clients, belonging as subordinates to the *gentes* of their patrons, and competent to rise themselves by a similar arbitrary appointment, or the dying out of an old *gens*, to the patrician rank. But it is very far from proving this to adduce half a dozen passages * in which Romulus is said to have appointed a hundred *patres*, meaning by these Senators, and three passages † where the *patricii* are called the descendants of these *patres*. Numberless instances may be brought up where *patres* does not mean the Senators, but the patricians.‡ And that a few antiquaries derived the word *patricius* from *pater*, as signifying descent, is a frail founda-

---

* Rubino, p. 185.

† Cicero de Rep. II. 12. Livy, I. 8. Dionysius, II. 8.

‡ One of the most striking is Livy, IV. 4. For other passages, as well as an able criticism of Rubino's theory, see Becker's *Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer*, II. 1. p. 140 and following.

tion for so important a theory. Dionysius* and Livy† themselves mention other derivations. Apart from the difficulty of believing that an arbitrary choice by the king could establish a body like the Roman patriciate, we must claim, in view of these facts, that only the assumption that the monarchy was founded by Romulus, the heir of Alba, the descendant of Æneas, Capys, and the gods themselves, and that on him the auspices descended from heaven, can add the link wanting to complete Rubino's argument. This is assumed by Bachofen in his sketch of the history of the constitution, and in his hands the theory gains in beauty and consistency. But Rubino has no belief in Romulus, and scarcely mentions his name. It is not proved, then, that the patricians were descended from Senators appointed arbitrarily by the king, and consequently it is not proved that the patrician body received its being from the king, the auspices, and the divine consecration from the gods through him. On the other hand, it is acknowledged that a body of nobility existed before the Senate was instituted, and that from this the Senate was appointed. Why is not this then the *patrician* body? It is acknowledged, too, that the patricians were practically the possessors of the auspices, and thus the medium through which the divine consecration was conferred, and that thus Rome was essentially an aristocracy, not an absolute monarchy.

For these reasons we do not hesitate to reject Rubino's theory, but at the same time would acknowledge our very great indebtedness to his discussions on the practical administration of the monarchy. They have been of essential aid to all subsequent writers. Particularly Bachofen, who wrote the chapter on the Law in his and Gerlach's History, has followed Rubino's theory in its principal points, looking at it, however, more from the Roman point of view as a real consecration received by Romulus, and holding Niebuhr's opinion as to the identity of *patres* and *patricii*. This is the finest chapter in the book, — rich and suggestive in thought, earnest in tone, eloquent in language; we can

---

* II. 8. † X. 8.

heartily recommend it, as indeed the whole volume, to those who desire merely a reproduction of the thoughts and opinions of the Romans themselves. Schwegler's work will be consulted by those who wish to study individual points. But to Mommsen's we would refer those who wish the pith and spirit of Roman history. With many of his views we cannot agree, but we are sure that no one can read his rich, thoughtful pages without gaining a truer and more living knowledge of early Rome.

ART. XI. — *The British Poets.* Edited by Professor CHILD, of Harvard University. *A Complete Collection, from Chaucer to Wordsworth.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853–1856.

Is there a word in our language more difficult of definition than *poetry?* To define it is not to say what poetry ought to be, but to determine the characteristics possessed in common by compositions which the world insists on calling poetical. The derivation of the word gives no clew to its meaning; for there are very many romances and prose fictions that display the highest grade of creative power, — nay, who can deny that Scott showed larger and more versatile ability, as a ποιητής, a maker, in Ivanhoe than in Marmion? But, on the other hand, mere rhythm does not make poetry; for we often read prose that is more rhythmical than verse sometimes is, while we withhold the name of poetry from the most euphonious versification, if made up of detail, burlesque, or doggerel. Artificial measures, resolvable into feet, do not constitute poetry; for the transfusion of the poetry of one language into the prose form of another does not make it prose to the reader's consciousness. No translation of the Hebrew Psalms has succeeded in stripping them of the poetic element; nor does the impossibility of determining the Hebrew metres, or even the denial that there were any, suggest a doubt as to the class of compositions to which those Psalms be-

long. For ourselves, we have no question that poetry is older than metre or intentional rhythm. Its sentiments are such as naturally seek for themselves a musical utterance; oral repetition probably wore the world's earliest poems smooth, and indented them with cæsuras and cadences; and when poetry and music, as they passed from infancy, discovered their twin-sisterhood, they chose thenceforward to show their consanguinity by wearing like apparel.

If we make a thorough generalization of what has been universally accepted as poetry, we shall find its sole characteristic — its logical *differentia* — to be this: a double purpose in the author, — the aim, not only to convey thought or sentiment, but to produce pleasurable emotions by the form in which it is conveyed. Prose derives its rhetorical merit from the singleness of its aim. Conciseness and perspicuity have for their mission, not the delight of the ear, but the prompt and full transfusion of the author's into the reader's mind. True eloquence craves not attention to its form or its subsidiary ideas; but its aim is to intensify the intellectual perception by means of vivid emotion. When the attention is arrested and diverted by the process of communication, the writer ceases to be eloquent, and is merely grandiloquent. But it is the essence of poetry to make the reader linger and loiter by the way, — to attract and charm him by the collocation of words, by the grouping of imagery, by accessories which demand his sympathy and admiration independently of the mental or moral impression to which they are auxiliary. Thus descriptive prose, no matter how ornate, has for its design the presentation of an actual scene just as it is to the inward sense; while descriptive poetry presents the scene wreathed and interpenetrated with adornings, which belong to it not in fact, but by the law of fitness and congeniality, yet which are to be associated with it and received as appertaining to it. In fine, prose is the fruit served for actual use, and considered as fruit alone; poetry is the flower-garland twined around it and hanging over it, in such combinations of grace and beauty that it shall attract the eye more strongly than the fruit woos the appetite.

The material of poetry, then, is the efflorescence of the life and culture of its author and its age. The epics, lyrics, and meditative verse of a people or a generation indicate what it possesses beyond — generally above, sometimes below — mere utility or convenience, — what appeals to its sense of beauty or of grandeur, its associations of wonder, awe, or æsthetic delight, — what breathes in its worship, rules in its loves, sparkles in its festivities. Poetry thus represents the interior history of its birthtime and its birthplace. The narrative of events is not the story of humanity. In negotiations, wars, and internal police, we discern more of the play of material forces, of providential necessities, than of heart and character. Or at best, we become conversant only with those portions of character that belong to the animal nature and the passions which it nurtures, — not with the intellectual cast or aim, with the sentiments that give tone to society, or with the order, discipline, and ethics of domestic life. But poetry unroofs to us the houses, lifts for us the curtains, and repeats the whispers, of ages long passed. It takes us to the bridal and the funeral, the love-making and the merry-making; it preserves the aroma of vanished amenities, courtesies, and joys; it rehearses the cradle-song and the harvest-hymn; it echoes vows plighted with the conscious stars for sole witnesses, and sighs that seemed to die on the air that gave them birth. Formal history is dramatic, and shows us not so much men, as actors who appear in their stage-dresses and with their studied parts; while poetry takes us behind the scenes, and enables us to see what manner of persons those were whose buskined tread and measured cadences have rung through the theatre.

We are fully aware that the historical office which we have indicated is very imperfectly performed by those who are poets *par eminence*, those of the highest inspiration. Had we only the epics and the few masterworks of an age or a people, we should know little of its life. But the historical importance of a versifier is often in the inverse ratio of his reputed poetical merit. Thus we learn immeasurably more of Roman homes, manners, customs, and morals through the extant epigrammatists, than by means of Virgil or even of

Horace. In fine, it matters little what character a poet or his works may bear, as tested by any intellectual, imaginative, rhythmical, or literary standard,—whatever has at any period been regarded as poetry is worth keeping and reading. The less it has of what we call poetry, the more genuinely must it have represented some phasis, or corresponded to some need, or reproduced some prevailing sentiment, of its times; and when we can discover in a once popular verse-wright no element that accounts to us for his fame, the very fact that he has for ever ceased to be a *vates*, shows that he was pre-eminently a *vates* (spokesman) for the men of his own day.

Probably in no language has poetry covered so wide a range of subjects, and with so great a diversity of style and metre, as in the English. This is not because the "faculty divine" has been more profusely bestowed on British soil than elsewhere; but because of stronger temptations to the practice of versifying than have beset any other people. The proportion of well-educated persons has been larger in England than in any European country, unless we except some of the states in which the intractable German is the vernacular. The traditional reverence for poetry makes every one, not utterly incapacitated for the endeavor, a candidate for its laurels, and at the same time emboldens charlatans to seek the prestige of verse for what would be too weak or too wicked not to be repudiated in prose. In our language verse-making is rendered peculiarly easy by the multitude of monosyllables which will admit of being treated equally as long and as short, by the readiness with which the ear admits of the interchanging of the iamb and the trochee, and by the very numerous pairs of words almost synonymous, yet of unlike quantitative habits, in the Saxon and Norman portions of our vocabulary respectively. Rhyme, too, if not so easy as in the Italian tongue, is made in the English with great facility, especially when the Rhyming Dictionary fills the office of the Muse. The consequence of all this is, that in the British Isles there is hardly a profession or trade, class or condition, philosophic creed or religious sect, science or art, lake or river, hill or dale, town or city, that has not had its laureates.

A collection of the British poets might be made on either of two principles. In the first place, an editor might confine his labors to those whose seat on Parnassus would be conceded by every vote. But, in so doing, he would be compelled to enter the lists, as regards the entire catalogue, with editors who have given their lifetime each to a single author; and he could hardly hope that his edition would be preferred to theirs. Indeed, the place of his volumes would be pre-occupied in every good library by favorite and costly issues already in the highest credit. The alternative course is to embrace in the collection whatever metrical compositions can claim the rank of classics, whether on the score of poetical merit, the position and character of their authors, or their descriptive or historical interest. Such a collection is virtually a complete history of Great Britain, embodying at once memorials of all great epochs and events, and contemporary records of else evanescent ideas, habits, modes of culture, forms of society, and conditions of feeling.

But the labor of editing such a collection is arduous, and demands a rare combination of knowledge, taste, and judgment. In every instance, the poet's personality is needed for the exposition of his works. And here the task is not simply that of collecting the extant materials for a biography. In almost every case, the poet's life has been written more than once, and often by different authors with conflicting statements of facts, and with a diversity of views as to the character of the man, and his motive and intent in authorship. It devolves on the editor to select the memoir which makes the nearest approach to truth and justice, and to connect with it a running commentary on the variations of rival biographies. Then, too, from Chaucer to the age of Queen Anne, (and more especially in the period that preceded the forging of that sheet-anchor of our language, King James's version of the Scriptures,) the English tongue was in a transition state, and words and phrases were already obsolescent when they came into use. Hence the necessity of patient and thorough glossarial labor, and of keen critical acumen; for the editor of the earlier poets must be also their lexicographer and interpreter. Moreover, English poetry is full of local and historical allu-

sions, often obscure and recondite, which can be traced out only by familiarity with contemporary annals and prose literature, and with minute details of geography, archæology, and personal history. A note of half a dozen lines, which clears up as with a flash of lightning the doubtful meaning of a stanza or a verse, may be the sole residuum of a long, circuitous, and baffling process of investigation.

All this must be taken into the account in estimating the value of the collection of the British poets now under review. Professor Child has given ample evidence, in every volume that has made its appearance, of his adaptation to the work in hand. To the taste and skill that are in great part the gift of nature, he has added that general conversance with the entire realm of literature, without which no just views can be taken of any one of its provinces. His specific preparation for the enterprise now under our notice was grounded in a singularly thorough knowledge and liberal comprehension of the sources, elements, history, and genius of the English language. And on each author he seems to have bestowed the most conscientious and faithful care, alike in determining the genuine text — often the most perplexing of all tasks — and in collecting the entire apparatus needed for its elucidation. Indeed, so careful and sound is his critical discrimination, and so affluent are his volumes in needful, and at the same time so sparing of needless, notes and accessory matter, that there are very few of the poets of whom, for our own reading, we should not prefer his edition to any other.

The only edition of the British Poets with which this can be brought into comparison is that of Alexander Chalmers, issued in 1810, in twenty-one volumes royal octavo. That edition closes with Cowper. It contains a large body of early, rare, and else inaccessible poetry, and therefore has a high antiquarian value; but it omits a very considerable portion of the best verse of the time which it professes to embrace, and its worth to the common reader is greatly diminished by the paucity of such historical illustrations and critical helps as the older poets need. It is now out of print. Less complete collections were made before, and have been made since, that of Chalmers; and, while Professor Child's

work has been in progress, there have been issued from several presses, both English and American, uniform editions of the principal and best known poets. Among these we would name the series published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., the successive volumes of which have been edited with signal taste and ability, by literary men of established reputation, while their mechanical execution corresponds to the editorial care bestowed upon them. From the Ballantyne press of Edinburgh, we also have, with the imprint of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., what we suppose to be a part (with American title-pages) of the Transatlantic issue of certain poets edited by Gilfillan, who has literary knowledge enough to enable him to shed light on other men's works, and so much crude erudition, as compared with his native capacity and resources, as to render him well-nigh the most insufferable of contemporary writers on the score of conceit and foppish pedantry. But we have no intimation or belief that these editions are intended to include any poets except those who have a prescriptive place in every library; while Professor Child has given us the entire or principal works of several authors, of whom only single pieces were previously within the easy reach of the American, or even the British public, and it is of course precisely these that have demanded and received the fullest share of his critical labor.

Chaucer being not yet issued, the oldest poet whose works have thus far been published in the edition under review is John Skelton, who was the Coryphæus of English verse in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., and in many aspects deserves notice as an historical and typical character. A priest by profession, and for several years rector of Dysse in Norfolk, he signalized himself equally by abuse of the Church and by a profligacy that disgraced it. So virulent were his invectives against his brother-clerks, and against the head of church and state, Cardinal Wolsey, that, had his life been pure, he might have had a place conceded to him among the *avant-couriers* of the Reformation. The most creditable thing related of him is that he had been secretly married to the mother of his children; and it is a sad comment on the licentiousness of the times, that he postponed till he was on

his death-bed the declaration of his marriage, because this would have incurred for him condign degradation and infamy, while for his supposed and reputedly more venial offence he suffered in his ecclesiastical anding only a brief suspension, under the sentence of a diocesan who seems to have been a much worse man than himself. Probably no author of that age reveals so much as he does of its actual condition as to manners and morals, of the corruption of the clergy and the venality of the court. He became even a mythical character, and his mad pranks were embodied, in exaggerated forms, in a series of "merie tales, very pleasant for the recreacion of minde," all of them grotesque, some of them too coarse to be transcribed. The following is one of the more decent.

"Skelton dyd keepe a musket at Dys, vpon the which he was complayned on to the bishop of Norwych. The byshoppe sent for Skelton. Skelton dyd take two capons, to geue theym for a presente to the byshop. And as soone as hee had saluted the byshopp, hee sayde, My lorde, here I haue brought you a couple of capons. The byshop was blynde, and sayde, Who bee you? I am Skelton, sayd Skelton. The byshop sayd, A hoare head! I will none of thy capons: thou keepest vnhappye rule in thy house, for the whyche thou shalt be punished. What, sayde Skelton, is the winde at that doore? and sayd, God be with you, my lorde! and Skelton with his capons went hys way. The byshop sent after Skelton to come agayne. Skelton sayde, What, shal I come agayne to speake wythe a madde man? At last hee retourned to the byshop, whyche sayde to hym, I would, sayd the byshop, that you shoulde not lyue suche a sclaunderouse lyfe, that all your parisshe shoulde not wonder & complaine on you as they dooe: I pray you amende, and hereafter lyue honestlye, that I heare no more suche woordes of you; and if you wyll tarye dynner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you, sayde the byshoppe, for your capons. Skelton sayde, My lord, my capons haue proper names; the one is named Alpha, the other is named Omega: my lorde, sayd Skelton, this capon is named Alpha, thys is the fyrst capon that I dyd euer geue to you; and this capon is named Omega, and this is the last capon that euer I wil giue you: & so fare you well, sayd Skelton." — Vol. I. pp. lxxvi, lxxvii.

Skelton gave name to the metre termed Skeltonical, which, if he was not its inventor, he was the first to employ in poems

of considerable length. It consists of verses of five or six, sometimes four syllables, with the stirring pulse of rhymes, sometimes single, sometimes double, now consecutive, now alternate, in couplets, triplets, or quatrains. We quote as a specimen the following, with the orthography modernized.

"TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

"Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no sadness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer-flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought,
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower."

A little later in the reign of Henry VIII. flourished Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, the gay courtier, the gallant soldier, and finally the victim of his royal master's incalculable caprice, like so many others, paying on the scaffold the usual price exacted of that monarch's favorites. His poetry has the double merit of a singular refinement and purity in diction, and (though much of his verse is amatory) of freedom from the offensive grossness of thought and imagery that had characterized his predecessors almost without exception. The following may be taken as not an unfair exhibition of the *naïveté* of sentiment and the smooth and harmonious rhythm that characterize the greater part of his poems.

"HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE, AND HOW THE AGE OF CHILDREN IS THE HAPPIEST, IF THEY HAD SKILL TO UNDERSTAND IT.

"Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear.
And every thought did shew so lively in mine eyes,
That now I sigh'd, and then I smiled, as cause of thought did rise.
I saw the little boy in thought how oft that he
Did wish of God to scape the rod, a tall young man to be.
The young man eke that feels his bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest.
The rich old man that sees his end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more.
Whereat full oft I smiled, to see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change degree.
And musing thus I think, the case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe, doth ever seek to change,
Thus thoughtful as I lay, I saw my wither'd skin,
How it doth shew my dented chews, the flesh was worn so thin.
And eke my toothless chaps, the gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak, do thus unto me say:
'Thy white and hoarish airs, the messengers of age,
That shew, like lines of true belief, that this life doth assuage;
Bid thee lay hand, and feel them hanging on thy chin;
The which do write two ages past, the third now coming in.
Hang up therefore the bit of thy young wanton time:
And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest life define.'
Whereat I sigh'd, and said: 'Farewell! my wonted joy;

Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me to every little boy;
And tell them thus from me; their time most happy is,
If, to their time, they reason had, to know the truth of this.'"
— pp. 65, 66.

Surrey's contemporary and friend, Sir Thomas Wyatt, has similar claims as a reformer equally in diction and in sentiment. A man of pure and noble character, uncontaminated by court favor, and probably saved from the scaffold, of which at one period he came into imminent peril, only by a malignant fever that terminated his life in his thirty-ninth year, he left no line which for his credit need have been erased. His verse is less polished and euphonious than Surrey's, but has more of nerve, greater compactness and energy. The following can hardly have been written with any other purpose than as a satire upon his sovereign.

"HE RULETH NOT THOUGH HE REIGN OVER REALMS, THAT IS SUBJECT TO HIS OWN LUSTS.

"If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will; and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of sensual bondage:
For though thine empire stretch to Indian sea,
And for thy fear trembleth the farthest Thulè,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou and no governor.
"If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning;
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made the noble in his working;
So that wretched no way may thou be,
Except foul lust and vice do conquer thee.
"All were it so thou had a flood of gold
Unto thy thirst, yet should it not suffice;
And though with Indian stones a thousand fold
More precious than can thyself devise,
Ycharged were thy back; thy covetise,
And busy biting yet should never let
Thy wretched life, ne do thy death profet." — p. 56.

To pass to a later date, among the poets now introduced

for the first time to our Cisatlantic public, we are inclined to attach a very high value to Donne, — a name familiarly known through his Life by Walton, who beheld in him at once the mirror of courtesy, the paragon of learning, and the perfection of sainthood. For his deserved credit on this latter count, we could wish that the American editor had omitted some half-dozen of the poems of his somewhat graceless youth, in which obscenity is unrelieved by any charm, whether for the ear or the soul; and in general, while we would not carry our fastidiousness to the extreme of prudery, we can discern no fitness in perpetuating productions which serve the sole purpose of revealing the vileness of their authors or the coarseness of their times. Donne's graver verse and his religious poems, which are the greater part of the whole, display much more of poetic feeling than of taste. They are deformed by pedantry, crowded with puerile conceits, and often, where they are almost faultless, are vitiated by the carrying out a metaphor to weariness, — by the working of a vein after the pure metal is exhausted. There is great ingenuity of conception and sweetness of thought, yet a lack of naturalness and simplicity, in the following

"HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music; as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And, what I must do then, think here before.

"Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my southwest discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

"I joy, that in these straits I see my west;
For though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

"Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
The Eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.

"We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

"So in his purple wrapped receive me, Lord,
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' souls I preached thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own, —
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down."
— pp. 213, 214.

In our apprehension, Donne's prose is more poetical than his verse. His sermons indeed are greatly lumbered up with Latin; he rejoices in subtile distinctions and digressions that lead no whither, and the merest puerilities are often thrust in upon the most serious and weighty trains of thought. But in prose these things can be literally *overlooked;* and the eye can easily run along from oasis to oasis, finding on almost every page some few things which either no one else has written, or none has written with equal point and beauty. Of all the earlier English divines, there is not one who drops pearls and diamonds from so full a hand. Is there in the whole compass of our sacred literature a more beautiful passage than this?

"If the dead, and we, be not upon one floor, nor under one story, yet we are under one roof. We think not a friend lost, because he is gone into another room, nor because he is gone into another land; and into another world, no man is gone; for that heaven, which God created, and this world, is all one world. If I had fixed a son in court, or married a daughter into a plentiful fortune, I were satisfied for that son and that daughter. Shall I not be so, when the King of Heaven hath taken that son to himself, and married himself to that daughter, for ever? . . . . . This is the faith that sustains me, when I lose by the death of others, or when I suffer by living in misery myself, That the dead, and we, are now all in one church, and at the resurrection shall be all in one choir."

Our space will not permit us to enter farther into the analysis of this edition. More than eighty volumes are already issued. The entire works of the most eminent authors are given, and copious and adequate selections from the rest. In future volumes justice will be done to all the distinguished names that yet remain. "Several volumes of fugitive and anonymous poetry will be added, besides what may be taken from the publications of Ritson, Percy, Ellis, Brydges, Park, &c., of the Percy Society, and other printing clubs. Particular care will be bestowed on Chaucer, and on the English and Scotch Ballad Poetry."

We have spoken of the labors of the editor. We cannot adequately express our grateful estimate of the generous enterprise of the publishers. In size and style the volumes are conformed to those models of typographical beauty, Pickering's Aldine Poets; and while they have no finical or superfluous ornament, for that very reason are they exemplars of the simple elegance which ought to characterize standard works,—such works as will have a place in every good library when the ephemeral tricks of typography designed for immediate effect will have grown obsolete and unsightly. True, the publishers are not without regard to a profitable reimbursement for their outlay. But this end could be more certainly secured with books of inferior worth and transient interest, and in undertakings of less scope and risk; and we are under large indebtedness to those who, as in this instance, connect with the ends of business the elevation of the general taste, and a liberal regard for the literary reputation of their community and their times.

In fine, we would sum up our estimate of this collection of the British Poets by pronouncing it, not only what it manifestly is, complete, accurate, and adapted to use beyond all comparison with any similar collection, but second to no American literary enterprise whatever, whether as regards the munificence of the publishers, editorial ability and faithfulness, or the honor reflected on a public whose ready demand and cordial appreciation it presupposed and has not found wanting.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Florence Betrayed, or the Last Days of the Republic.* Translated from the Italian of Massimo d'Azeglio, by a Lady. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1856. 12mo. pp. 529.

It is strange that the most noted work of the most variously gifted of living Italian scholars has waited so long for a translator. It is fifteen years since the announcement in Milan of a fresh historical romance by the son-in-law of Manzoni suggested anew the Scripture story of Elijah and Elisha. Already the heir of a noble name had gained notable triumphs on the field of art. His pictures, the fruit of patient study in the galleries of Rome, had been exhibited with high praise in the galleries of Turin and Paris, and D'Azeglio seemed likely to be for Italy what Lessing is for Germany and Vernét for France. His masterpiece, "The Beginning of the Sforzas," has been excelled by few historical pictures of this century. His acquaintance with Grossi and his relation to Manzoni, however, changed somewhat the direction of his ambition. He took up the pen instead of the pencil, and gave himself, in his sketches of the past of Italy, to the inspiring task of awakening and guiding the national spirit by examples from history. His first romance was received with immense enthusiasm, which was increased by the appearance of the work which we notice. Events hastened more rapidly than his hope. Five years later, the painter, the scholar, the novelist, the musician (for music, too, is one of D'Azeglio's accomplishments), appeared as a political writer, in a work which attracted wide regard, and was translated into several tongues. The tract on the "Recent Affairs of Rome" was followed by numerous other political papers, in which liberal views were advocated with great ability. At the breaking out of the war of 1848, the patriotic nobleman was found in the army of his native province, and was wounded severely in the battle of Vicenza. With the restoration of peace, his position as a statesman was assured. He became the virtual ruler of Sardinia, holding the office of President of the Council of Ministers, and in the late negotiations at Paris his name is classed with that of the English and Russian plenipotentiaries. There is no living statesman who has achieved fame in so many walks.

His most popular production is that which has just been given to American readers with a changed title. We cannot quite appreciate the translator's reasons for dropping the musical Italian names, "I Palleschi é I Piagnoni," and substituting the prosaic "Florence Betrayed."

The sale of a book depends more upon the name of its author than upon its title, and an obscure title is often a help, rather than an injury. The translation is, on the whole, extremely well done, into good idiomatic English. The Italian exclamations have been very successfully rendered by English equivalents, and the temptation to use words of Latin derivation, which sorely besets one who translates Spanish or Italian, has been quite avoided. The translation is fully as good as that of the "Promessi Sposi." It has evidently been prepared with great care and with conscientious fidelity. We can only regret that it has not been enriched by more notes of explanation, which to an American reader are very necessary, and by a map of Florence and its environs, which would exhibit to the eye the movements of the parties which the story so minutely describes.

The romance itself is a work of extraordinary power, both in the painting of scenes and in the drawing of character. Its subject is the last fruitless struggle of the "Beautiful" city to maintain its liberties against Papal cunning and Imperial rapacity. Though the time is that fatal year 1529 – 30, the author skilfully manages, in the person of old Niccolo da Lapi, to bind to the story the earlier heroic times of Cosmo, Lorenzo, and Savonarola, and gathers up in the life of this gray-haired patriot the glory of all the former days. The story begins at the last act of a splendid drama, of which it is the tragic consummation. And it holds, too, the secret burden of prophecy, showing in every part that the author believes in a future for Italy, and means to keep in the memory of his countrymen the prayers and the predictions of their ancient patriots and prophets. It has so much of this prophetic spirit, that under the present *régime* it would be impossible to circulate it beyond the Sardinian states.

Every variety of Florentine life in the sixteenth century is described. We have the selfish and dissolute nobleman, the avaricious official, the wealthy merchant, the poor mechanic, the peasant, and the outcast; the monk of "San Marco," the great general, and the reckless adventurer; a wedding and a funeral; a battle on land and a battle at sea, a night attack, and a popular outbreak; home and camp; palace and prison; street and cloister, — all brought before us in distinct and lifelike pictures. The avenues, the squares, the churches, the gates, of Florence; the hills and villas and ravines around it; the mists of the autumn evening and the warm sun of midday, — all that gives enchantment to that fascinating region the author has marked and remembered. While the description has the charm of poetry, it has the severe fidelity of history. The characters are real characters, and the interest of the narrative is quite as much historical as romantic. Unlike some of their French

and English contemporaries, the Italian writers of romance leave upon our minds a profound conviction that they give the truth of history. The brilliant feuilletons of M. Dumas and the ponderous delineations of Mr. James have added very little to correct knowledge of France and its people in the middle centuries. But an American reader may get from "The Betrothed" and from "Florence Betrayed" a more exact idea of Italian life and manners than he will derive from any other source.

---

2. — *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.* By Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army. With an Introduction by Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 492.

If a novel subject, a graceful style, graphic descriptions of scenery, faithful delineations of life and manners, adorned by various learning and infused with refined humor, can give merit and attractiveness to a volume of travels, the volume before us will be entitled to the highest rank. Its subject is not only novel, but unique. But one traveller within the memory of the living has anticipated Lieutenant Burton in a narrative of pilgrimage to the holy cities of Islam; and the work of Burckhardt, published forty years ago, has long been out of print, and is found in few libraries. Mr. Burton's account is substantially the first, as it is certainly the best, account of the Hejaz and its cities that has appeared in an English dress. It does for Arabia what Dr. Barth's book does for the interior of Africa, and Huc's book for Thibet and China, — opens to our familiar knowledge a prohibited region. After reading this narrative, we seem to be as well acquainted with the Moslem Canaan as with that Jewish and Christian Sacred Land which dozens of new itineraries annually illustrate. There seems to be nothing omitted in the story, nothing left for future travellers to tell.

Only a successful issue could justify such a daring adventure as this which Mr. Burton relates. For a Christian to assume a Moslem disguise, and to pass himself off as a believer in the Prophet, is as difficult as for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots. Not one man in a myriad would be equal to such an elaborate and complicated stratagem. The deception must be all but a change of nature. Dress, language, posture, movement, temperament, tastes, must all be altered. The method of walking, of drinking, of talking and listening,

of performing the simplest offices, must be carefully attended to. A slight mistake in returning a salutation might destroy the whole scheme. A blunder in some religious prostration might spoil the disguise. The chances against success were a thousand to one. And in case of discovery, the chances of instant death were almost in the same proportion. It was an immense risk for any man to run, requiring an ingenuity, a patience, a fertility of invention, and an abundance of resources, which very few men in the world are fortunate enough to possess.

Mr. Burton is one of those few. His habits, his associations, his physical peculiarities, and his rare ability, gave him a presumption of success. He had lived long enough in India to acquire the knowledge of several Oriental tongues, Arabic with the rest, and to learn the religious doctrines and legends of that land. He had travelled enough to submit to disasters, to bear fatigues, and to be ready for emergencies. His voyage to Egypt in an Oriental dress had proved that he was enough of a Persian to baffle the scrutiny of brother Englishmen; and before he left Cairo with the train of "Haji" he had established a good believer's character. The narrative of this process of making an orthodox Moslem out of a cunning English officer is very entertaining. It will not, however, entice many to a similar experiment. The probation is worse than a conventual novitiate. Life in the "Wakálah," and duty in the mosque, are a trifle worse than the hardest Carmelite austerities. The ardor for pilgrimage will be dampened by the preliminaries at Alexandria and Cairo. And the imitator of Mr. Burton, detected at El Ashar in some false quantity or some infidel gesture, will curse his hard luck, tear off his borrowed robes, and take a donkey to "Shepherd's," hiding there his mortification in a cloud of Latakia with a glass of English ale. Mr. Burton himself advises against the expedition which he by a lucky chance carried through. Yet we have no doubt that his book will set many enthusiasts on the route for Meccah, just as every narrative of whaling or discovery sends boys to sea.

So complete was Mr. Burton's disguise, that he was only once suspected of being an impostor, and then his wit instantly silenced the suspicion. A harder ordeal never man had to pass. The trial of a voyage down the Red Sea without chart or compass in that wretched shallop, with those piles of filthy and villanous fanatics, crowding, fighting, swearing, must have been appalling in the last degree. The comforts of a residence at Shaykh Hamed's house at El Medinah were balanced by the constant danger of detection. Hard fare was safer than good living. But Mr. Burton went through it all, saw everything, joined in everything, performed all the pious and some of the profane

work, and has made such a statement of it as no future adventurer will surpass. Mr. Taylor says that "we could have desired more ample pictures of the scenery through which he passed." We submit that Mr. Taylor in none of his travels has given more truthful pictures of scenery than those of this volume. The fancy of an imaginative writer sometimes "amplifies." Mr. Burton states facts and realities as he *saw* them, not as he imagined them.

Even where he treats of topics which other writers have treated, his superior observation and skill are manifest. No writer has described Cairo so faithfully. No writer has given such a daguerreotype of desert life. The chapter on the "Bedouins of El Hejaz" is a masterpiece of acute and original remark. The picture of the caravan on its march is a splendid piece of word-painting. The erudition of the notes, which draw us somewhat too frequently off from the text, is most curious and copious. And throughout the volume there is a tone of honesty and candor, and a spirit of scientific enthusiasm, which make us forget that it is a story of trickery and fraud.

We ought to add, that the American reprint is elegantly executed.

---

3. — *A Threefold Test of Modern Spiritualism.* By WILLIAM R. GORDON, D. D. New York: C. Scribner. 1856. 12mo. pp. 408.

DR. GORDON'S book is earnest in its spirit, ingenious in its argument, and clear in its style. Its literary faults are those of too frequent repetition and the multiplication of needless details. It might be abridged one half, without injury to its logic, and much to the comfort of its readers. We go for the homœopathic practice in "spiritual" matters, and dread, above all things, large doses of "spiritual" bitters. Dr. Gordon has sinned in this regard, though his purpose is benevolent. He has treated us to more nonsense than an ordinary digestion can bear; and many, before they have finished his first test, will throw down the book in satiety of disgust.

Dr. Gordon's theory of the heterogeneous phenomena which are raked and piled together under the general name of "spiritualism," is that they are caused, barring a respectable share of imposture, by *real spirits*, genuine, disembodied, intelligent agents; and so far he agrees with Messrs. Hare, Edmonds, Tallmadge, and the host of minor apostles of the new gospel. But he takes deadly issue with these gentlemen in affirming those spirits to be *demons*, imps of Satan, inveterate liars, malignant fiends. He is not the first who has

broached this theory. It has been ably maintained by several Swedenborgian writers. But his book, we believe, is the first elaborate work which has taken this view. His reasons for adopting it appear to us insufficient. His conclusion (if conclusion that can be called which seems to have been reached before the facts were examined) is far too hasty, and no just heed is given to theories already promulgated. In this respect, the work of Dr. Mahan is to be much more highly commended. We cannot resist the impression that Dr. Gordon's Biblical prejudices suggested his theory, and that he is rather pleased to verify by modern facts the literal stories of demons and their work which are contained in the Jewish Scriptures. Having accepted this theory, Dr. Gordon, like a sound divine, proceeds to give the Devil his due, and to belabor him most unmercifully with all the weapons he can bring to bear. The three tests which he applies are, first, *his own experience;* second, the character of the communications; and third, the relation of these communications to the Bible. The results of the first test he gives us in an account of fifteen "sittings," with their questions mentally asked and the answers rapped out. These sittings must have been dismally tedious, and the sum total of their scientific and religious value bears a small proportion to their pecuniary outlay. The Yankee instinct, which craves always an equivalent for money spent, is sorely tried in spiritual inquiries, — not to mention the incidental annoyances of bad grammar and bad spelling. Dr. Gordon is entitled to honorable mention among patient men. He is fit to join an African voyage of discovery. An ordinary investigator would have broken down at the third sitting, and dismissed the whole thing as a humbug.

Dr. Gordon's second test, the nature of the communications, is very satisfactory as proving a negative. He shows beyond all question that it is morally impossible for good spirits, wise spirits, spirits having any claim to respectability, to utter the inane drivel which makes the staple of the most dignified communications. We have dipped extensively, in the few past years, into the records of these wonderful utterances, in the hope of finding something worth preserving; but the search has been like the search for Captain Kidd's treasure. Any single specimen is bad enough, but the mass is monstrous. The offence is rank and universal, — an offence against rhetoric, logic, syntax, and orthography, not less than against history, common sense, reverence, and decency. If it be heaven where these spirits dwell, such a heaven would be no better than a Bedlam of fools. We regret that we cannot say of Dr. Gordon's facts that they prove his affirmative, since it were very desirable to acquit all human and earthly agencies of any share in such

rigmarole. It is sadly true that the brains of men are adequate to its production, and that equal offences are perpetrated by the new school of poets, orators, and philosophers in their normal and uninspired condition. The devils have enough to bear without this heavy load. "Nec *dæmon* intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus."

The third test, the Bible, is applied quite skilfully to show that the utterances of modern mediums differ from those of the sacred oracles as Satan differs from God, and that they are identical with those which Scripture condemns as emanating from the Devil. There is a leaven of Scripture language in the outpourings of the "spirits," but it is vilely used, and floats on a weak flood of tasteless metaphor. So far as they are critics, they are rationalists, and seek to weaken the authority of the Bible, to throw doubt upon the miracles of Jesus, and to invalidate his superhuman holiness. The cautions and appeals of Dr. Gordon to Christians are honest and timely. It is certain that no Christian will be assisted in his faith by this help, and there is danger that many may lose intelligent belief, bewildered by its pretentious rhapsodies. Spiritualism is rapidly peopling our insane hospitals, while it adds none to the number of active Christians.

Our own view of the causes of these phenomena was expressed at length in a former number of this journal. Additional facts have only confirmed that opinion, and we are persuaded that, if not the true view, it is at least an approximation to the true view,— in the direction of the truth. As a branch of science, spiritualism is more strange than profitable, and morally, it is worse than useless.

4.— *The Poetry of the East.* By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, and Hall. 16mo. pp. 288.

Mr. Alger has essayed in this volume a difficult task. To preserve the characteristics of Oriental verse, its luxuriant imagery, its epigrammatic humor, its dreamy languor, even in a direct version, is almost impossible. Much more is the attempt bold, when the version is indirect, a translation of a translation, and the writer has to learn through a Western tongue the spirit of Eastern thought and the flow of Eastern melody. It is higher success to succeed with such a disadvantage. We have not been able to compare the translations with their German originals, and so cannot vouch for their fidelity; but we are able to pronounce the volume, as a volume of English verse, to be very attractive and charming. It has the flavor of the East on all its

pages. We have legend and apologue, proverb and riddle, mysticism and shrewdness, faith-songs, love-songs, and wine-songs, mingled in due proportions, and in delicious variety. It is natural that an enthusiast in Oriental studies should see beauties in what may seem commonplaces to an untrained reader, and some of the selections which Mr. Alger has made will perhaps be passed as hardly worthy of their place. But enough will remain to justify most fully the publication of the volume. It is the kind of book which one wants to have at hand for leisure moments, to occupy indolent seasons, — to start reverie, or to suggest musings. The volume, moreover, will have practical value as a storehouse of poetical quotations. It is very convenient to have such a storehouse to draw from, instead of hunting through the Cyclopædias for suitable couplets. He deserves our thanks, who can make Eastern thought and sentiment accessible in so compact a form. What most readers of the volume, however, will regard as its best part, is the historical Introduction, of ninety pages, in which Mr. Alger has given an admirable account of the various literature of the Eastern nations, with specimens of the great writers of India, Arabia, and Persia, and the characteristics of their poetry. This Introduction affords proof at once of the acuteness and the extent of his studies, and is a fair example of his ornate and glowing style; better, we think, than the translations, where the trammels of rhyme and rhythm seem at times to hamper his freedom. The fault that we have to find with his prose is that it is too poetical. Consistency with the theme, indeed, requires a metaphorical diction, and this is never so redundant as to obscure the writer's meaning. We know not where else to find in English so instructive a discourse in so short a compass, on this obscure subject. Especially remarkable is the luscious description of Persian lyric poetry, and the careful criticism of the Súfite sentimental mysticism. "The Súfi's brain," says Mr. Alger, "is a magazine of transcendent mysteries and prodigious conceits, his faith an ocean of dusky bliss, his illuminated tenderness a beacon of the Infinite Light."

Mr. Alger in this volume has opened a new vein which he can mine with profit, and which we trust he will continue to work. He has won already an honorable name as a scholar, and we are glad to expect by and by from his pen an elaborate treatise of religious science. This volume is the lighter fruit of his researches. May we have more as pleasant, and in a setting as exquisite as the beautiful paper and type in which the publishers have clothed the fragments which we have imperfectly noticed.

5. — BLAIR'S *Chronological Tables, Revised and Enlarged, comprehending the Chronology and History of the World from the Earliest Times, to the Russian Treaty of Peace, April*, 1856. By J. WILLOUGHBY ROSSE. London: H. G. Bohn. 1856. 12mo. pp. 785.

IT is somewhat more than a century since the first edition of Blair's Chronological Tables appeared. The history of the world from the creation down to the year 1753 was delineated in a series of fifty-six catalogues, four being devoted to the ages before the first Olympiad, and one to each half-century subsequent to that epoch. The ability and thoroughness of the work gave to its author a fame hardly less than that which others of his name achieved in that century in the walks of science and letters. He was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society of London, and furnished with honorable charges near members of the royal family. A second edition was published in 1768, enlarged by fourteen charts; and after the death of the author, several revised editions appeared. The latest, we believe, was issued in 1815. These editions were in folio, too ponderous and inconvenient for general use. They were, moreover, not free from important errors, which later researches have exposed.

The present edition, retaining the name and the general method of Blair, is in other respects a new work. While its materials are increased, its dimensions are reduced, and its size is but little more than that of a pocket manual. The credit of its preparation is about equally divided between the compiler, Mr. J. Willoughby Rosse, and the publisher, Mr. Henry G. Bohn. The verification of the immense mass of facts has been made by the former, and the novelties in the arrangement are the invention of the latter. The sources of information concerning facts, particularly in modern history, are much more numerous now than they were in the last century, particularly to a Scotch writer. In France and Germany "Chronology" has been ranked and treated as a science; and the helps of foreign writers, while they have increased Mr. Rosse's labor, have assisted him to be accurate. So far as we have examined the work, we have discovered no error, either of fact or typography, which is not corrected in the table of errata. The work is brought down to April of the last year. Of course, many things, in such a compilation, must be omitted, and an American will look in vain for numerous events in the history of his own country which are vastly more significant than many that are catalogued from English annals. We read of the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, but nothing of the outrages in Kansas; of the death of obscure earls

and gentlemen, but not a word of some of the most eminent citizens of our republic. It is not, however, worth while to quarrel with a good thing, because there is not more of it. The Index, which is necessary to the completeness and comfortable use of the work, is soon to follow, in a separate volume.

---

6. — *Charicles. A Dramatic Poem.* By the Author of "Lyteria." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 106.

The same purity of style, chasteness of imagery, and graceful flow of rhythm, which we had occasion to notice and praise in "Lyteria," are conspicuous in this second effort of a young author. The classic model is again successfully imitated, and the classic spirit finely caught. The verse is elaborately finished, and the story, short and simple, is most skilfully wrought into dramatic form. If we take any exception to the poem, it is in the choice of the subject. There is nothing attractive in the last hours of such a capricious and sensual tyrant as the third Cæsar, and even the contrast of such a noble character as that of Charicles cannot reconcile us to so revolting a conception. We say *conception*, not *spectacle*, — for the poem itself softens the hideousness of the scene which it suggests, and relieves the imagination by passages of placid beauty and sober thought. Yet we cannot help thinking that many events of Roman history might have answered the moral purpose of the writer better than the death of Tiberius.

The action of the poem is finished in a single night. The scene is before the villa of Lucullus on the Bay of Naples. The characters are only six, and so far as the end of the drama is concerned, only four, Charicles, Tiberius, Caligula, and Ennia. The division into three "Acts" is a departure from strict unity of form, but is no practical hinderance to the effect. The story of fate and retribution goes on with unbroken steadiness, and with the grave dignity of a tragedy of Sophocles. The characters are distinctly drawn, with dramatic consistency, if not with historic accuracy in all particulars. Perhaps Charicles is too much of a Christian for a Pagan in the early days of the Empire. His style of manhood is not one to be created by Stoic maxims, and is rarely found in the annals of Rome. But it is more noble than the manhood of Cato or Brutus, and we may commend the artistic sense which made it the foil to a despot's impotent madness and a usurper's hot eagerness for power.

We can make but a single extract to justify our praise of the poem, though it abounds, not less than Lyteria, in passages of eloquent reflec-

tion. Few poems of such a length and such a kind give us more to quote than these little works of Mr. Quincy. May his next adventure be bolder, and on a larger field.

> "Strength to conceive the thing we may not gain
> Shall bless or curse us, at our proper choice.
> To strive for good, — not to abide in good,
> Is destiny most noble. We are palled
> In our vexed youth to find the thing we love
> Melt from our grasp; — then, waking, we perceive
> That the hot hope that struggled in the mind
> Repelled the sober blessing nature pours
> Most tenderly on all. Bosomed in peace,
> We prison our own souls, and torture them
> With petty toys Fate dances in the air,
> Which, touched, must fade and turn to bitterness." — pp. 54, 55.

---

7. — *Brazil and La Plata. The Personal Record of a Cruise.* By C. S. Stewart, A. M., U. S. N. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1856. 12mo. pp. 428.

Mr. Stewart gives on the title-page the names of various other books of travel of which he is the author. His future fame will rest upon them rather than on the volume before us. Long before reaching the end of this cruise of four hundred pages, the impatient reader will ask why it was necessary to publish such a series of monotonous descriptions and tiresome experiences. These letters and journals were no doubt very interesting to the writer's family and friends; but the great public is less concerned to know of Mr. Stewart's antecedents, acquaintances, and emotions, than to get valuable information concerning the countries that he visited, — which, we are compelled to say, his book does not abound in. Brazil is a large country, and is not to be comprised in the story of walks and rides in the neighborhood of Rio Janeiro and Desterro, or of visits to the house of "my friend" Mr. A. or Mr. B., or of marriages at which it was Mr. Stewart's privilege frequently to officiate. The wars of Rosas and Urquiza, though very exciting to an eyewitness, do not exhaust all that may be said about the region which the La Plata waters. Our author's narrative is only that of a constant going to and fro along the short coast from Rio to Buenos Ayres, for a term of some two and a half years, — varied by very few remarkable incidents. It seems to have been written rather to while away the time, than because he had anything in particular to tell.

Mr. Stewart's style is correct and flowing, without picturesqueness or graphic force. It describes, but does not paint. In taste it is unexceptionable, yet it lacks the quality which makes narratives of travel fascinating. The poetical quotations are not always in place, and the conversation introduced is sometimes too professional.

---

8. — *A Physician's Vacation; or a Summer in Europe.* By WALTER CHANNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 12mo. pp. 564.

THIS is, in several respects, a remarkable book of travels. Covering only four months of time, it goes over ground that would have been to most travellers a year's journey. Avoiding many of the common topics of tourists, it is redundant in its details, and contains information on an amazing variety of themes. Though there are constant digressions and disquisitions, the narrative is interesting from beginning to end. The style and the views are alike original. There are no criticisms borrowed from guide-books, and no second-hand observations; but the author is responsible for all the opinions, as he is for the spirited and peculiar rhetoric. He is not trammelled by any artificial rules. He says just what he thinks, and in the way that comes most natural. The result is a book which would distress Blair and Murray, but which amuses and instructs a reader far more than most "Travels."

Dr. Channing visited England, travelled in Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, and Spain, and finished his tour by a few days in Scotland. He did not, in these countries, "see everything," but what he saw, he saw accurately, and to some profit. The manners, dress, customs, condition of the common people, the houses, the markets, the roads, the public conveyances, the sanitary and police arrangements, hospitals, hotels, the tillage and trade, the most striking features of the landscape, — these common things he describes with a fidelity and an enthusiasm which are very charming. His pictures are all off-hand sketches, but they are reliable.

We are obliged, however, to mention and to regret that a book so fresh and honest, and so full of useful matter, was not revised with due care before publication. We cannot believe that a learned Professor is willing to have such a jerking, broken, and fantastic rhetoric pass as a specimen of good English style. It is barely tolerable in familiar private letters; but it gives to a published book rather too strong a flavor of gossip, and has a slight hint of defiance to public opinion and taste. Not to mention graver faults, the carelessness in the use of com-

mon words is very annoying. Why, for instance, should "St. Gotthard" be repeatedly written "St. Goatherd," and "Styria" be changed to "Stiria," and "gesticulation" to "jesticulation," and "monstrous" to "mounstrous," and "Alexandrine" to "Alexandrian"? Such blunders are more than slips of the compositor. Why write the Orleans palace "Palais Royale," oblivious of gender, and the civic palace of Paris "Hotel D'Ville," oblivious of proper elision? Why call St. Giles of Germany "St. Gilden," instead of "St. Gilgen," — the name by which all know him? This carelessness of style leads sometimes to obscurity of statement. When it is said, "Breakfast was for seven," was it meant for *seven persons*, or at *seven o'clock?* And it causes frequent repetitions of the same statement. We are told the same thing two or three times over, and almost in the same words. Sometimes the mistakes, though trifling, are extraordinary, as where the Dresden Madonna of Raphael is said to be "*five hundred years*" old; and the "*Meerschaum*," "a great heavy thing," to be the universal pipe of Germany; and *Ravenna* to have been encroached upon by the "Mediterranean." These slight defects might easily have been remedied by a proper supervision. Some portions of the book, indeed, seem to have been especially prepared for it, and not to have belonged to the original journal. The dissertations upon American affairs are very well written.

But it is ungracious to find fault with what is so sincere, and has given us so much pleasure. This fruit of a short summer vacation is not on the whole unworthy of the long and honorable professional fame of its author.

---

9. — *The History of Manchester, formerly Derryfield, in New Hampshire, including that of Ancient Amoskeag, or the Middle Merrimack Valley.* By C. E. Potter, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Manchester: C. E. Potter. 1856. pp. 764.

The volume before us is one of extraordinary interest. Although not faultless in a literary aspect, yet the scope of the work is so broad, and the research so extensive, that we have read the whole with unusual satisfaction. The growth of that new city of the Merrimack at the Amoskeag Falls has been so rapid, that the main body of the history has been devoted to the old town of Derryfield, and to the great Indian settlement, where Passaconnaway lived and John Eliot preached. Judge Potter has begun, not, Knickerbocker-like, with the creation of the world, but only back at the year 1000, with the North-

men's discovery of America; he has given us a long chapter upon the various early settlements, for some reason which we cannot discover; but when he at length arrives at the Indian settlements in the Merrimack valley, he narrates the lives of the Sagamores with rare fluency, recounts the habits of the aborigines with evident relish, and delights the reader with much curious lore relating to the corruption of Indian names, and the spots which the savages loved to frequent. He is a firm believer in the Indian character, and of the tribes of the Merrimack valley he has established this general truth, — that they *never* dealt severely with the whites except in retaliation for injustice and insult to themselves.

The readers of our national history will find much that will interest them in this volume. A full account of Stark, the gallant chieftain of the Revolution, is given, and the whole part which New Hampshire took in that war is recounted with a pleasing fulness. There is very little of distinctive interest to the citizen of Manchester, except the closing chapters. Judge Potter has devoted his life to the study of Indian antiquities; a more complete and authentic account of the great Passaconnaway and his successors is nowhere to be found, and all who are interested in the early inhabitants of the Merrimack valley will find in his work much that is new and entertaining.

---

10. — *Studies in the Field and Forest.* By Wilson Flagg. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 330.

Writers for magazines and reviews are apt to persuade themselves that the world will be glad to give their productions a second reading when presented in a readable shape. The world and the writer may not always be agreed on this point, and it is more than an even chance that it all ends in cumbering the shelves of the publisher with an unsalable book. We believe, however, that the present is one of the exceptional cases, and that the public will be grateful to Mr. Flagg for this collection of his delightful papers, which are worthy of a wider circulation than they received in the journals that first contained them.

They are precisely what they purport to be, — studies in the field and forest, not in the closet. Though perfectly correct in all the science of his subject, yet the writer's materials are drawn, not from books, but from personal observations frequently and carefully made, with the eye of an artist as well as of a naturalist, and a heart open to all the refining and elevating influences of nature. The trees, the flowers, the birds, are to him not merely so many different species having each a name and

place in a scientific classification, but old and cherished acquaintances, endeared to him by long familiarity with their forms, and by a host of pleasing associations. His descriptions possess a charm unknown to those of the mere naturalist or the casual observer, because they are not a dry enumeration of particulars, nor a collection of vague, indefinite impressions, but pictures from life, whose originals any one may see for himself. He discerns beauty and grace and fitness in every arrangement, and though he probably never handled a brush in his life, yet his æsthetic views are those of the true artist who has studied in the same school. He is fond of regarding nature in its subjective aspects, and every phenomenon furnishes some new proof of its exquisite adaptation to the wants of the human soul. He philosophizes with a clearness of conception and a simplicity of expression not very like the inexplicable utterances that characterize much of what passes under the name of philosophy at the present time. All his moods are eminently healthy, and the weary, jaded spirit will find repose in his cheerful pages. His language is singularly correct and pure, and his style is marked by a certain elegant simplicity, peculiarly pleasing in sketches of this kind. His descriptions glow with the freshness of morning, and call up the very field and forest in which one has loved to ramble, filled with those objects which ought to be as familiar to every mind as household words.

Those who read for the sake of a sensation will think but lightly of Mr. Flagg's book; but we doubt not that, among those whose sympathies with nature have not been utterly overlaid by the cares and allurements of the world, it will find many a grateful and admiring reader.

---

11. — *Plays and Poems.* By GEORGE H. BOKER. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856.

THE frank admission that we have hitherto boasted of no very decided success in the department of the drama reflects no peculiar discredit upon American letters. During the period in which we have had anything like a national literature, the same remark will hold good of that of England. The reason appears to be identical in both cases, — that the spread of information among the people at large has rendered the drama, and its elder sister, the ballad, no longer necessary as a means of popular instruction. Political novels, historical romances, moral tales, and sketches of society in every form, throng daily from the press; and he who, two centuries ago, would have repaired to the Globe or the Rose, "the Cocke-pit, or the Red-Bull in St. Johns

Streete," to obtain a pleasure none the less enjoyed because not purely intellectual, now sits quietly down at home to the perusal of the freshest farrago of truth or falsehood that recommends itself to his mental palate. But the relish for dramatic compositions has not therefore died away; nor is it probable that it ever will. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that, in the progress of civilization and refinement, the stage will regain a power that in these days it hardly dreams of. And when there occasionally appears among the crowd a man of genius, whose bent of mind is plainly of a nature which delights in that peculiar combination of causes and effects which gives their whole character to ballads and to the drama, he is sure to be listened to with interest, and rewarded with approbation. In our own day, such writers as Dean Milman and Mr. Boker, the authors of Fazio and of Calaynos, exemplify the truth of this remark. In alluding to the recent appearance of an edition of the collected works of Mr. Boker, however, we do not design to enter here into an extended criticism of their merits. In a separate form, they have been long before the public, and have been greeted with a reception not unworthy of their real worth. When the voice of audiences on both sides of the ocean is found to be in perfect accordance with the more measured language of critical observation, we may well conclude that the subject of their applause is of no ignoble nature. The plays of Calaynos, of The Betrothal, and, above all, of Francesca da Rimini, are productions calculated to reflect credit not only upon the literature of any land, but upon the public taste which has pronounced so decisively in their favor. Nor are the minor poems in these volumes of less merit. The ballad of Sir John Franklin, written in the true vein of the art, and on a theme whose interest is confined to no latitude or clime, will continue to find admirers wherever its tongue is known; and in several other of his poetical pieces, particularly in the series of sonnets, Mr. Boker has displayed powers of a very high order. We trust that he will not depend for all his laurels upon the success of these handsome volumes. The American public has a right to demand, of one who manifestly has the necessary faculties, a still further exhibition of skill in an art in which an approach to perfection is vouchsafed to so very few.

---

12. — *Notes on the Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches.* By Francis Wayland. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856.

It is pleasant to think of this ripe scholar and able teacher, now that he has withdrawn from his position at the head of one of our principal

colleges, giving himself to the work of instructing and benefiting a yet larger number of pupils, through the press. We hail this book as the first-fruits of the leisure consequent upon President Wayland's retirement, to which we trust many volumes may yet be added. His name is a sufficient guaranty, whatever the theme, that what is written is worthy of being read.

The title of the present work is unpretending, as we should anticipate it would be, if the author selected it. But there is a special reason for this title in the origin of the work, as explained in the brief Preface. It is but the bringing together into a permanent form of a series of articles which were written for "The Examiner," a weekly religious paper published in the city of New York. The title under which the articles originally appeared has been retained for the book.

The first and larger portion of the work has a special adaptation to the denomination of which the author is so bright an ornament, and for whom especially he writes. It is an attempt to recall his brethren to "principles and practices" of their fathers, from which, in his opinion, they have departed to their hurt; and throughout the volume he wishes to be considered as a Baptist writing for Baptists. But the last ten or twelve chapters are on topics in which the Christian reader of every denomination, and especially the Christian minister, may find interest and profit. The closing chapters are devoted to hints and practical suggestions on preaching, designed for those who have entered or are entering the ministry without the advantages of the schools, but which could hardly fail to be read with profit by any clergyman, whatever his culture. We do not remember to have met anywhere, in the same space, with so much practical wisdom on sermon-making, on the delivery of sermons, and on the manners of the pulpit, as is condensed into the last fifty pages of this book. In the following quotations are suggestions which, if thoughtfully regarded and acted upon, would do much to drive drowsiness from the pews.

"The vice of preaching at present, in most of our pulpits, is that we do not aim correctly. We strive to please the few, and not the many, and the result is that the conscience of both parties is unmoved. The pulpit is dying of the proprieties. We dare not introduce an anecdote into a sermon. We shrink from an illustration, unless we can account it classical. We are averse even to the delineation of character, lest we should detract from the dignity of the pulpit. When a man is afraid of losing his dignity by attending to his own business, we generally think that he has very little to lose. We fear that the pulpit is liable to create a similar impression."

"And once more, we deceive ourselves in our estimate of what thoughtful and intellectual men want. I have known a few eminent men in the several professions. They have told me that they do not want this sort of aliment. They have enough of the intellectual in their daily work. They want discourses directed to the conscience, that shall make them feel their moral obligations, and render the Sabbath

something very different from all the other days of the week. Our intellectual discourses in general have about as much religion as would be suitable for a sober lecture before an Athenæum, or an article in a respectable Review. I have frequently listened to discourses from the pulpit which I certainly would not have read on the Sabbath, for the simple reason that I should have considered them too secular for the holy day."

---

13. — *Daisy's Necklace: and What Came of It.* (A Literary Record.) By T. B. Aldrich. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 225.

We noticed a year or two ago a volume of poems by Mr. Aldrich as foretokening a high order of literary excellence. The promise is more than fulfilled. Daisy's Necklace is a poem, though in prose; and while the story is in itself skilfully planned and developed, a still higher interest attaches to its brilliant imagery and rich sentiment, — to the perpetual play of an exuberant fancy, that throws its sunlight and rose-hues over every character and incident. Seldom have we read a chapter of so highly yet so chastely wrought delineation as the opening chapter of this book; and though the scene soon changes from a vine-embowered family mansion by the sea-shore to the dingy and dusty localities of the great metropolis, the same golden vein threads the streets, penetrates the gloomy counting-room, and gleams in the cells of the Tombs. Mr. Aldrich has won for himself by this book a deservedly high place among those to whom the coming generation is to look for the fair fame of American literature.

---

14. — *Compositions in Outline, by* Felix O. C. Darley, *from* Judd's *Margaret.* Engraved by Konrad Huber. New York: Redfield. 1856. Plates 30.

We have for our April number the promise of a review of this superb work, by a contributor who can do ample justice to the genius both of the author and the artist. To our eye it is the masterpiece of American art; nor can we conceive of it as capable of being excelled in its own kind. No modern fiction presents richer materials for such a work than Margaret, with its characters and situations at once so grotesque and so natural, so unique, and yet so manifestly copied, and hardly intensified, from life and fact. The artist has entered with clear insight and profound sympathy into the conceptions of the author, and,

it seems to us, has produced just such a series of delineations as Mr. Judd would have drawn, if his hand could have sketched for the outward vision the forms which his word-pictures placed before the inward eye. We have never before been so impressed with the capacity of this one department of the pictorial art. We are reminded of Paganini's performing the most complex symphonies on a violin with but two whole strings. Outline drawing excludes coloring and shading; and yet so perfect is the execution in this volume, that the lines are made to suggest every variety of color, and to produce the effect of nicely attempered light and shadow. Thus, in the sketch of "Tony Washington," the mere outlines of his countenance not only mark him as an African, but express even his blackness; so that any child, at the first glance, would pronounce it a negro's face. We seem thus to see the entire effect of painting produced by what corresponds only to its preliminary processes. The work rises into even national importance, when we consider that it is the most truly indigenous of our American fictions that has offered scope for equal and kindred talent in an allied department of imaginative art.

---

15. — *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five. With Historical Introductions.* By William B. Sprague, D. D. Vols. I. and II. *Trinitarian Congregational.* New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 723, 778.

Of this work also we are compelled to postpone our intended review; but we cannot suffer so important and unique a contribution to American history and biography to remain wholly unnoticed. We have here the first-fruits of the patient and well-directed labor of many years. Dr. Sprague's plan is to furnish the best attainable memoir in brief of every deceased American clergyman who has reached any distinction or eminence, however short-lived or local. His aim also is to have the story of every life told by the person or persons best fitted to do it justice. The denominations are to be arranged in an order of priority determined by the number of subjects which they respectively furnish; while the subjects afforded by each are sketched in chronological order. Only with regard to some of the earliest divines has resort been had to printed authorities. The greater part of the

biographies have been prepared expressly for this work. Our expectations of it were high; but they have been more than met. The memoirs are not only sufficiently full in details, but many of them are written with singular raciness and point. A large proportion of our old divines displayed strongly marked peculiarities of character, bore a prominent part in public transactions, and passed through experiences such as can never be repeated. A more entertaining, instructive, and impressive series of life-stories could not be compiled, than we have here; and though Dr. Sprague professes to be merely the compiler, it is evident at first blush that only by the wand of the most skilful of conjurers could so many pens have been made to work in concert, and the traces of his own taste and judgment in arranging, adapting, and supplementing the materials furnished to his hand are manifest on every page. The entire work will be one of the most voluminous (short of the dimensions of a Cyclopædia) ever issued; and, in addition to the many precious memories of pious and devoted lives that it will perpetuate, it will embody a large amount of our national history — at all times closely coincident with the history of the church — which might otherwise have been irrecoverably lost, and which will grow only more valuable with the lapse of years.

---

16. — 1. *The Epistle to the Galatians, in Greek and English, with an Analysis and Exegetical Commentary.* By SAMUEL H. TURNER, D. D. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 98.
2. *Notes, Practical and Expository, on the Gospels: for the Use of Bible Classes, Sunday-School Teachers, Catechists, and other Pious Laymen.* By REV. CHARLES H. HALL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 429, 400.
3. *The Last of the Epistles; a Commentary upon the Epistle of St. Jude, designed for the General Reader as well as for the Exegetical Student.* By FREDERIC GARDINER, M. A., Rector of Trinity Church, Lewiston, Me. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 275.

WE have more than once expressed our high sense of Professor Turner's merits as a Biblical critic. We can hardly conceive of a nicer mutual equilibrium than exists in his mind between reverence and learning, faith and freedom, loyalty to the voice of revelation and fearless inquiry as to what that voice actually utters and means. The Epistle to the Galatians is on many accounts the most difficult of

analysis among the Apostolic writings. The reasons why it was written, and the condition of those to whom it was addressed, are, for the most part, to be deduced from the letter itself. It is also as important as it is difficult. Historically it cut Christianity loose from Judaism, and was its virtual declaration of independence; and dogmatically it develops the subjective character of the Christian salvation with a clearness and emphasis of statement hardly approached elsewhere. It is enough to say, that Dr. Turner's analysis is such as to enable every reader to follow continuously the course of St. Paul's invective, argument, and exhortation, while his commentary discusses every exegetical question with a thoroughness seldom witnessed this side of Germany, and with a soundness of judgment scarce ever manifested there, — on almost every portion of the text presenting an interpretation consonant equally with the *prima facie* import of the Apostle's language, the train of his thought, and the analogy of his other epistles, especially that to the Romans, which offers numerous points of parallelism with that to the Galatians.

Mr. Hall's Commentary is rather safe than learned, practical than critical. He abides by the old paths, and shows hardly more sympathy with Neander than with Strauss. But his book is an excellent one for popular use, and especially for the use of lay-teachers in his own — the Protestant Episcopal — Church, abounding as it does in Scriptural illustrations of the Liturgy and the Thirty-nine Articles. Its devotional spirit is all that could be desired, and its skill in eliciting the lessons of duty and piety involved in the text renders it one of the best works of its class for family reading and for the purpose of Christian edification.

Mr. Gardiner was a pupil of Professor Turner, to whom he dedicates his work, with a delicate tribute to his preceptor's "earnest piety, untiring industry, profound scholarship, and exegetical skill." For thoroughness of treatment, clear comprehension of all the points in controversy, mastery of all subsidiary learning, and close reasoning, this monograph will bear favorable comparison with any similar work within the range of our critical reading. It is also a model work in point of arrangement and style. The Introduction disposes in order of all the preliminary questions. The Translation, founded on Lachmann's text, departs from the received version only where it is necessary for accuracy or for explicitness. The Commentary treats various readings and conflicting or alternative views with patience and candor. It is followed by two *Excursus*, one on the Agapæ, and the other on the Book of Enoch, which Mr. Gardiner supposes a forgery of the latter part of the second century, so that it cannot have been quoted by St. Jude. A

most elaborately constructed Appendix exhibits the parallelism between Jude's Epistle and the Second of Peter, establishes on satisfactory grounds the prior authorship of the former, and shows that St. Peter undoubtedly followed or adopted the train of thought which it suggested. We trust that Mr. Gardiner will find, in the favorable reception of his admirable work, encouragement to persevere in this department of study and authorship, for which no American scholar has exhibited a happier combination of the best gifts.

---

17. — *The Rural Poetry of the English Language, illustrating the Seasons and Months of the Year, their Changes, Employments, Lessons, and Pleasures, Topically Paragraphed; with a Complete Index.* By Joseph William Jenks, M. A., Late Professor of Language in the Urbana University, Ohio. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 544.

The poetry in this volume is not exclusively rural; nor is there always an apparent reason for connecting any one piece with a particular month or season. But the collection brings together a large part of the best rural poetry in the English language, alike descriptive, didactic, lyric, and devotional. Many of the poems are familiar to every reader; many of them are from sources not easily accessible. We are thankful in our own behalf for our introduction to not a few pieces which we had not seen before; in behalf of the public, for embodying in an attractive form so much of our choicest literature. The volume is one of great beauty. The vignettes are tastefully designed and admirably executed. The type, though fine, is clear; and the double-columned page shows that economy of space is consistent with faultless elegance. The copious Index will commend the work to all who love to garnish their own writings with quotations from the poets.

---

18. — *Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated in the Original Ternary Rhyme.* By C. B. Cayley, B. A. Vol. I. *Vision of Hell.* Vol. II. *The Purgatory.* Vol. III. *The Paradise.* Vol. IV. *Notes.* London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1851–55. 16mo. pp. 245, 288, 251, 408.

This translation has the prime merit of fidelity to the original, and the Notes show intimate familiarity with the history of Dante's age, and with all collateral sources of illustration. The verse is rarely defi-

cient in euphony. But the author is evidently much constrained by the metre, and adapts to it many unusual words, and forms either obsolete or of his own invention. He also suffers himself often to employ the same word with a wearisome frequency. We dare not estimate without counting the number of times the word *ruth* occurs in the first half-dozen cantos. On the whole, we doubt whether the English reader has at his command so genuine a representation as this of the "Divina Commedia"; but as an English poem it is entitled to a much less favorable verdict.

---

19. — 1. *An Historical Atlas, with Description, Illustration, and Questions to facilitate its Use.* By J. E. WORCESTER. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase. 1856. Charts 12. pp. 36.

2. *Manual of United States History, from* 1492 *to* 1850. By SAMUEL ELIOT, Professor of History and Literature in Trinity College. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 483.

DR. WORCESTER first made the study of history possible in our common schools. True, there were certain (so-called) manuals, through which pupils were driven in a series of formal recitations, but from which it was not expected that they should retain any idea or impression, beyond a few salient names and essential dates. Dr. Worcester rendered in this department a double service, first in the preparation of a text-book of general history, which it was a pleasure to read and therefore a privilege to study, and then in constructing a series of charts, adapted for use equally as a school manual and as a permanent reference-book. The "General History," we believe, still holds a place in the school-room, and for certain classes of pupils there is no work extant that ought to be substituted for it. The charts, originally nine, are now twelve; they are in a much enlarged form, present the record of names and events down to the year 1856, and have manifestly been subjected to the most careful revision. The arrangement of the materials is simple and natural; names, dates, and facts are put just where they belong; and the book can be consulted with as little waste of time, and as much directness and certainty, as an alphabetical dictionary. We have on our table the edition of 1826, — a date when similar tabular views and works of reference were rare everywhere, and hardly known to the American press. In the multitude of such helps now, we deem the edition of 1856 not one whit less valuable than was its precursor in the unoccupied field thirty years ago.

We have connected Professor Eliot's name with Mr. Worcester's, not because their minds or works have other than the most remote kindred, but because the one promises, though in a very different way, to perform for the coming the service rendered by the other to the passing generation, — that of adding facility and delight to the study of history. Mr. Eliot's "History of the United States" is a work entirely *sui generis*. It is constructed by no plan, on no scale, with reference to no theory. He has simply written the record of his country's lifetime as it lay in his own mind, giving prominence to those points that most interested him, passing cursorily over events and epochs to which he was comparatively indifferent, never suppressing his own opinion or judgment, and marking not alone the nation's material progress, but its growth in art and literature, in the institutions that adorn and the charities that bless the state. Because Mr. Eliot is a man of taste and culture, pure principles and generous sympathies, — a man, too, alive in the present, and with a hopeful face turned to the future, — the story lay in his mind in just the form in which we would be glad to have it transferred to the minds of our youth. The work is not ostensibly a school-book, and its most obvious destination is for the reading public; but we know of no manual of United States history, that, for a college or a high-school class, could so effectively guide the instructions of a competent, stimulate the energy of a dull, or supply the deficiencies of an inadequate teacher.

---

20. — *Message of the President of the United States, communicating the Proceedings of the Commissioners for the Adjustment of Claims under the Convention of February 8th, 1853, between the United States and Great Britain.* Washington. 1856. 8vo. pp. 478.

This is by far the most important public document of the year, — we might almost say, of the age; for it records the successful installation of a new principle of international administration, — of a principle too that is full of promise for the peace of the civilized world. From the date of the treaty of Ghent, there had been an accumulation of causes of controversy between Great Britain and the United States, most of them growing out of such pecuniary claims as could be fairly decided only by a judicial process, and such as would have been promptly and satisfactorily decided, had there existed a court of competent jurisdiction. These claims were the subjects of complex and costly negotiations, were bruited in angry Parliamentary and Congressional speeches, furnished ready fuel for whatever embers of international hostility

smouldered on either hearth, and were often, by reckless demagogues and parties on the race for popular favor, represented as furnishing adequate causes for war. In fine, they were both annoying and dangerous. Mr. Secretary Everett, during his brief administration of the Department of State, suggested the appointment of a joint commission to take cognizance of these cases, and, a short time before his retirement from office, a convention to that effect was entered into between the two governments. The commission consisted of Nathaniel G. Upham, late Justice of the Superior Court of New Hampshire, on the part of the United States, and Edmund Hornby, on the part of Great Britain. They met at London on the 15th of September, 1853, and chose Joshua Bates of London as umpire in case of their disagreement. John A. Thomas appeared before them as solicitor on the part of the United States, James Hannen in behalf of Great Britain and her subjects. The claims offered for adjudication exceeded one hundred in number, and involved several millions of dollars; but in less than a year and a half the docket was cleared, and appropriations were promptly made by Parliament and by Congress for the liquidation of such claims as had been held valid. As we have intimated, this commission marks an epoch in history; it demonstrates the feasibility of what a few years ago was regarded as the fond dream of weak philanthropists, a High Court or Congress of nations; and among Mr. Everett's numerous claims upon enduring gratitude, the time will come when none will take precedence of his services in creating the commission whose labors this volume records.

---

21. — *Contributions to the Early History of Perth Amboy and Adjoining Country, with Sketches of Men and Events in New Jersey during the Provincial Era.* By WILLIAM A. WHITEHEAD. With Maps and Engravings. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 428.

THE title of this book conveys but a very faint idea of the interest and importance of its contents. Perth Amboy was long the seat of the Provincial government of New Jersey, and its annals were for many years virtually those of the Colony. It was the residence of several royal governors, among whom were William Burnet, Francis Bernard, and William Franklin. Mr. Whitehead has made the history of his little city the nucleus for a large and various collection of political, ecclesiastical, and biographical details, many of them of no local or brief moment. He is a zealous antiquary, an indefatigable seeker in his de-

partment of inquiry, and an accomplished writer; and it matters little what spot of earth such a man chooses to write about, — if it is not interesting, he will make it so.

---

22. — *Seed-Grain for Thought and Discussion.* A Compilation by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 2 vols. 16mo. pp. 360, 307.

This is a series of extracts from the best writers, chosen with the purpose of stimulating thought and discussion. The compiler originally used them in her school, and her having employed this method successfully with her pupils for a series of years prepares us to receive such a work from her with the assurance that it is all that it purports to be. The work is divided into five parts, which treat respectively of holy living; the religious and moral nature; the spiritual relations and duties; the outward relations and duties; and, finally, "the power of circumstances, including inherited tendencies and gifts, the mutual influence of the moral, intellectual, and emotional parts of our nature, the culture of every part, and the variety of gifts and of characters." The arrangement is such as to impart to the fragments that make up the volumes almost the character of a continuous treatise; and within equal space it is hardly possible to find, whether at first or second hand, so much that is devout, grave, wise, suggestive, brilliant, and beautiful.

---

23. — *Past Meridian.* By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Second Edition. Hartford: F. A. Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 344.

"Past Meridian," indeed, by the clock, but not by the still culminating sun. Mrs. Sigourney has never before written so wisely, so usefully, so beautifully, as in this volume. In saying so, we yield to none in our high appreciation of her previous literary merit; but unless we greatly mistake, this is one of the comparatively few books of our day which will be read with glistening eyes and glowing heart when all who now read it will have gone to their graves. It is written by her in the character of one who has passed the meridian of life, and addresses itself to sensations and experiences which all whose faces are turned westward can understand and feel with her. It is much more than the "De Senectute" Christianized. It is devotion, philosophy, and poetry so intertwined that each is enriched and adorned by the association.

It describes, indeed, the straitnesses and sadnesses of growing years; but sets off against them the more than preponderant immunities and felicities. It treats of the duties of the aged, and of their rights and dues at the hands of the younger. It gives biographical sketches and anecdotes of good and happy old men and women. And, above all, it blends with the serene sunset of a well-spent life the young morning beams of the never-setting day. It will carry solace to many a fireside, and will rekindle hope and gladness in many a soul that hardly dares to look into its earthly future.

Mrs. Sigourney furnishes a striking refutation of the not unusual idea that a poet's prose is none the better for the habit of metrical composition. Hers is not poetry dismembered, but chaste and modest prose, free from the intrusive licenses of verse, yet thoroughly interpenetrated with the poetic imagination which gives grace and glow alike to all forms of literature.

---

24. — "*It is Never too Late to Mend.*" *A Matter of Fact Romance.* By CHARLES READE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1856. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 423, 424.

EITHER we did injustice to Mr. Reade in our late review of his previous novels, or he did not do justice to himself in them. This exhibits a power of which they, to us at least, gave no token. Here we have a story embracing a wonderful variety of scenes, events, and characters, all so developed as to leave no obscurity, so harmonized as never to clash or become entangled, and so grouped as to bring out, without obtrusive moralizing, a manifold illustration of the maxim that forms the title, and of not a few fundamental moralities beside. A large portion of the work is given to the exposure of the abuses and enormities connected with or incidental to the so-called improvements of prison discipline, the solitary system, and the irresponsible power which it lodges in its administrators. Another large portion consists of a series of intensely graphic sketches of life in Australia; while the story opens and closes in the rural neighborhood in England which gave birth to its principal actors. The entire work is pervaded by a strong and high moral purpose; and by means of it the author has assumed and fortified his position, as that of one whose office it is not to amuse, but to instruct, reform, and elevate.

25. — *The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by* WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D. D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication, by* WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 618, 604, 565.

THIS work comes to us just as we are going to press, and we cannot therefore give it at present the elaborate notice which else it would claim. Robertson's work is little more than what it purports to be, the story of the Emperor's *reign*. The "Life after his Abdication" is despatched in a few pages, and those contain not a few inaccuracies. Not till a very recent period have the archives which alone could furnish the needed information been thrown open to research. Since they have been accessible, a series of brilliant narratives have revealed to the world the secrets of Charles's cloister life. Mr. Prescott's narrative is drawn from the original sources, with the generous acknowledgment of aid from the labors of those who had preceded him. It bears all the characteristics of style and manner, all the tokens of elaborate research and philosophic vision, which it has been, and will, we trust, yet be our frequent privilege to record. Except for some of our younger readers, it is superfluous to say that Robertson's work, attractive in its theme, is one of the most graceful and fascinating histories ever written. In the beautiful form in which it is now issued, and with the essential supplement furnished by one second to no living historian, it will be welcomed and read with more avidity than when it first saw the light.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Acts and Resolves passed by the General Court of Massachusetts, in the Year 1856 ; together with the Messages, etc., etc., etc. Boston. 1856. 8vo. pp. 396.

Report of the Special Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions on the Deputation to India. New York. 1856.

Address, delivered by Request of the City Government at the Dedication of the new High School House, in Daniel Street, Portsmouth, N. H., September IV., MDCCCLVI. By Rev. Charles Burroughs, D. D. Portsmouth. 1856.

Address, delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Insane Asylum at Northampton, Massachusetts, by Edward Jarvis, M. D. Northampton. 1856.

The Uses of Astronomy. A Discourse delivered at Albany on the 28th of August, 1856, on Occasion of the Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory. By Edward Everett. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1856.

Minutes of the New Hampshire Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the Year ending June, 1856. Manchester. 1856.

The Relation of Drugs to Treatment. An Introductory Lecture before the Medical Class of 1856-57 of Harvard University. By Edward H. Clarke, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica. Boston. 1856.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, and the Medical School of Maine : Fall Term, 1856. Brunswick. 1856.

Kanzas and the Constitution. By "Cecil." Boston. 1856.

Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Benjamin Franklin, in his Native City, September 17, 1856. By Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Boston. 1856.

The True Issue, and the Duty of the Whigs. An Address before the Citizens of Cambridge, October 1, 1856. By Joel Parker. Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1856.

An Address delivered at West Springfield, August 25, 1856, on Occasion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Ordination of the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D. D. By William B. Sprague, D. D., his Colleague and Successor in the Pastoral Office. Albany. 1856.

Harvard University, 1856-57. Medical Department. Announcement of

the Medical Course, commencing on the First Wednesday in November, 1856. Boston. 1856.

Harper's Story-Books. By Jacob Abbott. No. 23. The Alcove. — No. 24. Dialogues for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac, for 1857. Embellished with One Hundred and Thirty Engravings. No. 3. Albany: Luther Tucker & Son. 1857. 12mo. pp. 144.

The American Missionaries in Greece. Address delivered at St. Luke's Church, in the City of Philadelphia, on the Evening of the Thirteenth of October, 1856, by Henry D. Gilpin. Philadelphia. 1856.

Transactions of the Philological Society. 1855. No. 14. On the Recent History of the Hungarian Language, by Thomas Watts, Esq. London. 1855.

The Spirit of Human Liberty, as one among the Democratic Issues of Christianity, a Sermon preached before the First Unitarian Society of Manchester, November 2, 1856, and another Sermon, preached November 9, 1856, by William Leonard Gage, Pastor of the Society. Manchester. 1856.

Proceedings on the Occasion of Laying the Corner-Stone of the Library Edifice, for the Free Public Library, of the City of New Bedford, August 28, 1856. New Bedford. 1856.

Report of the President of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, made to the Farmers' Assembly at the First Annual Meeting, held in the City of Richmond, October 28, 1856. Richmond: J. W. Randolph. 1856.

The Sphere of the Gospel: or the Freedom of the Pulpit: being a Discourse in Vindication of some recent Preaching on important Moral Questions. Delivered in the Universalist Church, in Buffalo, Sunday Morning, September 7th, 1856. By Rev. E. Winchester Reynolds. Buffalo: Wanzer, McKim, & Co. 1856.

The True Life of a Nation. An Address, delivered at the Invitation of the Erodelphian and Eccritean Societies of Miami University, the Evening preceding the Annual Commencement, July 2d, 1856. By E. D. MacMaster. New Albany. 1856.

The Transactions of the New Hampshire Medical Society, (Sixty-Sixth Anniversary,) held at Concord, June 3 and 4, 1856. Concord. 1856.

America Free or America Slave. An Address on the State of the Country. Delivered by John Jay, Esq., at Bedford, Westchester County, New York, October 8th, 1856. New York. 1856.

Justice to the South! An Address by James A. Dorr, a Member of the New York Bar, October 8, 1856. New York. 1856.

Speech of Hon. Horatio Seymour, at Springfield, Mass., July 4th, 1856. Springfield. 1856.

The Democratic Demonstration at Poughkeepsie. Speech of Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia. New York. 1856.

Sermon preached before the 210th Provincial Assembly, at Liverpool, June 21, 1855. By the Rev. Russell Lant Carpenter, B. A. Liverpool. 1855.

Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, August 28, 1856. Albany. 1856.

Religious Bearings of Man's Creation. A Discourse delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, on Sabbath Morning, August 24, 1856. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology in the same Institution. Albany. 1856.

Science and Religion. A Sermon delivered in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany, on Sabbath Afternoon, August 24, 1856, by Mark Hopkins, D. D., President of Williams College. 1856.

The Relations of Science and Religion. A Discourse delivered at the Request of the Local Committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday, the 14th after Trinity, August 24th, 1856. By John H. Hopkins, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont. Albany. 1856.

Obituary Addresses on the Occasion of the Death of Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware. In the United States Senate, December 3, 1856. Washington. 1856.

Biblical Researches in Palestine, and in the Adjacent Regions. A Journal of Travels in the Year 1838. By E. Robinson and E. Smith. Drawn up from the Original Diaries, with Historical Illustrations, by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. With New Maps and Plans. In 2 vols. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856. pp. 614, 600.

Later Biblical Researches. A Journal of Travels in the Year 1852, by E. Robinson, E. Smith, and others. Drawn up by Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856. pp. 664.

Four Maps to accompany the Biblical Researches in Palestine of E. Robinson and E. Smith. Drawn by Heinrich Kiepert, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1856.

The Works of John Adams, Second President of the United States: with a Life of the Author, Notes, and Illustrations, by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams. Vols. I. and X. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. pp. 684, 519.

The Puritan Commonwealth. An Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts in its Civil and Ecclesiastical Relations from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. Together with some General Reflections on the English Colonial Policy and on the Character of Puritanism. By the late Peter Oliver, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. pp. 502.

History of Texas from its First Settlement in 1685 to its Annexation to the United States in 1846. By H. Yoakum, Esq. In 2 vols. New York: Redfield. 1856. 8vo. pp. 482, 576.

Early History of the University of Virginia, as contained in the Letters of Thomas Jefferson and Joseph C. Cabell, hitherto unpublished; with an Ap-

pendix, consisting of Mr. Jefferson's Bill for a Complete System of Education, and other Illustrative Documents; and an Introduction, containing a Brief Historical Sketch of the University, and a Biographical Notice of Joseph C. Cabell. Richmond: J. W. Randolph. 1856. 8vo. pp. 528.

Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress. By E. L. Magoon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

A Memoir of His Honor Samuel Phillips, LL. D. By Rev. John L. Taylor, Andover, Mass. Boston. 1856. pp. 391.

Julian; or, Scenes in Judea. By William Ware. Two volumes in one. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 271, 270.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens ("Boz"). With Thirty-eight Illustrations, from Designs by H. K. Browne. In 2 vols. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 16mo. pp. 962.

Handbook of Inorganic Chemistry; for the Use of Students. By William Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E. Fourth American from the Third English Edition. To which is added, The Physics of Chemistry, by J. Milton Sanders, M. D., LL. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 426.

An Elementary Course of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, for the Use of High Schools and Academies, in which the Principles of the Physical Sciences are familiarly explained and illustrated by numerous Experiments and Diagrams. By T. Tate, F. R. A. S., of Kneller Training College, England. American Edition, revised and improved, by C. S. Cartée, A. M. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 528.

Principles of Chemistry; embracing the most recent Discoveries in the Science, and the Outlines of its Application to Agriculture and the Arts. Illustrated by numerous Experiments, newly adapted to the Simplest Apparatus. By John A. Porter, M. A., M. D., Professor of Agricultural and Organic Chemistry in Yale College. New York: A. S. Barnes. 1856. 12mo. pp. 477.

The American Poulterer's Companion. A Practical Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of various Species of Domestic Poultry. Illustrated with Portraits of Fowls mostly taken from Life; Poultry-houses, Coops, Nests, Feeding-hoppers, &c., &c., &c. A New Edition, enlarged and improved. By C. N. Bement. With 120 Illustrations on Wood and Stone. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 304.

Widdifield's New Cook-Book; or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. By Hannah Widdifield. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1856. 16mo. pp. 410.

First Lessons in Philosophy; or, The Science of Familiar Things; in which the Principles of Natural and Experimental Philosophy are systematically developed from the Properties and Uses of Familiar Things. By Thomas Tate, F. R. S. A. American Edition, revised and improved, by C. S. Cartée, A. M. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 252.

An Atlas of Classical Geography. Constructed by William Hughes, and edited by George Long. With a Sketch of Ancient Geography, and other Additions, by the American Editor. Containing Fifty-two Maps and Plans

on Twenty-six Plates, with an Index of Places. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. 1856.

Scriptural and Statistical Views in Favor of Slavery, by Thornton Stringfellow, D. D. Fourth Edition, with Additions. Richmond: J. W. Randolph. 1856. 12mo. pp. 149.

Hints concerning Church Music, the Liturgy, and kindred Subjects. Prepared by James M. Hewins. Boston: Ide & Dutton. 1856.

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner. In 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 307, 311.

Audubon, the Naturalist of the New World. His Adventures and Discoveries. By Mrs. Horace St. John. Revised and corrected, with Additions, and illustrated with Engravings by J. W. Orr, from Original Designs. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 311.

Poems by William W. Story. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 307.

Oriental Acquaintance; or, Letters from Syria. By J. W. De Forest. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 285.

The Age of Progress; or, A Panorama of Time. In Four Visions. By David A. Moore. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 321.

History of Greece. By George Grote, Esq. Vol. XII. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

Races of Mankind; with Travels in Grubland. By Cephas Broadluck. Cincinnati: Longley Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 310.

Introductory Lessons on Morals, and Christian Evidences. By Richard Whately, D. D., LL. D. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1856. 12mo. pp. 330.

The Hills of the Shatemuc. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 516.

The Constitution a Pro-Slavery Compact: or, Extracts from the Madison Papers, etc. Selected by Wendell Phillips. Third Edition, enlarged. New York. 1856. 12mo. pp. 208.

California, In-doors and Out; or, How we Farm, Mine, and Live generally in the Golden State. By Eliza W. Farnham. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 508.

Harper's School History. Narrative of the General Course of History from the Earliest Periods to the Establishment of the American Constitution. Prepared with Questions for the Use of Schools, and illustrated with 150 Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 450.

The Conquest of Kansas by Missouri and her Allies. A History of the Troubles in Kansas, from the Passage of the Organic Act until the Close of July, 1856. By William Phillips, Special Correspondent of the New York Tribune. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 414.

The Golden Dagon; or, Up and Down the Irrawaddi. Being Passages of Adventure in the Burman Empire. By an American. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 311.

Marrying too Late. A Tale. By George Wood. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

The Geography of Nature; or, The World as it is. By M. Vulliet. Translated from the French, by a Lady. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brown. 1856. 12mo. pp. 611.

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 336.

The Lady Angeline; A Lay of the Apalachians. The Hours, etc. By Louis L. Noble. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 149.

The British Essayists: with Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by A. Chalmers, F. S. A. Vols. XIX.-XXII. The Adventurer. Vols. XXII.-XXIV. The World. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 16mo.

Siege of Bomarsund. 1854. Journal of Operations of the Artillery and Engineers. Published by Permission of the Minister of War. Illustrated by Maps and Plans. Translated from the French by an Army Officer. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1856. 12mo. pp. 56.

Wunnissoo, or the Vale of the Hoosatunnuk, a Poem, with Notes. By William Allen, D. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 237.

The Harmony of Ages: A Thesis on the Relations between the Conditions of Man and the Character of God. By Hiram Parker, M. D. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 368.

Bothwell: A Poem. In Six Parts. By W. Edmondstoune Aytoun, D. C. L. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 267.

The Proceedings at the Cushman Celebration, at Plymouth, August 15, 1855, in Commemoration of the Embarkation of the Plymouth Pilgrims from Southampton, England; together with an Account of the Services at the Grave of Elder Thomas Cushman, August 16, 1855. Boston. 1855. 8vo. pp. 76.

A Historical and Biographical Genealogy of the Cushmans: the Descendants of Robert Cushman, the Puritan, from the Year 1617 to 1855. By Henry Wyles Cushman. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 666.

Cornell's High School Geography: Forming Part Third of a systematic Series of School Geographies. Embellished by Numerous Engravings. By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 405.

Cornell's Companion Atlas to Cornell's High School Geography: comprising a Complete Set of Maps, designed for the Student to memorize, together with numerous Maps for Reference, etc. By S. S. Cornell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857.

The Poetical Works of Horace Smith and James Smith, Authors of the "Rejected Addresses," with Portraits and a Biographical Sketch. Edited by Epes Sargent. New York: Mason Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 414.

Douglas Farm: a Juvenile Story of Life in Virginia. By Mary E. Bradley. Edited by "Cousin Alice." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 202.

Comment on Parle à Paris; or, French as Spoken in Paris, for the Use of Pupils and Travellers. By Madame de Peyrac. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 252.

Rome, Christian and Papal: Sketches of its Religious Monuments and Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, with Notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. By L. De Sanctis, D. D., formerly Curate of the Magdalene, Professor of Theology in the Roman University, and Qualificator at the Inquisition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 261.

Disciplina Rediviva: or, Hints and Helps for Youths leaving School. By the Rev. John Smith Gilderdale, M. A., Oriel College, Oxford; Assistant Master of the Forest School, Walthamstow. London: Bell & Daldy. 1856. 16mo. pp. 271.

Kansas; its Interior and Exterior Life. Including a Full View of its Settlement, Political History, Social Life, Climate, Soil, Productions, Scenery, etc. By Sara T. L. Robinson. Fourth Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 366.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1855. Arts and Manufactures. In 2 vols. Washington. 1856. 8vo. pp. 784, 720.

Tenth Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, showing the Operations, Expenditures, and Condition of the Institution, up to January 1, 1856, and the Proceedings of the Board up to March 22, 1856. Washington. 1856. 8vo. pp. 438.

Handbook of Organic Chemistry; for the Use of Students. By William Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E. Fourth American from the Fourth London Edition. Edited by J. Milton Sanders, M. D., LL. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 480.

Life in Israel; or, Portraitures of Hebrew Character. By Maria T. Richards, Author of "Life in Judea." New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 389.

Home and the World. By the Author of "Souvenirs of a Residence in Europe." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 408.

Violet; or, The Cross and the Crown. By M. J. McIntosh. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 448.

Beaumarchais and his Times. Sketches of French Society in the Eighteenth Century from Unpublished Documents. By Louis de Loménie. Translated by Henry S. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 460.

Peeps from a Belfry. By Rev. F. W. Shelton, M. A. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 304.

Stories of an Old Maid related to her Nephews and Nieces. Translated from the French of Mme. Emile de Girardin, by Alfred Elwes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 249.

Faust, A Tragedy. Translated from the German of Goethe, with Notes, by Charles T. Brooks. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856. 16mo. pp. 234.

Memoir of William Lawrence. Written for the American Journal of Education, by Samuel Kirkland Lothrop, D. D. 1856. 8vo. pp. 33.

Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa. By Charles John Anderson. With numerous Illustrations, representing Sporting Adventures, Subjects of Natural History, Devices for Destroying Wild Animals, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 521.

Milledulcia: A Thousand Pleasant Things. Selected from Notes and Queries. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 416.

The Rector of St. Bardolph's, or, Superannuated. By the Author of "Salander and the Dragon," "Peeps from a Belfry," etc. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 344.

Prue and I. By George William Curtis. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 214.

Rockford Parish; or, The Fortunes of Mr. Mason's Successors. By John N. Norton, A. M., Rector of Ascension Church, Frankfort, Kentucky. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 216.

Autumnal Leaves: Tales and Sketches in Prose and Rhyme. By L. Maria Child. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 365.

The Blemmertons; or, Dottings by the Wayside. By the Reverend Joseph J. Nicholson. New York: Dana & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 423.

The Means and Ends of Universal Education. By Ira Mayhew, A. M., Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Michigan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 474.

The Young Yägers, or A Narrative of Hunting Adventures in Southern Africa. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations by Harvey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 24mo. pp. 328.

Sedgemoor; or, Home Lessons. By Mrs. Manners. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 24mo. pp. 252.

Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 366.

The Homeward Path. By the Author of "The Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life, or The Sunday-School Teacher." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 171.

The Foundations of Nationality. A Discourse, preached in the Unitarian Church, Montreal, on the Sunday after the Great Railway Celebration, November, 1856. By John Cordner. Montreal: Henry Rose. 1856.

History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By John S. C. Abbott. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 16mo. pp. 335.

Now or Never; or, The Adventures of Bobby Bright. A Story for Young Folks. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Brown, Bazin, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 263.

The Little Learner. Learning about Common Things; or, Familiar Instructions for Children in Respect to the Objects around them, that attract their Attention, and awaken their Curiosity, in the Earliest Years of Life. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with One Hundred and Twenty Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 192.

Old Whitey's Christmas Trot. A Story for the Holidays. By A. Oakey Hall. With Sixteen Illustrations, by Thwaites. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 16mo. pp. 237.

Grandmother Lee's Portfolio. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. Boston: Whittemore, Niles, & Hall. 1857. 8vo. pp. 74.

The Paragreens on a Visit to the Paris Universal Exhibition. By the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Doctor Antonio." With Illustrations by John Leech. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. pp. 230.

The Play-Day Book: New Stories for Little Folks. By Fanny Fern. Illustrated by Fred. M. Coffin. New York: Mason Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 286.

Tales of Flemish Life. By Hendrik Conscience. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. pp. 364.

New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes. By Isaac F. Holton, M. A., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Middlebury College. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 605.

The Christian's Gift. Edited by Rev. Rufus W. Clark. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 308.

Modern Atheism under its Forms of Pantheism, Materialism, Secularism, and Natural Laws. By James Buchanan, D. D., LL. D., Divinity Professor in "The New College," Edinburgh. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 423.

Principles of Government; or, Meditations in Exile. By William Smith O'Brien. With Notes to the American Edition. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1856. 12mo. pp. 460.

Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims. By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1857. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXV.

APRIL, 1857.

ART. I. — 1. *Tausend und Ein Tag im Orient.* Von FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT. In 2 Bände. Berlin. 1850.
2. *Die Lieder des* MIRTSA-SCHAFFY. Von FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT. Zweite Auflage. Berlin. 1853.

ON the last day of October, 1848, the Revolution was at its height in Vienna. A girdle of bayonets clasped the unhappy city. The flames of sacked houses reddened the evening sky, and ever and anon the explosion of artillery, the roll of drums, and the screams of wounded combatants, filled the air with horrible echoes. At twilight, in the chamber of a young poet who had recently returned from a sojourn of several years in the East, a group of friends sat engaged in broken and sorrowful conversation. Now a blast of the alarm trumpets pealed across the square; now a cannon-ball crashed through the barricades the people had erected in the street. "Bodenstedt!" said Auerbach, "you are less agitated than we; tell us some of your adventures in the Orient; it will transport us into a different world, and help us to forget the horrors of the present time." The whole company echoed the request. "Do consent!" they exclaimed, and drew their chairs closer around him. "Tell us of the Caucasus," said Kaufmann, "and of your famous teacher, Mirtsa-Schaffy: he is my favorite!" "And of the Black Sea," added Karl Beck, "and

of the Cossacks, and of the Turks." "Also of the beautiful Georgian maidens," cried Max Schlesinger, "and of Ararat and Armenia."

The poet pilgrim willingly met the invitation, and recounted many an incident from his travels. He told them of Mirtsa-Schaffy; of his wisdom and delicious songs; of Ararat and Armenia; of the Caucasus, and the lovely Georgian girls; of the Black Sea; and of the Cossacks and the Turks. The company sat far into the night, listening to the unstudied recital, and scarcely thought of the dire tumult which raged without. Two years afterwards the narrator carefully wrote out in full, and gave to the public, what he had briefly sketched to his friends on that memorable night. Such was the interesting origin of the work — "Thousand and One Days in the Orient" — from which the present article is to be drawn. The book is a model of manifold excellence. It is published in a form of admirable taste and beauty. It abounds with picturesque descriptions of the scenery and society of the lands which its author traversed, and with spirited versions of the lyrics of their representative living poets. We propose here only to indicate its general course and character, and to hint, by a few suggestive outlines, the portrait of its central personage.

Late in the September of 1844, a scholarly and adventurous young German, Frederic Bodenstedt by name, is on his way from Moscow, across the Steppes of the Don, to the immemorial world of the Orient. The landscape, thus soon, has assumed a wintry aspect. The sky is all gray, and the noon is gloomy, as if evening twilight already hung in the air. On the naked limbs of the trees perch horrid swarms of crows and ravens. The autumnal wind whistles, shudderingly, over the snow-clad fields, through which the road winds, like a gigantic black stripe. For, as yet, the ice is too thin and the snow too loose to resist the hoofs of the horses and the wheels of the wagons; and through every hole thus made the water oozes up from the slimy ground, as black as a fountain of tar.

Toilsome and monotonous days have passed. Behind our traveller now lie the Steppes, and before him loom the misty giants of the Caucasus. But the heaven is so clouded, the dense fog so baffles his prying gaze, that he might fancy him-

self still upon the plain. Suddenly the cloud-veil parts, the mist falls, and the legendary peaks — on one of whose cliffs Prometheus formerly hung — tower on his sight in stupendous glory. At equal distances, right and left, seventeen thousand feet in height, the summits of Elborz and Kasbek shimmer in a magic play of colors, while, half-way between, a savage group of Titans hold the blue floor of heaven on their frosty polls. Yonder, from the turbid mouth of the river Kouban to the fire-temples of the Parsees on the Caspian shore, runs the ragged and terrible mountain wall which separates Asia from Europe. Directly in front of him, a monstrous mountain rises above the luxuriant vegetation at his feet, above the gloomier verdure which spreads as a broad girdle around its flanks, above the straggling grass and dwarf shrubs which speck the higher rocks, until its enormous shoulders, emerging in naked beauty, receive their winter-robe of such dazzling whiteness that it seems composed of woven diamonds.

Our pilgrim has made the frightful pass, and appears again, just at sunset, dragging his tired feet towards Duschett, the first village that snuggles at the Asiatic base of the Caucasus. Behind him soars the mountain realm in its icy splendor, with its dreadful precipices, its dizzy chasms, and thunder-plunging avalanches. Beneath his eyes stretches a blooming land of soft-swelling fields, veined with a murmuring river. The snow has not melted from his boots when they crush the flowers smiling in his path. A gentle breeze whispers through the foliage of the acacias; grape-vines of prodigious size twine in all directions; and singing-birds warble from the branches of the flowering almonds. He has stepped from the frozen door of winter into a garden redolent with roses and blushing in the sunshine.

In a few days Bodenstedt enters Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. Several of his former Moscow friends, now settled here, celebrate his arrival by a feast served in true Oriental style. Circassian boys, arrayed in picturesque dresses, bring forward the dishes; a slender Armenian distributes gigantic silver-ornamented buffalo-horns, full of blood-red wine; a Persian singer in a blue robe, a high-peaked cap on his head, his beard

close-trimmed, his fingers' ends dyed blue, his face aglow, plays on a lyre and sings the choicest odes of Hafiz. Wherever the Western stranger turns his eyes, he discerns something new and curious. He seems to be living over in reality a tale of the "Thousand and One Nights," whereof as a boy he has so often read and dreamed. When the party separate, and go upon the roofs to their couches, the brilliant and fragrant night is reigning in all its charms. It is one of those enchanted nights known only under the Georgian sky, where the moon illumines the noiseless landscape, as if its radiance were the sunlight, falling, softened, through some mysterious, tender-woven veil.

Bodenstedt desires an instructor to guide and help him in his studies of Tartar, Persian, and Arabic literature. Accident favors his search; for he is introduced to Mirtsa-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, as he names himself from the village where he was born, in the province of Karadagh, on the banks of the ancient Araxes. In Mirtsa-Schaffy we have a thorough and admirable specimen of Oriental character, an excellent representative of his class, the scholars and poets of Persia. The comic side of his character, resulting from no buffoonery or crudeness of nature, but from his perfect ingenuousness, his primeval simplicity and frankness both in action and speech, is most amusing. At the same time he is vain as Absalom, irascible as Ali, wise as Lokman, and affectionate as Hatim. His learning, in its department, is extensive, his literary taste exquisite, his wedded wit and humor inexhaustible, the creative swiftness and scope of his lyric genius quite marvellous. We proceed now to illustrate these statements by examples, confident that a picture, however unskilfully drawn, of a living Persian poet, a not unworthy successor of Hafiz, will have a novel interest for our readers.

It is matter of great astonishment to Mirtsa-Schaffy how the travellers from the Western nations, dwelling as they do there in darkness and unbelief, totally ignorant of the sacred languages, Persian and Arabic, can yet boast of possessing *literati*. However, he willingly forgives this pretension in Bodenstedt, upon the promise of a silver dollar for each lesson in these tongues, the depositories of all true wisdom.

Hereupon the Wise Man of Gjändsha endeavors to make his pupil comprehend his exceeding good fortune in having obtained such a teacher as himself. "I, Mirtsa-Schaffy, am the wisest man of the whole East. You, as my pupil, are second in wisdom. Misunderstand me not: I have a friend, Omar-Effendi, who is a very wise man, and not third among the scholars of the land. If I lived not, and Omar-Effendi were your teacher, he would be the first, and you, as his pupil, the second wise man." After this utterance, Mirtsa-Schaffy, with a shrewd look, lays his forefinger upon his brow, and Bodenstedt nods assent.

Several rival teachers strive to supplant the Wise Man of Gjändsha with his pupil. The most prominent of these jealous sages is Mirtsa-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad. Because he pursued his study of Arabic at the most famous university, he argues, his knowledge must be much more profound than that of Mirtsa-Schaffy, who is indeed but an ass among the bearers of wisdom. "That plebeian cannot write nor sing at all," cries Jussuf to Bodenstedt, after obtaining access to his chamber. "Now, I ask you, what is knowledge without writing? What is wisdom without song? What is Mirtsa-Schaffy in comparison with me?" At this moment a measured rapping on the door with a pair of slippers is heard. It announces the arrival of the chosen instructor to commence his lessons. Leaving his shoes at the door, as is the custom, Mirtsa-Schaffy enters the room in clean gay-colored stockings. He reads the whole story at a glance, surveys the suddenly embarrassed and cringing Jussuf from head to foot with superb disdain, and would express his contempt, but Bodenstedt exclaims: "Wise Man of Gjändsha! what have my ears heard? Will you instruct me when you cannot write nor sing? Mirtsa-Jussuf says you are but an ass among the bearers of wisdom." The displeasure in Mirtsa-Schaffy's face gradually takes on an expression of perfect scorn. He clutches one of his thick-soled slippers from the threshold, and with it beats the poor Jussuf so unmercifully, that he begs with the most affecting gestures and words to be spared. But Mirtsa-Schaffy is pitiless. "What! you are wiser than I am? I cannot sing, do you say? I will make

music for you! I cannot write, hey? I will write it on your head!" The action suits the word. Whimpering and moaning, the Bagdad sage staggers under the blows through the antechamber and down the steps. The victor returns, calmly warns the astounded young German not to lend any ear to such pretenders as Jussuf and his companions, and then proceeds to expound a mystic ode of Hafiz commencing,

"O dervish! pure is wine,
And sin it is to hate it;
Is any wisdom mine?
From drinking wine I date it."

The pupil and teacher soon grow intimate, and very fond of each other. They often sit together in the evening, smoking their long Persian pipes, and sipping wine. The Wise Man of Gjändsha plays on a stringed instrument, and accompanies it with his own voice, improvising with remarkable fluency the most beautiful poems.

"As the nightingale oft from a rose's dew sips,
So I wet with pure wine my languishing lips.

"As the soul of perfume through a flower's petals slips,
So pure wine passes through the rose-door of my lips.

"As to port from afar float the full-loaded ships,
So this wine-beaker drifts to the strand of my lips.

"As the white-driven sea o'er a cliff's edges drips,
So the red-tinted wine breaks in foam on my lips."

One day Bodenstedt asks the ground of such gorgeous eulogies of wine by the poets of Persia, from Firdousi to Mirtsa-Schaffy. The Wise Man of Gjändsha snatches his lyre, and instantly sings:—

"The best ground is the ground of wet gold
In the depth of a beaker:
The best mouth is the mouth, from of old,
Of the wine-praising speaker!"

Calling at his teacher's house unexpectedly, Bodenstedt apologizes for the intrusion. In a second Mirtsa-Schaffy sings in response:—

"Come in the evening, and come in the morning;
Come when I ask you, and come without warning.
Mirtsa-Schaffy, with you when a-meeting,
Always rejoices, and his heart gives you greeting."

At another time they are walking together through a garden which has just put on the painted garb of spring. The flowers are breaking through the grass; clusters of little grapes peep from the vines; white blossoms shower down from the locust-trees, like snow-flakes; and the rose-bushes are beginning to bud. The pupil inquires, "How are you able so quickly to weave thought, image, and rhyme into forms of such grace?" The poet stretches out his hand, gathers a nosegay, and, reaching it to the young man, replies: "Behold, this nosegay was plucked in a moment; but the flowers composing it did not grow in a moment. So is it with my songs."

Upon a certain occasion the Wise Man of Gjändsha sits on his silk ottoman, his legs crossed, and wreaths of fragrant smoke curling lazily around him. He lays down his chibouk, and lifts a glass of wine, like sparkling molten gold. Bodenstedt says: "The hearts of the maidens beat high through the ravishing power of your sweet songs, O Mirtsa-Schaffy; but the wise men of the West will say that you are deficient in variety of subjects. Have you not written songs on other things than wine, and love, and roses?" Mirtsa is silent for a moment, then quaffs the whole bumper which he held in his hand, and, rising upon his feet, sings the following improvisation in answer: —

"Doth it displease you that I sing
Of few things only as divine?
Of naught but roses, love, and spring,
And nightingales, and wooing wine?

"Which were the best, that I should praise
Will-o'-the-wisps and wax flambeaux,
Or to the sun's eternal rays
Fresh panegyrics still compose?

"While like a sun that shines abroad
I pour my raying songs around,

The beautiful I do applaud,
And not what 's on the common found.

"Let other bards their lyres attone
To wars, and mosques, and fame of kings;
To roses, love, and wine alone
My fingers strike the melting strings.

"O pure Schaffy! how fragrant are
Thy verses on these lovely themes!
Thy songs are strains without a jar,
While others' best are painful screams!"

One beautiful afternoon, the Wise Man of Gjändsha and his pupil are sitting in friendly converse. The romantic twilight draws on. One glass of wine has followed another, with the usual Oriental toast, "May it have a pleasant journey!" One song, too, has succeeded another. All at once, Mirtsa-Schaffy grows sad and thoughtful. After remaining silent a good while, he opens his mouth, and in a melancholy tone sings these words:—

"My heart with the anguish of lovers is riven;
O ask me not for whom!
To me has the poison of parting been given;
O wretched is my doom!"

The sympathizing Bodenstedt interrupts him by asking, "Are you in love, Mirtsa?" Shaking his head sorrowfully, he answers, "No, I am not in love; but I was in love once, as no man ever was before." Eagerly the young European strives to draw the story forth. He succeeds, and sits till the stars fade, hanging with ever-increasing interest on his worthy teacher's lips.

We go back eleven years, to the time when Mirtsa-Schaffy first saw Zuleika, the daughter of Ibrahim, the Chan of Gjändsha. How can her beauty be portrayed? What shall be said of her eyes blacker than night, brighter than stars? What shall be said of the grace of her form, — the loveliness of her hands and feet, — her soft hair wound about her, long as eternity, — her mouth, whose breath is sweeter than the breath of the roses of Shiraz? Vain is every attempt to describe

that which transcends human comprehension. For more than six months, young Mirtsa has daily seen the Chan's daughter when she sits on the roof at noon, with her fair companions, or in the evening when she orders her female slaves to dance before her in the moonlight. He has never spoken to her, and does not know whether she has recognized his glances. He dares not go near her, but afar off basks in the beams of her countenance. Shall man venture to approach the sun? During the day he is obliged to be very cautious; for if the haughty Chan suspected he had cast loving looks upon Zuleika, his life from that moment would be worth less than a flawed pearl. But in the evening, when old Ibrahim has retired, the enamored youth steals around the house, and waits for glimpses of the houris on its roof, which seems heaven as he looks up to it.

Soon the flames of his tumultuous heart break out in songs. Sometimes he sings Ghazels from Hafiz, sometimes from Firdousi; but oftenest he sings his own. Why should Mirtsa-Schaffy shine in borrowed gems? Whose voice is tenderer than his voice? Whose songs are more charming than his songs? He stands beneath her balcony. His eyes are two glow-worms under the dark vines, as he sings: —

"What is the blooming rose's cup, where nightingales may sip,
Compared with thy more blooming mouth, and thy much sweeter lip?
What is the sun, and what the moon, and what each glowing star?
They burn and tremble but for thee, still eying thee from far.
And what am I, my heart, the love-mad songs that I create?
We are the blessed slaves thy beauty doomed to celebrate."

No token of recognition is vouchsafed to him, and he goes sadly home. But the next night, when it is quite dark, as he stands under the concealing foliage of an orange-tree, a damsel in a white veil approaches him, and, as she passes, whispers, "Mirtsa-Schaffy, follow where I go." His heart beats loudly, and he follows the white figure gliding before him. They soon reach a secure place, and the mysterious conductress says: "I am Fatima, the confidant of Zuleika. My mistress looks on you with favor. Your songs have disturbed her heart. Without her knowledge I have come, that you

may draw courage from the well of my words; because I am pleased with you, and it grieves me to see you suffering so much." Mirtsa reels with ecstasy, and cries: "Can it be that Zuleika has heard the weeping of the poorest of her slaves? The God of thousands is only one God! Great is his goodness, and wonderful are his ways! What have I done that he should pour the stream of his mercy over me through the hand of Zuleika; that he should guide the rivulet of my songs to the ocean of her beauty!" Fatima replies: "You do well to praise Allah, and the kind condescension of my mistress. Had not her innocence and modesty surpassed even her beauty, she would long ago have granted you a token of her favor. Besides, she fears her father, who loves her tenderly, but would never forgive her if she should bestow her heart upon a poor Mirtsa. The rich Achmed-Chan, who has now gone to Moscow with Ibrahim, is dying for her hand, and when they come back her father will give her to him. Therefore, before that return, we must bring your suit to the desired goal. To-morrow evening, when the Muezzin calls from the minaret to prayers, be in the garden, and I will direct Zuleika's attention to you. Then sing from your heart, and in the flower-language of lovers she will throw you an answer."

Mirtsa-Schaffy, on the spot at the appointed time, soon sees Fatima and Zuleika looking down towards him. With his sweetest tones he commences:—

"In the mosque of true love,
See me kneel at the shrine:
Hear my heart call above
For an answer from thine!
With delight, or with scorn,
Dost thou hark while I sing?
Throw a rose or a thorn:
Life or death it will bring."

Not a thorn, but a full-blown rose, drops at his feet. He snatches it to his lips, falls on his knee, and the world swims beneath him. Never in his life did the sun appear to him so beautiful, as the late-rising moon appears this night. Who

shall describe the full-gushing sweetness of the days that follow? Ah! the joy-time of poor Mirtsa's life now stands in the zenith. His love quickly becomes known throughout Gjändsha, and all his acquaintances join to further his suit; some from love for him, others from hatred of Ibrahim-Chan.

Two weeks have fled. A threatening cloud suddenly darkens the sky of these basking lovers. The two Chans, Ibrahim and Achmed, — the stern father, and the destined husband of Zuleika, — are returning, and will soon arrive. The tidings fill Mirtsa with terror and energy. Out of the abyss of this alarm, he will, on the eagle-wings of resolve, bear hope to the mountain. This prize lost, the world has nothing left for Mirtsa-Schaffy. He will risk all on the hazard of a single die. He determines, by the help of Fatima, to elope with Zuleika this very night. Fatima readily agrees to the plan, and promises to guide him secretly at midnight into the chamber of his beloved, who, forewarned, will be in readiness to flee with him. A mysterious fear sets all his limbs in trepidation as he prepares to start on the momentous enterprise. "Mirtsa-Schaffy!" he says to himself, "how can you be so audacious? How dare you tread with sinful feet the sharp bridge, El-Sirat, which shall lead you into Paradise? But what is all the wisdom or danger on earth in comparison with the loveliness of Zuleika?" At this moment he reaches the gate, and hears from the low voice of Fatima, "Hasten, Mirtsa; my mistress, in bridal array, already awaits you." He silently follows her trembling steps, and, unobserved, gains the shell of the pearl of beauty, the chamber of Zuleika. There she sits, richly robed, and her young limbs shine through the dazzling veil, like Peris gleaming through the white mists of Peri-land. At the sight of this celestial creature, Mirtsa-Schaffy's tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and he bends in worship. "This is no time for astonishment," breaks in the sensible Fatima. "Take her by the hand, and beg her to go with you whither Allah leads." He obeys. Zuleika gives a faint shriek, and starts back; but after much persuasion her timidity is overcome, her love rises paramount, they glide from the house in safety, they mount two dromedaries, and ride swiftly out of Gjändsha towards the tents of Tartary.

For three days they journey unmolested. Unhappily, a fierce storm compels them to seek the shelter of a hut in a way-side village. In two hours the intended son-in-law of Ibrahim, with a troop of armed followers, rides through the bursts of rain and lightning, and breaks in upon the fugitives. Hard, alas! is poverty; but to find a cavern-full of diamonds, and then lose the treasure, — how much harder is this! What avails it to go through Paradise, if it be but the passage-way to hell! Zuleika stands, like a pale goddess of grief, compressing her mighty agony in her heart. But poor Mirtsa-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, the singer of wine, love, and roses, in addition to the incurable anguish of his heart, is forced, at the command of the cruel Achmed-Chan, to submit to the most disgraceful treatment. On those very feet which so recently bore him, over the peak and summit of bliss, into the chamber of Zuleika, he receives — the bastinado!

At the end of this recital Mirtsa-Schaffy sighs profoundly, and appears much depressed by the recollections it has stirred anew. Bodenstedt contemplates him with a feeling in which poetic respect and friendship mingle with a sense of burlesque. A whole half-hour he sits, silent and mournful, inhaling the smoke of his chibouk in full draughts, each a minute in duration, and then breathing it out again in long, slow wreaths, so that his whole head is enveloped in clouds, through which the peak of his lofty pyramidal cap pierces like the steeple of a church. Never, since that most luckless hour, has he laid eyes on his lost Zuleika. The blissful visions and exuberant hopes of youth and first love are buried in the silent darkness of eleven years ago. Then the sun of his life sank, and thenceforward there remains to him only the pensive moonlight of memory. These thoughts shed an oppressive melancholy over him; for they tell him that he will never be so happy again. He takes his lute, and brings tears to Bodenstedt's eyes by his pathetic singing of these lines: —

> "When, as my life's appointed courses wend,
> The blessed day of youth is ended quite,
> 'T is true, remembrances like stars ascend;
> But then they only show that it is night!"

One hour of confidential communion brings men closer than

whole years of ordinary intercourse; and after the above narration the Wise Man of Gjändsha has no secret from his pupil. Before him his heart lies as open as the gardens of Tiflis. In the long winter-evenings, when the tempest raves without, and the wind howls down from the mountains as drearily as if in one piercing lamentation it would express the condensed pain and sorrow of all humanity, Mirtsa-Schaffy often seems low-spirited, and indulges in regretful reveries over departed hours. At such times, Bodenstedt turns the conversation upon Zuleika. Her name acquires a high significance for him. She becomes the embodied idea of feminine beauty, the maidenly concentration of all earthly modesty and pride, the impersonation of every virtue and charm of woman. The poems dedicated to her are the roses in the song-garlands of Mirtsa-Schaffy.

His former relation to Zuleika determines all his future conduct and relation to the rest of her sex. All the women are in love with him; for since *she* loved him, how can any other woman hate him? But he can never love again. And he resolves that his coldness shall make all other women pay penance for the anguish he has suffered through the loss of one. He is really a very fine-looking and attractive person, as the portrait of him, in the frontispiece of the "Thousand and One Days," shows. His manners are calm and elegant; his head always freshly shaven and white as snow; his beard curling and odorous as the beard of Solomon, to whom he often refers; his finger-tips and nails stained as blue as the Georgian heaven. His tall conical cap he thinks is a sure snare to catch susceptible hearts. Whenever he sees any feminine form on the terraces or the balconies, he seizes the opportunity to show some portion of his white head, by cocking his lofty Phrygian cap jauntily on one side. Casting a complacent glance, he passes by with a stately mien, confident of having made a new conquest. He never takes advantage of his conquests. Each is a fresh sacrifice on the altar inscribed Zuleika. What cares he how the maidens are consumed by the fire of his eyes and songs, in comparison with which all the glances and tones sprinkled from the eyes and lips of other singers are but extinguished sparks?

Let the Occidental reader by no means so far forget the peculiar traits of Oriental character as to think the Wise Man of Gjändsha a fool. That would be a blunder indeed. There is often a magnificent morality in his strains, and they are usually brimmed with bright thoughts and poured forth in grace.

"The fulness of truth to express is most dangerous now;
Yet, Mirtsa-Schaffy! ever noble and truthful be thou:
Be not a false light, on the marshes of lyingness left."

In one of his poems to Zuleika, he daringly exclaims: —

"I, in my glowing songs, from out the skies
Snatch sun and moon and stars,
And lay them as a burning sacrifice
On Beauty's altar-bars."

He is an independent Persian, a sort of Mohammedan come-outer; and with what delicate skill of invective, in one of his dialectic battles with the dervishes, does he state both the orthodox odium which attaches to the utterance of radical truth, and the meanness of falsifying one's honest convictions to evade that odium!

"Who loveth the truth, the bridle must hold in his hand.
Who thinketh the truth, with foot in the stirrup must stand.
Who speaketh the truth, for arms must with wings be equipped.
Who telleth a lie, says Mirtsa-Schaffy, shall be whipped."

On another occasion, with that extemporaneous readiness which so remarkably distinguishes him, he says to a rich but unpopular bard, whose rhetoric is fine, but whose thoughts are poor, and who consequently is accustomed to steal the ideas of others and exhibit them in handsomer robes than they wore before: —

"Better stars without shine,
Than the shine without stars.
Better wine without jars,
Than the jars without wine.
Better honey without bees,
Than the bees without honey.
Better please without money,
Than have money but not please."

The Wise Man of Bagdad, Mirtsa-Jussuf, whose inferiority to the Wise Man of Gjändsha was some time since proved in that *striking* manner which our reader cannot have forgotten, has not yet abandoned the hope of securing Bodenstedt as his pupil. He has recourse to various artifices to compass this end, little suspecting what indissoluble ties now connect the young German and his teacher. Jussuf is not wanting in learning nor in reason. His defect is in character, spirit, and reliability. He is a pedant; one of those bores, who, if put out at the front door, will go round and enter by the back gate. This envious sage allows hardly a week to pass without furnishing Bodenstedt some evidence of his resources and accomplishments as an instructor. One day the young pilgrim from the evening-land receives a poem praising himself as a paragon of wisdom; at another time, a picture portraying him as Rustam, the great Persian hero, riding on an elephant. This picture was executed by Mirtsa-Jussuf on thick paper, with his finger-nail alone, and, considering the means, is finished with incredible skill. Bodenstedt at last acknowledges these attentions, by sending him in return a beautiful little mirror. Upon this, Jussuf's elation knows no bounds. He tells his neighbors that the Wise Man of Gjändsha is about to lose his favorite pupil. He even ventures to ridicule Mirtsa-Schaffy in doggerel verses. But to cap the climax of his assurance, he sends a small package of his finger-nail engravings to Bodenstedt, with the message that he will, in addition to all the lessons he is receiving from his present instructor, teach him how to make pictures like these, and will charge him no more for tuition than he now pays to Mirtsa-Schaffy. To the unbounded surprise and chagrin of the great scholar of Bagdad, the offer is courteously declined.

Bodenstedt has a high opinion of the merit of some of the poems sent to him by Jussuf. He shows them to Mirtsa-Schaffy, who smiles, and traces nearly all their beauties to the original sources from which they have been unconscionably appropriated. He concludes his analysis of these pieces by taking his lute, and giving vent alike to his satirical merriment and his self-complacent genius in the following lines: —

"Mirtsa-Jussuf is a much-learnéd man.
Now reads he Hafiz, and now the Koran,
Dschamy, Chakány, then Saad's Gülistan:
Here steals an image, and there steals a flower,
Now plucks a jewel, and now robs a bower.
What has been often said says he again,
Sets the whole world in his plagiarized strain;
Tricks out his booty in scrambled-up plumes,
Spreads himself, and the name Poet assumes.
Otherwise lives and sings Mirtsa-Schaffy:
Not a purloiner from others is he.
Glows his own heart as a guide-star in gloom,
Scattering far a celestial perfume,
And with no stolen productions bedressed,
Blooms a whole garden of flowers in his breast."

Mirtsa-Schaffy, ignorant of his rival's recent machinations to alienate Bodenstedt from him, and of his confident expectation of success, has marked with no little surprise how haughtily he carries his head in the bazaar and the streets, and what contemptuous looks he casts on him, as if he had wholly forgotten the slipper scene. He is still more astonished at being lampooned in execrable doggerel. But trifles do not disturb such a man as he, and he bears all the Jussufian impudence and affected scorn with the becoming repose of conscious superiority. Sometimes he amuses himself by singing to Bodenstedt a retort upon the baffled Bagdad sage.

"Wretched Mirtsa-Jussuf! all your sneers I despise:
While you sulk, with gay heart through the world I am tripping;
And, instead of returning your hatred and lies,
Only see, how this beaker of wine I am sipping.

"Retribution enough is inflicted on you,
In that nothing on earth your fastidiousness pleases;
While for me springs delight from the stars and the dew,
From the birds and the hills, from the flowers and the breezes.

"Sprawling Mirtsa-Jussuf with great awkwardness walks:
How he wrinkles his brow, as with thought it were laden!
And with all who pass by he finds fault as he stalks,
Because not as he goes, goes each man and each maiden.

"So the ox, as he plods with unwieldiest gait,
And his voice is a hoarse and most horrible bellow,
Thinks he must for this cause the sweet nightingale hate, —
That so lightly she flies and her song is so mellow."

Mirtsa-Jussuf, forced in these encounters to make bitterness supply his want of fresh wit, always comes off worsted. His bitterness becomes flaming but impotent rage, when one day Mirtsa-Schaffy sends to his house a merciless satire, which effectually ends this memorable conflict.

There is an inn at Tiflis kept by a German named Salzmann, extensively patronized by foreigners. This inn is especially famous for two things: first, for the delicious omelets served on its board; secondly, for a rare blood-red wine, which Mirtsa-Schaffy has baptized by the name of "Evening-red," because, he says, when he looks on it, he feels as if he saw the sinking sun. At this inn, in a blue chamber, around a table covered with a blue cloth, Bodenstedt sometimes spends a convivial hour with his friends. Occasionally on these evenings the copious bumpers of "Evening-red" follow each other so fast, that, when the guests part and go out in the clear night, the whole sky seems a blue table-cloth, the moon a lucid omelet, and the stars sparkling glasses. One of these jovial reunions has just ended, and Bodenstedt is on his way home. Not a cloudlet specks the azure heaven. A warmth lies in the air, as though the brilliant Georgian moon radiated heat as the sun does. The streets are nearly deserted; the bazaars and workshops are all shut. Now and then a drunken soldier staggers past, or a Georgian woman, hidden in a spotless white veil, swims by. Here and there the roofs are alive with airy shapes of lovely women, clad in their artistic drapery, and floating in the moonlight. Whenever Bodenstedt lingers to look on them, they vanish like visions of Paradise from the gaze of a sinner. But suddenly he pauses, with straining ear, his feet fastened to the spot. He hears a serenade, and he fancies that the tones are familiar to him. He recognizes the voice, — he recognizes the song, — he recognizes thee, O Mirtsa-Schaffy! He sees the yellow slippers, the red robes, the blue vest, and transparent veil of a beautiful creature, who stands shyly on the roof of a gray house, and

listens to the plaintive strains. O Wise Man of Gjändsha! thou thinkest thyself unseen in the shadow of the wall, in this lonesome street. But never will thy pupil forget thine image, as thou holdest thy hands, now pressed upon thy heart, now in the form of a half-moon above thine ear, as if thou wert in worship before some angelic being. As Bodenstedt proceeds homeward, he involuntarily hums the song of Goethe which begins with the words,

"Once there was a king."

When Mirtsa holds his next session with his pupil, he appears inspired, and like a new being. The settled melancholy habitual to his countenance has fled, and given place to a cheerful and glowing expression. At the close of the lesson, the happy poet of Gjändsha drains a flask of wine, and accompanies his lute-strings with this song: —

"Now is the blossoming time of the roses:
Maiden, bring wine; never wait for the morrow.
Over us joyfully smiles the soft blueness:
Quick let us round the dark field of old sorrow,
Tread the bright path of to-day in its newness,
Plucking at once the fresh garlands of roses."

"Mirtsa-Schaffy!" exclaims Bodenstedt, "you are in love, from head to foot; I see it plainly." "You are right," he replies, smiling; "the world shines again. My Hafisa is the column of gentleness, the chief jewel in the crown of bliss, the reflection of Allah on earth. Listen, you shall hear one of my songs in her praise: —

"When on a day the gates of Paradise
Stand open for the good as their reward,
Great hosts, both men of virtue and of vice,
Will look in terror to the Lord.

"But I, whatever be the others' fates,
Shall stand by doubt and fear quite unconcerned;
Since long before to me, on earth, the gates
Of Paradise, through thee, were open turned."

The father of Hafisa objects to Mirtsa as a son-in-law, be-

cause his income as a private tutor is small and precarious. Surely the course of true love never did run smooth in the East, any more than in the West. Bodenstedt takes the deepest interest in the affair, and endeavors to secure an official appointment for his teacher by the help of his friends among the Russian officers at Tiflis, so as to remove the paternal repugnance to Hafisa's marriage. Just at this crisis he is obliged to depart for Germany. He goes by way of Constantinople, and while there is gladdened by the receipt of a letter from the Wise Man of Gjändsha, written in a state of extreme happiness and gratitude. He has obtained an appointment as Professor of Tartar, in the High Military School of Tiflis, and is expecting soon to receive his bride.

The esteem in which Mirtsa held his pupil is expressed, in true Oriental style, in the following little poem, which he once improvised and sang in honor of him: —

"As towards one lofty goal we drive,
In one entanglement we strive:
Both I and thou.

"My heart holds thee, and me holds thine;
Though sundered, yet conjoined we twine:
Both I and thou.

"My wit caught thee, thine eye caught me;
And as two fish we swim one sea:
Both I and thou.

"Yet not like fish, but through the air
We sailing soar, an eagle pair:
Both I and thou."

When they parted, with little expectation on either side of ever meeting again, Mirtsa-Schaffy gave Bodenstedt a volume of his poems, called "The Book of Wisdom and the Source of Knowledge," written out with his own hand, in that exquisite style for which Persian manuscripts are so celebrated. The larger portion of these poems Bodenstedt translated and published in Germany, and they were widely read and admired. Having sent a few early copies of his "Thousand and One Days in the Orient" to Tiflis, he received from an

old acquaintance there a letter, bearing date July, 1850, which contained this interesting passage: —

"How would the good Mirtsa-Schaffy have rejoiced ere now could he have seen himself as he is engraved in the frontispiece of your volume, and could he have read with his own eyes how many of his fragrant songs have been clothed in the garb of Western speech! But it will be some time yet before the book reaches his hands. Perhaps you do not know that your learned teacher no longer resides in Tiflis. Having given great satisfaction as Professor in the Military School here, he was appointed, with a larger salary, to the head of a newly established Mohammedan School at Gjändsha. He returned with triumphant joy to the village of his birth and of his first love, that being the highest goal of his wishes. He leads a most happy life with his beautiful Hafisa; and, when I last heard from him, was already blessed with two children, — a boy and a little maid."

Mirtsa-Schaffy placed a high estimate both upon the literary abilities and the loyal affection of his pupil, and believed that through him his own fame was destined to spread through the lands of the West, and his strains to be sung by the youths and maidens there. One of his happiest poems — and it is a production of the raciest spirit and beauty, which we should despair of ever translating — prophesies that his lyrics will do for Tiflis, its river, and its gardens, what those of Hafiz have done for Shiraz, the stream of Rocknabad, and the grove of Mosella. We poorly render one stanza thus: —

"Through all lands shall thy verses, O Mirtsa-Schaffy!
Be borne forth, and the tones of thy voice be heard sounding:
The brave thoughts and live words of thine utterance free
Shall go over the world, in sweet echoes rebounding."

O Wise Man of Gjändsha! thy Bodenstedt has well done his duty, and thy prophecy is fulfilled even beyond thy vision, and so much sooner! For not only hast thou won friends all the way from the Cyrus to the Rhine, and had thy genius praised in every literary court of Europe, but even here, thousands of miles farther away, in vast young America, — a land of which thou hast probably never heard, — thy name and thy thoughts shall now be spoken from the Penobscot to the Savannah, from Bunker Hill to San Francisco. O friendly

teacher of Bodenstedt! sweet singer of Tiflis! childlike sage of the Morning-land! art thou still living in thy native village under the shadow of the Tartar mountains? We fancy that we see thee. Through the curling smoke-wreaths from thy chibouk emerges the cone of thy Phrygian cap. Thy face, dimly beheld at intervals between the fragrant clouds, seems the face of one of the genii of contemplation. Thou layest aside the long pipe, and quaffest a cup of "Evening-red." Thou pattest the brown cheek of the little Mirtsa-Schaffy, and liftest the young Hafisa upon thy shoulder. Farewell, thou king on the throne of wisdom, thou ruler in the empire of beauty, and may no impudent Jussuf ever vex thee more!

ART. II. — 1. *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung.* Von G. G. GERVINUS. Vierte gänzlich umgearbeitete Ausgabe. 5 Bände. Leipzig. 1853.

2. *Die deutsche Literatur.* Von WOLFGANG MENZEL. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. 4 Theile. Stuttgart. 1836.

3. *Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur.* Von A. F. C. VILNAAR. 2 Bände. Fünfte vermehrte Auflage. Marburg. 1852.

No historian has fully described the reciprocal influence which the nations of Europe have exerted in the development of literature during the last two centuries. There has been no lack of biographical dictionaries, encyclopædias, and universal compendiums. Histories of the literature of several countries have been written with learning and taste. The progress of various sciences in all civilized lands has been traced with care. But, in general, the nations have been regarded too much as isolated individuals. The intellectual growth and productiveness of each have not been considered in their relations to the growth and productiveness of the others. The nationalities have been painted as individual existences, rather than as parts of one common body, or members of one great European family. We wish to see

them pictured together, as they have lived, in all their mutual dependency. We wish to see each surrounded by its contemporaries, imitating their works of genius, or giving them models of eloquence and poetry. We wish to follow the works of such men as Shakespeare and Dante and Cervantes and Goethe beyond the narrow confines of their native lands, and behold them stirring the minds of all nations to activity, calling forth new forms of beauty, and filling the world with joy. When shall we have a history, which shall thus depict the intellectual life of Europe since the sixteenth century in all its variety and wholeness?

It is really very strange that no Englishman has yet been prompted by national pride or by scholarly zeal to record the triumphs which English literature has won beyond the shores of its island home. So minutely have the English military expeditions been described, that we can track the soldiers over every foot of ground which they have trodden between Dover and Damascus, during the last eight hundred years. So diligently have the archives of cabinets and senates been searched, that scarcely a measure which England ever adopted, to regulate the public affairs of her faithful allies, or to thwart the designs of her vigilant foes, is unknown to the present generation. But is it not as well to observe how English ideas have embodied themselves in the romances and poems of foreigners, and thus entered into the very life of various nations, as to read of the petty details of a battle, or of the secret intrigues of diplomatists? Is it more important to learn that Count Dunois was wounded by an English archer at the battle of Herrings, in 1429, than that the Paradise Lost of Milton lent inspiration to Klopstock, and helped to call into being the modern literature of Germany? Is it more interesting to study the history of the many *liaisons* which the profligate Buckingham formed at Paris, professedly in the service of his country, than to hear how much Shakespeare has contributed to the beauty and spirit of poetry in the land of Lessing and Goethe?

The English have not indeed been indifferent to the merits of their literature. They have not failed to appreciate and extol its sterling worth. Perhaps an over-estimate of its value

has prevented many from studying the modern literature of Continental Europe, and perceiving how deeply the minds of the French, the Italians, and the Germans have been impressed by the works of English writers. The scholars whose thoughts have extended beyond their native island have been tracing the history of ideas in ancient Athens and Rome, rather than in Paris and Florence and Weimar. The few who have learned that some wisdom and taste are still to be found in other lands than England, have contented themselves with displaying to their countrymen the treasures of poetry, history, and philosophy which have come from the Continent. They have not considered how many of these intellectual harvests have sprung from genuine English seed. They have failed to remember that they are inheriting the fruits of labors wrought by their ancestors. Therefore, though Americans, we may be acquitted of presumption if we now attempt to claim for English literature the glory which is its due, by showing its influence upon the literature of Germany.

Literature may be said to have passed through almost a whole cycle in Germany before the seventeenth century. It rose and flourished in the order of natural development, and gradually decayed and perished under the power of adverse circumstances. Far back in the obscurity of the earlier ages, we see the gross and incongruous conceptions of the primitive people embodied in vague and exaggerated legends. Next, the singers recited the deeds of their heroes, and described, in the majestic verse of the Nibelungen, the prowess of Siegfried, the strength of Brunhild, and the beauty of Crimhild. After the age of epics had passed, the poet began to turn his eye inward to the mysteries of the heart, and to give expression to the passions of his soul in the stirring strains of the lyric Muse. And so the castles, fields, and camps resounded with the songs of the Minnesingers. But the drama, the highest and most complete type of poetic expression, appeared only in a corrupt and stinted form. Monkish Latin grew up like a baneful weed, overtopping and choking the beautiful Minnepoesy. The Muses left the courtly halls of princes, and took refuge in the workshops of artisans.

> "As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
> And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime."

But these poets of the loom and the forge soon descended to the coldest and most artificial improvisation. The name of the cobbler, Hans Sachs, lends a lustre to his craft; but his poetry was certainly unknown to most of his contemporaries. By the close of the sixteenth century, all signs of vitality in German literature had entirely disappeared.

The seventeenth century was an eventful one in the history of Germany, but it produced no great work in that country in any department of letters. The fierce civil and religious conflicts absorbed all the energies of the nation for many long and terrible years. The works of Opitz and his followers in Silesia are almost the only proofs of literary activity which that period affords. They were devoid of marked intrinsic merit, and they gave little, if any, impulse to the great revival of literature which took place in the eighteenth century.

We seek in vain for the record of any deep, earnest, and important movement in the minds of German writers, before the works of some of our noblest English masters had crossed the Channel, and roused them from their lethargy. With peculiar pride do we see the poems of Thomson, Young, Milton, and Shakespeare shedding a radiance over the whole land, from the lakes of Switzerland to the German Sea, kindling an enthusiasm and a love for the beautiful, and evoking into life a national literature which scholars of all countries and all tongues delight to admire.

One of the first symptoms of increasing mental activity was the formation of literary associations, and the publication of weekly papers in imitation of the Spectator. Clubs of the kind referred to were formed as early as 1697. One of the first of these literary journals was *Der Vernünftler*, which appeared at Hamburg in 1713. Gottsched has given us a list of one hundred and eighty-two such papers, which were issued before 1761. Perhaps the most important in its influence upon literary men was the *Discurse der Maler*, which was first published in 1721, at Zurich. It was founded and sustained by a body of men who were entirely devoted to the study of English literature, and filled with the most enthusiastic admiration of the richness and manliness of its greatest works. Bodmer stood at the head of this company of Swiss, who

were prompted by patriotism and religion, quite as much as by scholarly taste, to build up a sound and healthy national literature. Their unaided talent was by no means adequate to the work which they desired to accomplish. It was fortunate for themselves and their country, that they had the good sense to point those who were seeking for light to the works of Thomson, Addison, and Milton.

Bodmer's paper drew the attention of thinkers to criticism as a science and an art. This was an important step towards purging a rising literature of its errors, and guiding it in the direction of truth. It prompted to the investigation of the principles of rhetoric, and also prepared the way for those studies in æsthetics, which have since been so successfully prosecuted in Germany. Addison's criticisms of Milton incited Bodmer to read the Paradise Lost. In 1724 he prepared a translation of the poem into German, which he published eight years afterward. It would have cheered the blind old poet, could he have foreseen how different would be the reception of his work by the simple but earnest Swiss from that which it met in his native land. One who had studied the history of the pious and free mountaineers might have predicted that the great English poet of religion and freedom would thrill their hearts with his lofty verse. Their literature had always been marked by a singular purity and a fervent spirituality. Their earliest works were the meditations, expositions, and homilies of monks. While the Minnesinger tuned his lyre to sing of flowers, and spring, and love, at the royal feasts in Saxony, the soul of the minstrel in Switzerland rose from earth to heaven, and sang of celestial fields, of flowers that never fade, of love that passeth comprehension. The Reformation was to the Swiss not merely a formal renunciation of Papal rituals, but an inward, vital change, such as was seen in scarcely any other part of the Continent; and all the rude attempts at poetry which preceded the time of Bodmer were moral or religious in their aims. The people had also, like the English, just passed through the most trying social and religious wars. Like the English, too, they had secured a fair measure of civil and religious freedom, and were now enjoying the fruits of peace. Have not their geographical posi-

tions, moreover, something in common? Switzerland is almost insulated from the adjacent countries by the lofty mountain ranges which more than half encompass her. Nature has evidently fitted her, as well as England, for the abode of a hardy, enterprising, and independent race. The Swiss were therefore attracted to Milton by the strongest sympathies. They found in his noble lines the utterance of their own deepest feelings and highest aspirations. They were captivated by the profoundness and variety of his learning, and by the brilliancy and boldness of his imagination.

It was perhaps fortunate for Germany that Milton was not everywhere received with the same unqualified admiration; for the country was afterwards filled with wretched imitations of the English poet, which perpetuated and exaggerated his faults, without reproducing his beauties. His great name was used as a mantle to cover a countless host of turgid and insipid poetasters. These Miltonian verse-wrights would perhaps have multiplied more rapidly, and have written more absurdly, if they had not been subjected to continual attacks from the school of Gottsched, at Leipzig. He was a busy writer, an active polemic, and an ardent admirer of the classical unities and of the literary taste of the French. He was not especially prejudiced against a work because it was English; for he himself translated Addison's Cato, and Pope's Rape of the Lock, and induced his wife to translate the Spectator, as a weapon against the Deism which had also been imported from England. He even encouraged Bodmer in his version of Milton. But no sooner was it published, than there began between the Leipzig and the Zurich schools a literary war, which has rarely been equalled for duration or for bitterness. Some one has pleasantly called it "The Thirty Years' War." The original topic of contention was the Paradise Lost. The subject, the hero, blank verse, everything vulnerable, was attacked by the party who arrogated to themselves the title of the Athenians of Germany. All the peculiarities of the English poet were as stoutly defended by the whole army of faithful Zurichers. It is not for us here to follow the history of this warfare. It ended in Gottsched's defeat, and the adoption of those sound canons of taste

which find their best illustrations in the classical writers of England.

Many incidental advantages were among the fruits of this contest. The laws of criticism were fully discussed. The national mind was aroused. Every one was led to feel a personal interest in the works of some writer or other. Thus there grew up in the hearts of the people that sympathy with authors, which is one of the greatest incentives to intellectual effort, and one of its choicest rewards. Books began to appear, weak enough, indeed, for the most part, but still far better than no books, for they were the tokens of incipient life. Feeble, if increasing, vitality is preferable to death.

German readers naturally looked to other English works than those of Milton. In the choice which they made, we can clearly trace the influence of their circumstances. Wearied by the storms of civil and religious conflicts, they were now reposing in quiet. In the natural reaction from the excitement of previous years, they delighted in pictures of peace, in the tranquil scenes of rural life, in meditation and study. A taste for idyllic, elegiac, and didactic poetry was everywhere fostered. To some minds, less oppressed by the exhaustion of the past, and more buoyant with hopes for the future, gentle satire was pleasing and congenial. Accordingly we find that Thomson's writings were universally popular; Pope's didactic poems and his Rape of the Lock were much admired; while some turned to the pensive verse of Dr. Young, which afterwards moved so many hearts in Northern Germany.

The most noted of the Swiss idyllic poets, who were more or less directly influenced by Thomson, were Gessner and Schmidt. They painted Arcadian worlds with innocent shepherds, who were supernaturally clean; and they seemed almost to wish, like Deshoulières, that they had been born sheep instead of men. It is the fault of most imitators to run to excess. Haller, the distinguished professor at Göttingen, who had travelled in England, had talent enough to avoid the errors of his countrymen. He wrote a successful poem, "The Alps," which reminds one of "The Seasons," and

another on "The Origin of Evil," in the style of Pope. He was followed by a great number of dull moralizers and schoolmasters, who wrote what were called didactic poems on almost every conceivable subject. Doctors rhymed about vaccination; farmers, about irrigation; and one, Elias Schlegel, proved to himself in rhyme that mathematics were especially necessary to every poet.

But not alone in Switzerland were the English studied as models. Gellert of Leipzig, the celebrated writer of fables, sought to rival the elegance of Pope and of Richardson, and wielded his language with a skill which makes his works conspicuous even now for their chaste and polished style. Pope's Rape of the Lock called forth a large number of imitators, the most of whom made pitiful attempts at wit. Zachariä was the most eminent of this class. He wrote a poem entitled "The Pocket Handkerchief," which was loudly praised, and a comic play, "The Renomist," of considerable value as a picture of the times. He also translated Milton's Paradise Lost into German hexameters, and displayed his weakness in an imitation of Thomson's Seasons. Hagedorn, of Hamburg, who was Secretary to the Danish Embassy in London from 1729 to 1731, showed, in the easy and graceful flow of his Epicurean poetry, that he had profited by the study of Pope as well as of Homer. His friend, Ebert, translated Glover's Leonidas, in 1737, and Young's Night Thoughts, in 1760.

The people of Hamburg and of the northwestern part of Germany were attracted to the English literature both by their natural temperament and by their commercial relations with London. Hence we find them sympathizing strongly with the Swiss in the contest with Gottsched. Klopstock, the greatest poet of the English school, spent the larger part of his life at Copenhagen. While he was at the University, Bodmer's translation of Milton suggested to his mind the idea of writing his Messias. He became an assiduous student of Young, and of Mrs. Rowe, the author of "Letters from the Dead to the Living." The influence of these three English writers upon Klopstock was decided and lasting. It may be said, that unless Milton had written, there would have been

no such poem as the Messias. When the first three cantos appeared, they were read with such wonderful applause, that the French school of writers was entirely forgotten. Klopstock was styled the German Milton. Again he was called the Virgil, and Milton the Homer, of Christianity. Preachers wrote sermons upon the new epic, women wept over it, children recited it, and all hailed its author as the greatest genius Germany had seen. The present generation have modified the verdict of Klopstock's contemporaries, and assigned him his proper position among the German poets. They have pointed out his faults as a writer, and shown how far inferior he was to Milton; but they have acknowledged that scarcely any man has given such an impulse to the genuine literature of his country, and that he was indebted in no small degree to the author of the Paradise Lost.

No sooner had Klopstock published the beginning of his poem, than the Old Testament was ransacked for themes by a legion of writers. Bodmer drew forth from his drawer the plan of an epic on Noah, which he had prepared some years before. He attempted to give to his work the coloring and treatment of the Messias, but it proved to be tiresome and prosaic. His failure did not prevent him from writing other pieces, equally tedious, on the Deluge, Jacob and Joseph, Rachel, and Jacob's Return, and a number of dramas upon the Patriarchs. The young Wieland, afterwards the leader of the sensuous school, was now captivated by Mrs. Rowe and Bodmer. He wrote a piece called "The Trial of Abraham," some Psalms, and "The Experiences of a Christian." His subsequent life furnished a curious commentary on this last work. Gessner wrote, in imitation of Milton, "The Death of Abel," which has been thought worthy of three different translations into English. The eccentric and versatile Lavater was also filled with enthusiasm for the patriarchal poetry. He wrote a drama entitled "Abraham and Isaac," and versified the Gospels and the Apocalypse. The serious and earnest religious poetry of England was lovingly studied by Gellert and the other writers of hymns, and its lofty spirit was infused into many of those noble lyrics which console and cheer the Christian heart in every church and home in

Protestant Germany. In many a parsonage, too, Tillotson and Clarke were read as models of pulpit eloquence.

Though the Germans had now escaped from the trammels of French artificialness, their taste was by no means pure, and the action of their minds was far from healthy. Excessive pietism clouded their vision. The *Nordische Aufseher* was established at Copenhagen in 1760, by Klopstock, Cramer, and Funck, as a continuation of the English Spectator. It became the champion of pietistic and patriarchal poetry. It proclaimed that Young was greater than Milton, and that his "Night Thoughts" was surpassed in excellence only by the Bible. Irony and satire were rejected as unclean things. Buffoonery was criminal. The wit and humor of Shakespeare made him inferior to Mrs. Rowe of blessed memory. Molière was entirely banished. Solitude, night, and death were deemed the proper and congenial themes for lofty and sanctified genius. Such sentiments were widely cherished in the middle of the eighteenth century. Their general diffusion was suddenly checked by two great causes, the patriotic reaction against the Gallicism of Frederic the Great, and the translation of Ossian.

Frederic's contempt for German literature is well known. Perhaps his spirit was never more truly expressed than in the letter which he wrote about the Nibelungen Lied, and which is still shown at Zurich to every curious traveller. Speaking of that old national epic, he says: "In my opinion, it is not worth a charge of powder; I would not have it in my library, but would cast it out into the street." His entire neglect of German writers stimulated the best of them to redoubled activity. It is perhaps fortunate that he did not load them with honors. The rising literature would then probably have become sycophantic, and would have been shaped, in no small degree, according to his taste. But it was compelled to struggle for its life, and it thus acquired a bold, natural, and independent spirit, which gave it vitality and power.

The excitement of the Prussians during the Seven Years' War, and their just pride in their growing strength, created a certain national feeling, which had scarcely been known before. The emotions which thrilled their hearts in those

stirring times demanded expression. The popular enthusiasm at last found utterance in the military songs of the two renowned poets, Gleim and Kleist. But Frederic did not deign to notice their efforts. The poets throughout the country, fired with new zeal by their deep disgust at the favor which was shown to French wits at the royal court, were true to their national pride. Minor differences were partly forgotten. The spirited strains of the cheerful Prussians, who had drawn inspiration from Horace and Lucretius, rather than from Milton and Young, were first tolerated, and then admired, by the disciples of Klopstock.

By a singular coincidence, just at this time (1794) the poems of Ossian were translated into German. The public mind was ripe for these works; they were read, as the Messias had been read fifteen years before. The passion for them became a mania. The painting of nature in its wildness, the scenes of idyllic tranquillity, the gigantic characters, the vague longings, the pensive melancholy of these Scottish poems, were full of fascination for those who had hung entranced over the Messias and the Night Thoughts. Here, moreover, they saw the great men of an age of simplicity and purity. They compared the courts of Potsdam and Versailles with those heroes of a bygone age. Proudly then did they turn to their old Teutonic ancestors, and find such hearts as those whose praises Ossian sang. With poetic ardor they began to recreate the manners and virtues of their forefathers. They all became bards. Klopstock, for instance, styled himself Werdomar, and sang of the battle of Hermann. Kretschman assumed the name of Rhingulph, and wrote "The Battle of Varus." The bards were soon as numerous as the patriarchal poets had been. The temptation for them was indeed very great. Ossian was praised as superior to Homer. It was said that, while he had all the intellect and imagination of the Greek, he possessed more pathos and sentiment, more geniality and heart. Nothing was easier to write than something which resembled this poetical prose. Nothing could better cover defects in thought than this garb of Northern mythology. The fame seemed great and the labor light. But the German bards succeeded only in imitat-

ing the resonance of language and vagueness of description which characterize Ossian. Goethe has well described their style. "An eternal thunder of battle, the fire of courage flashing from the eyes, the golden hoof sprinkled with blood, the helmet and plume, the spear, a couple of dozen of hyperboles, an everlasting ha! ha! when the verse lacks for syllables, and when it is long, the monotony of the metre, — all together, it is not to be endured." He afterwards showed that the resuscitated world of Teutons, which the bards had evoked, bore no resemblance to the men who swept back the Roman legions. He also reminded them that the new element of Christianity had been engrafted into their race since the days of Hermann, and that they were to look to the period of the Reformation for their real origin. In harmony with such views, he wrote the Götz von Berlichingen as a truly national drama.

We have already seen that the beneficial influence of Milton on the German mind is not to be measured by the intrinsic value of the Biblical poems which his Paradise Lost called forth, so much as by the general intellectual activity which he occasioned, and the new ideas of poetry which his works diffused. So the translation of the works of Ossian* can hardly be regarded as fortunate for Germany, if one considers merely the poetic worth of their immediate imitators. But they served indirectly to elevate the tone of poetry, and they stimulated some minds to labors of incomparable importance. They really gave a more truthlike and healthful representation of nature, and a more exalting picture of man, than the numerous idyls, with their love-sick shepherds and oaten pipes, or the sombre poems on the charms of loneliness, darkness, and death. There are passages in Werther which convince us that the songs of the Scottish bard had made a profound impression on the youthful Goethe. They seized with great force the mind of Herder, who delighted to throw himself back into the primitive ages,

* For the sake of convenience, we speak of Ossian as the author of the poems which were ascribed to him. Their genuineness was not questioned in Germany at the time of which we are writing.

when man was uncontaminated by an advanced civilization. He read them on a voyage in the German Ocean; and he has graphically recorded the effect which their marvellous descriptions of the same Northern sky and mists and clouds by which he was surrounded, produced upon his active imagination. These poems and Percy's Reliques seem to have first suggested to Herder the great plan, which he afterwards so successfully executed, of collecting the best popular songs of every nation.

Ossian soon supplanted Young; and we must rejoice that he did, when we remember the morbid and unnatural pietism of the German imitators of the Night Thoughts. They now returned from unknown worlds to the scenes of earth. Their asceticism melted away into humanity, somewhat melancholy, indeed, at first, but afterwards becoming more cheerful and smiling. They renounced sentimentalism, and became reasonable, sometimes even humorous. In fact, from the pathos of Ossian to the sentiment and humor of Sterne there is but a step. The transition from genuine sadness to gentle pensiveness, and then to cheerfulness and joy, is not uncommon nor difficult. Change of circumstances will almost invariably produce this change of feeling. We are therefore not surprised to see, that, while some lovers of Ossian remained faithfully attached to him alone, many others were soon quite as much fascinated by Yorick's Sentimental Journey.

The love for Sterne speedily carried the sentimental writers to ridiculous extremes. The most sickly imitations were multiplied. Snuff-boxes marked with the names Lorenzo and Yorick became fashionable. J. G. Jacobi, a poetical admirer of Sterne, sent one to his friend, Gleim, with a letter, in which he declared that he would cherish affection for any person who would call upon him with such a box. The visitors who came with this passport to his friendship and hospitality were soon so numerous and tedious, that he was obliged to repent of his offer. But this experience did not prevent a correspondence between him and Gleim, which rivals any series of love-letters in the Complete Letter-writer. They blistered the paper with tears of affection, and kissed each other's

names over and over again with the semblance of sweetest rapture. How easy it was to pass from this affected emotion and search after love to the sensuous erotism of the Greco-German poems and novels! Indeed, Jacobi afterwards became one of Wieland's most ardent and faithful coadjutors.

It must not be supposed that Wieland freed himself at once from the influence of the English writers whom he began to study under the guidance of Bodmer. He early revolted from Young, and devoted himself to the study of Voltaire, and of Xenophon and Anacreon. But no sooner had he completed his Johanna Gray and his Clementina von Porreta, than Lessing declared to him that the first was virtually copied from Nicholas Rowe, and the second from Richardson's Grandison. We can also never forget that Wieland was the first to translate into German the principal plays of Shakespeare.

It seems to some not a little strange, that, in the Anglomania which swept over Germany, the greatest of English geniuses should have been almost entirely overlooked. But a careful observer will see that this was not a mere accident. The general taste was not at all suited to appreciate the wonderful dramatist. The public mind was not ready for his works. What favor could they find in that age of affected solemnity and sickly sentimentality? It was only when the nation had begun to emerge from its ignorance and errors into the light of knowledge and truth, that it could see any form or comeliness in the great interpreter of nature. It created an era in German literature, when men began to comprehend, to admire, and to love Shakespeare. It was a proof that at least one step had been rightly taken, and was never to be retraced.

It is probable that Wieland himself did not perceive the merits of Shakespeare, till they were pointed out by Lessing. This clear-minded critic perceived at a glance the power and the truthfulness of the great Englishman, and suggested to Wieland the idea of translating his plays. That is only one of the many services which Lessing rendered to the literature of his country. From the moment that he appeared, order began to come out of the chaos of German poetry. He saw not only that the great mass of German writers were imita-

tors of imitators, but that these last were the copyists of inferior models. He turned his countrymen from Voltaire to Diderot, from Young and Ossian to Thomson and Shakespeare. He taught them how to profit by the study of foreign literature. He had a passionate love for English works. He wrote a Memoir of the author of "The Seasons," and an introduction to a German translation of his Tragedies, which he had induced a friend to make. He lauded the naturalness and life of the English writers, and sternly condemned the classic coldness of the French. He avowed, — and the avowal evinced courage as well as taste, — that he preferred the Merchant of Venice, which was almost unknown, to Addison's Cato, which was played on every stage. He said that he would rather be a living man, though he were deformed, than to be the finest statue of Praxiteles. He chose Shakespeare as his master in remodelling plays and adapting them to the Hamburg stage. In his "Dramaturgie," a weekly paper, which explained and criticised the pieces performed at Hamburg, he made a vehement attack on the French idea of the unities, showed that Aristotle and Shakespeare were nearly harmonious in spirit, and cast down Corneille and Voltaire from the exalted position which they had occupied in Germany. And yet, with well-balanced judgment, he frowned upon the few who would abandon all rules in escaping from the trammels of the French. He translated Diderot, who had opposed the dramatic theories that were cherished at Paris. He wrote a play, called "Miss Sara Sampson," which was quite English in its tone and coloring. It became the model of the dramas which were afterwards so numerous in Germany, under the name of *Bürgerliche Dramen*. Princes and princesses alone had been seen on the stage before this time. But in Lessing's play men and women were represented in the scenes of every-day life. The drama was thus made to take hold on the people, and became more truly the mirror of the national customs and habits. Subsequently, in the Emilia Galeotti, Lessing assumed a position between the Northern and Southern schools. He endeavored to reconcile the ancient and modern forms. Standing in Germany, midway between Greece and England, he strove to develop a drama which should harmonize with

the spirit of both these lands of tragic genius, and become the true and faithful expression of human life.

He found an earnest coadjutor in Herder. We have already alluded to the impulses which this great writer received from the study of Ossian's Poems and of Percy's Reliques. He included exceedingly felicitous versions from both of those works in his great collection of popular songs. But he confined himself to no single department of English literature. His Essay on the Development of Poetry and Prose in England, clearly evinces an intimate acquaintance with all the principal writers, from Chaucer down to Thomson. He wrote a paper on Swift, which shows that he had made the character and spirit of that renowned satirist a subject of special study. He praises the wisdom of Shaftesbury, and says that the profound reflections of that distinguished writer had influenced such men as Lessing, Mendelssohn, and Leibnitz. All the German metaphysicians of that age were deeply impressed by the works of Shaftesbury's friend, John Locke. It is interesting to us to know that Herder was an ardent admirer of that acute thinker and large-hearted man, who made our country his residence for some time, Bishop Berkeley. Among his unfinished pieces there was found a sketch of Berkeley's life, with numerous extracts from his works. Herder joined with Lessing in his attacks on Corneille and Voltaire. His spirit was so charmed with simplicity and strength, with manliness and life, that he could have little sympathy with the French. He despised the insipid gallantry and drawing-room nicety of their tragic heroes, and declared that passion had left their hearts and gone down to their livers. He averred that the true delineation of the human heart was to be sought in Hamlet, Macbeth, and Othello. No genius so awoke his enthusiasm as Shakespeare. He said that Shakespeare ranged over the whole world with instinctive ease. He therefore called him the Poet of the World-Cycle, in distinction from the Greek dramatists, who had been designated as the Poets of the Hero-Cycle. No higher nor sincerer tribute has ever been paid to Shakespeare than the elegant and unimpassioned essays upon his works and genius by the admiring Herder.

The labors of Christian Felix Weisse in the translation and imitation of the English dramatists should not be forgotten. He was persuaded by Lessing to give a free version of the English play, "The Devil to Pay." When it was received into the repertory of the Leipzig theatre, Gottsched wrote a petition to the director, in very bad French, begging him to forbid the representation. The letter, which was full of grammatical blunders, fell into the hands of a wicked wag, who published it at once. The enraged professor brought a suit at law against him, and thus gave increased publicity to his ridiculous note. Satires were heaped upon his head. He sank into contempt, and never again attained to his former eminent position. Weisse wrote "The Jolly Cobbler," in the style of English comedy.

It was probably due, in some degree, to the influence of Lessing, that Eschenburg revised Wieland's translation of Shakespeare, added the remaining plays, and published them complete at Hamburg, in 1775.

Goethe has himself told us how Lessing's writings deepened the impression which Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare had made upon his mind, and led him to Wieland's translation. It seemed to his young soul that new worlds were there opened before him. He and his ardent associates at Strasburg were seized with what was called the Shakespeare mania. French literature, to which they had been inclined, was absolutely banished from their circle. In the excess of their passion, they maintained that all genius was concentrated in Shakespeare. A speech of Goethe, which is published in Lewes's Biography of the German poet, shows us how great was his enthusiasm for the English dramatist, when he was beginning to meditate his Faust and his Götz von Berlichingen. Not only these works, but also his outline of a drama on Julius Cæsar, and the profound and searching criticisms of Hamlet in Wilhelm Meister, prove how carefully he had studied the great master, whom he so passionately loved in the earlier years of his manhood. He has also expressly said, that "Oeser of Leipzig, Wieland, and Shakespeare were the only ones who showed him the better way" which saved him from the errors of his predecessors. We

have in the *Wahrheit und Dichtung* a charming picture of the reading of the Vicar of Wakefield by Herder, while Goethe and his friends were listening with thrilling interest. Every one familiar with Goethe's life will remember how soon many of the scenes which were painted by Goldsmith were witnessed in the quiet parsonage at Sesenheim. In Werther we may see the exaggerated sentimentality which Sterne had helped to create in Germany. Goethe was, indeed, in this work, as in many others, only the mouthpiece of his age, the interpreter and exponent of the general feeling. Though the book was regarded as a wonderful phenomenon when it first appeared, it is now easy to perceive that it was a necessary product of the times. Morbidness was so universal and so excessive, that it could not but find a voice. This diseased state of the emotional nature of the Germans had been greatly increased by the thousand imitations of the Sentimental Journey.

Schiller was deeply moved by the works of Shakespeare. He was a mere boy at the academy when he first read some passages from Othello. He begged for Wieland's translation. All the other poets whom he had studied were forgotten for the time. His professor, Abel, closes a vivid description of the boy's devotion to Shakespeare by saying, that the study of the works of the English poet was his only employment, the successful imitation of that model his only thought and aim during many a year. When he was obliged to flee from Stuttgard in the night, he did not forget his Haller, Klopstock, and Shakespeare. When he was appointed Theatre-Poet at Mannheim, one of his first undertakings was a translation of Macbeth and of Timon. The German authors whom he chiefly read belonged to the English school. Their freedom and boldness were congenial with his daring spirit, and their influence, as well as that of Shakespeare, is clearly manifest in most of his dramas.

Lessing's taste for English literature, and his love for the genuine German spirit, were imbibed by a band of young poets, who were known as the *Göttinger Dichterbund.* It consisted of Bürger, Hölty, Boje, the Stolbergs, Claudius, Voss, and some others. They wrought with great effect

upon public sentiment, at first through their *Musenalmanach*, and afterwards through their larger works. Ebert, Lessing, and Eschenburg contributed poems to their Almanac. Klopstock and Shakespeare were chosen as their guardian spirits. War was proclaimed against Wieland and all his followers. This brotherhood celebrated Klopstock's birthday, in 1773, by crowning his works, by drinking in Rhine-wine to him, Luther, Hermann, Ebert, Goethe, and Herder, and by burning the portrait of Wieland and his *Idris*. They held a festival in honor of Shakespeare, at which all the conversation was carried on by quotations from his plays. Perhaps the most noted work produced by any of this fraternity is Bürger's ballad, "Leonore," which Scott has so successfully translated. It has been conjectured that the imagery in Bürger's "Wild Hunter" was suggested by the spectre hunt in Dryden's "Theodore and Honoria." It is curious that Voss at this time regarded Ossian as far superior to Homer, whom he afterwards translated. The *Dichterbund* prepared the way for the Romantic School, which has since filled so large a place in German literature.

The services which Schroeder, the distinguished actor, rendered to the drama of his country, in introducing English plays upon the stage, should not be overlooked.* From 1761 to 1770, a passion prevailed for the light Italian and French comedies, such as those of Goldoni and Gozzi, Destouches and Molière. Schroeder resolved to turn the public to the tragedies of Shakespeare, which he adapted to the German stage. It required the most zealous exercise of all the influence which he could exert, as the first living actor, to accomplish this praiseworthy end. But he finally succeeded, and from that day to this, with only few intervals, Hamlet and Othello, Richard III. and Macbeth, have been heard almost as frequently in the great theatres of Germany, as in those of England. Who can say how far the stage, which is one of the great teachers in Germany, has affected the public taste, and moulded the national literature? It has

* It is well known that English actors were playing in many cities of Germany, at least a hundred years before the time of Schroeder. But they produced no lasting impression on the public mind.

taught to every child in the land the finest passages of the English dramatists, until they are as fully appreciated, and as often recited, by the inhabitants of Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, as by those of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It has helped to bring Schlegel and Tieck to the translation of Shakespeare, and Ulrici and Gervinus to the criticism of his plays. It has breathed something of the spirit of the greatest English genius into every mind, from the Rhine to St. Petersburg, and from Hamburg to Trieste. Schroeder also wrote translations or imitations of "The London Prodigal," "The Secret Marriage," "The Constant Couple," and "Still Waters run Deep."

While the Germans were reading the English poets, they were not unmindful of the writers of novels, romances, and stories. After the Minnesingers had passed away, the national legends were recited in prose. These, in their turn, were neglected when romances and novels poured in from Italy and France. The stories of Parcival and Tristan were forgotten, and the nation was flooded with the tales of Boccaccio and De Rosset, and their imitators. The earliest writers of works of fiction in prose, like Philip von Zesen and Buchholz of Brunswick, chose patriarchs or princes for their heroes. Then came the writers of political romances, incited by the great events of the seventeenth century. But with the publication of De Foe's Robinson Crusoe a new era began. The press teemed with imitations of that thrilling story. Between the years 1722 and 1755 more than forty different tales of that description were published. There was the German Robinson, the Italian Robinson, the Moral Robinson, the Invisible Robinson, the Jungfer Robinson, and Robunse with her son Robinschen. The transition was easy from these works to the tales of *Aventuriers*, with which the country was soon filled. They were stories of sailors and freebooters, who had discovered strange lands, and barely escaped all kinds of accidents by flood and field. The descriptions of life at sea, of islands clad in perpetual verdure, of primeval forests in the tropical zone, with all their richness and variety of animal life, prepared the readers for the writings of Rousseau, which hurled invectives against the conventional system of modern

society, and summoned the race to return to the scenes of its primitive innocence. But that large class for whom the histories of piratical adventurers, and the manners of uncultivated men, had no fascination, were charmed with the works of Richardson, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Smollett.* These were widely read by literary men.

A few of the Germans exhibited in their writings a spirit kindred to that of these distinguished Englishmen. Lichtenberg, the cheerful, hump-backed man, who lived for some time in England, and wrote home excellent letters upon Garrick and the other prominent actors of his day, produced a large number of humorous pieces, which have gained for him the title of the English German. Hermes, who aimed at a style between that of Richardson and Fielding, conceived that the English and the German spirit were the same, and, in his endeavors to avoid the coarseness of the humorists, and to restore romance to harmony with virtue and religion, became fatally dull and tedious. His chief works are a novel called "Miss Fanny Wilkes," and a book entitled "Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony," which is poor in style, though pious in spirit. Thümmel has given us by far the best German work in the style of Sterne, in his "Journey to the Southern Provinces of France." It has generally been thought that Jean Paul had more of the genuine English humor than any of his countrymen, though all his works are entirely original. We know that he was a diligent student of English literature, and particularly of Swift and Pope. It is difficult to say how far his versatile and peculiar genius was affected by the English wits and humorists; but we know that he rarely failed to reproduce, in one form or another, all that he had read and copied into his voluminous manuscript quartos. The name of Wal-

* We translate the following note from Gervinus: — "Fielding's Amelia, translated, had reached the third edition in 1766. The Vicar of Wakefield was translated in 1767; again, ten years after, by Bode; Fielding's Ophelia in 1767; Sterne's Yorick, by Bode, in 1768, Peregrine Pickle in 1769, Humphrey Clinker, by Bode, in 1772; Tristram Shandy, by Bode, in 1774; Yorick's Letters to Eliza, and Eliza's to Yorick, in 1775; Tom Jones, by Bode, in 1780. (It had previously been translated by one Wodarch.)"

ter Scott is as highly honored in Germany as it is in his native land. His novels are found in every library. He has fully discharged the debt which he confessed that he owed to some of the German poets. Side by side with his works are found hundreds of historical novels, which are written professedly in the style of Waverley. Of this large class, perhaps those from the pen of Zschokke are the best.

It is yet too soon to decide how far German literature has been modified in form and in spirit by the English writers of this century. The love for English poetry has increased rather than declined during the last fifty years. At the close of the last century Schlegel was completing his translation of Shakespeare. Tieck has since revised and improved it, and commended it to the attention of every person of taste by his genial writings on the English drama. A great impulse has thus been given to the production of historical plays. The works of Byron were universally welcomed by the Germans. His verses were on every one's lips. Probably the German youth can recite more lines from his poems than from those of any other English author. Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Moore, Burns, and Longfellow are extensively read by the countrymen of Schiller and Goethe. Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray are almost as well known in Germany as they are in America. The Indian novels of Cooper are devoured by almost every boy, before he enters the gymnasium. So great was the demand for Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," that she was justified in publishing "Dred" simultaneously at Leipzig and at Boston.

The same causes which are tending to make all the civilized nations of the globe more thoroughly acquainted with one another, are also serving to disseminate the productions of the English and the American press more and more rapidly in Germany. It were easy to predict many social and political, as well as literary results, from an increasing European circulation of works which breathe the spirit of the Magna Charta, the Areopagitica, and the Declaration of Independence. But we confine ourselves now to the past, and do not attempt to weigh the probabilities of the future.

In the outline which we have given of the influence of

the English literature upon the literature of Germany, we have often implied that the writers of that country were excessively inclined to the imitation of the works of foreigners. They studied assiduously, not only the literature of Europe, but also that of Persia, of India, and of China. Nothing was more natural than this. "We awoke," says Herder, "when it was noon everywhere else, when the sun was even beginning to decline in some nations. In short, we came too late; and because we came too late, we imitated." They laid all parts of the world under contribution. Every nationality was reflected in their poems, and yet no literature has an individual character more clearly marked than this apparent combination of all literatures. Some Germans have been but mere imitators of foreigners; but the great men, whose works compose the literature, have never been servile copyists. They have communed with the master-spirits of other lands, but only to gain inspiration, to give new activity to their powers, to kindle their souls into a higher and holier fervor. Thus did Goethe attain to his "many-sidedness," Lessing to his comprehensiveness of view, and Herder to his love of universal humanity. They gathered rough diamonds from every clime, but they polished them with a skill which was wholly their own. They studied the wise and beautiful thoughts of all ages, but every word which they uttered was stamped with the impress of their own peculiar genius. It is certainly not the least of the glories of English literature, that, by breathing its spirit into such men as these, it has aided in shaping the life of a manly people, and that it has strengthened the bonds of affection between those great families of the Teutonic race in which the hopes of humanity are centred.

ART. III. — 1. *Oration at the Inauguration of the Statue of Benjamin Franklin, in his Native City, September* 17, 1856. By HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP. Boston. 1856.

2. *Proceedings on the Centennial Anniversary of the Setting up of the First Printing-Press in New Hampshire.* Portsmouth. 1856.

3. *The Public Reception to George Peabody, at Danvers.* American Journal of Education for December, 1856. Art. IX.

THE holidays the record of which gives us our text, all having occurred during the last autumn, are so characteristic of our national tendencies, progress, and social economy, that they afford suggestive materials and indicate normal principles. Boston rears a statue of her illustrious son, and for its inauguration trades convene, emblematic processions fill the thoroughfares, and the voice of song and of eloquence revives the career of the printer's apprentice, the electrical discoverer, and the patriotic statesman. A hundred years elapse since a newspaper was first issued in New Hampshire, and her children are summoned to a festival at Portsmouth, where the history of the press is rehearsed, and its intimate relation to civic freedom and culture commemorated by speeches, tableaux, music, and feasting. An opulent London banker, of American birth, revisits his native town, enriched by his gift with a free library, and Danvers welcomes him with an escort of her fairest denizens, a public banquet, and the greetings of the most eminent citizens of the State. In the occasions and the method of celebration, these were emphatically American holidays. In each case the interest survives the day, and is of so permanent and historical a nature as to claim printed memorials. Diverse as these celebrations may appear at the first glance, they include a recognition of the same general principles. Franklin's example typifies self-reliance and popular education; the early establishment of a newspaper, the freedom and activity of the press; and the donation of Mr. Peabody, the habit of reading which constitutes at once the distinction and the safeguard of our

people, whose patron saints are practical workers in the sphere of the useful, whose *festas* are anniversaries of popular institutions, the birthdays of patriots, the visits of generous citizens, made attractive, not by shows of tapestry and clerical processions, exhibitions of apostolic bones, genuflections, and jewelry, but through eloquent appeals to the reason, and gratulatory assemblies, — the display of the trophies of industry, and the elevation of the badges of municipal freedom.

But while we accord this significance to our holidays, we also feel their casual tenure, their want of recreative zest, of enjoyable spirit, and of cordial popular estimation; and are irresistibly prompted to discuss their claims as one of the neglected elements of our national life. It is an anomalous fact in our civilization, that we have no one holiday, the observance of which is unanimous. It is an exceptional trait in our nationality, that its sentiment finds no annual occasion when the hearts of the people thrill with an identical emotion, absorbing in patriotic instinct and mutual reminiscence all personal interests and local prejudice. It is an unfortunate circumstance, that no American festival, absolutely consecrated and universally acknowledged, hallows the calendar to the imagination of our people. Anniversaries enough, we boast, of historical importance, but they are casually observed; events of glorious memory crowd our brief annals, but they are not consciously identified with recurring periods; universal celebrities are included in the roll of our country's benefactors, but the dates of their birth, services, and decease form no saints' days for the Republic. How often in the crises of sectional passion does the moral necessity of a common shrine, a national feast, a place, a time, or a memory sacred to fraternal sympathies and general observance, appall the patriotic heart with regret, or warm it with desire! Were such a nucleus for popular enthusiasm, such a goal for a nation's pilgrimage, such a day for reciprocal gratulation, our own, — a time when the oath of fealty could be renewed at the same altar, the voice of encouragement be echoed from every section of the Confederacy, the memory of what has been, the appreciation of what is, and the hope

of what may be, simultaneously felt, — what a bond of union, a motive to forbearance, and a pledge of nationality would be secured! Were there not in us sentiments as well as appetites, reflection as well as passion, humanity might rest content with such "note of time" as is marked on a sun-dial or in the almanac; but, constituted as we are, a profound and universal instinct prompts observances wherewith faith, hope, and memory may keep register of the fleeting hours and months. In accordance with this instinct, periodical sacrifice, song, prayer, and banquet, in all countries and ages, have inscribed with heart-felt ceremony the shadowy lapse of being. Without law or art, the savage thus identifies his consciousness with the seasons and their transition; anniversaries typify vicissitude; the wheel of custom stops a while; events, convictions, reminiscences, and aspirations are personified in the calendar; and that reason which "looks before and after," asserts itself under every guise from the barbarian rite to the Christian festival, and begets the holiday as an institution natural to man. If the ballads of a people are the essence of its history, holidays are, on similar grounds, the free utterance of its character; and, as such, are of great interest to the philosopher, and fraught with endearing associations to the philanthropist.

The spontaneous in nations as well as in individuals is attractive to the eye of philosophy, because it is eminently characteristic. The great charm of biography is its revelation of the play of mind and the aspect of character, when freed from conventional restraints. And, in the life of nations, how inadequate are the records of diplomacy, legislation, and war, — the official and economical development, — to indicate what is instinctive and typical in character! It is when the armor of daily toil, the insignia of office, the prosaic tasks of life, are laid aside, that what is peculiar in form and graceful in movement becomes evident. In the glee or solemnity of the festival, the soul breaks forth; in the fusion of a common idea, the heart of a country is made freely manifest.

Accordingly, the manner, the spirit, and the object of festal observances are among the most significant illustrations of history. An accurate chart of these from the earliest time would

afford a reliable index to the progress of humanity, and suggest a remarkable identity of natural wants, tendencies, and aspirations. There is, for instance, a singular affinity between the Saturnalia of the ancient and the Carnival of the modern Romans, as between the sports of the ancient circus and the bull-fights of Spain; while so closely parallel, in some respects, are Druidical and monastic vows and fanaticism, that one of the most popular of modern Italian operas, which revived the picturesque costume and sylvan rites of the Druids, was threatened with prohibition, as a satire upon the Church. It would well repay antiquarian investigation, to trace the germ of holiday customs from the crude superstitions of barbarians, through the usages incident to a more refined mythology, to their modified reappearance in the Romish temples, where Pagan rites are invested with Christian meaning, the statue of Jupiter is transformed into St. Peter, and the sarcophagus of a heathen becomes the font of holy baptism. Gibbon tells us how shrewd Pope Boniface professed but to rehabilitate old customs, when he revived the secular games in Rome. Not only are traces of Pagan forms discoverable in the modern holidays, but the mediæval taste for exhibitions of animal courage and vigor still lives in the love of prize-fights and horse-racing so prevalent in England, and the ring and the cockpit minister to the same brutal passions which of old filled the Flavian Amphitheatre with eager spectators, and gave a relish to the ordeal of blood. In the abuses of the modern pastime we behold the relics of barbarism, and the perpetuity of such national tastes is evident in the combative instinct which once sustained the orders of chivalry, and in our day has lured thousands to the destructive battle-fields of the Crimea.

Not only do the social organizations devoted to popular amusements and economics thus give the best tokens of local manners and the average taste, but they directly minister to the culture they illustrate. The gladiator "butchered to make a Roman holiday" nurtured with his life-blood and dying agonies the ferocious propensities and military hardihood of the imperial cohorts. The graceful posture and fine muscular display of the wrestler and discus-player of Athens reappeared in the statues

which peopled her squares and temples. The equine beauty and swiftness exhibited at Derby and Ascott keep alive the emulation which renders England famous for breeds of horses, and her gentry healthful by equestrian exercise. The custom of musical accompaniments at every German symposium has, in a great measure, bred a nation of vocal and instrumental performers. The dance became a versatile art in France, because it was, as it still is, the national pastime. The Circassian is expert with steed and rifle from the habit of dexterity acquired in the festive trials of skill, excellence in which is the qualification for leadership. The compass, flexibility, and sweetness of the human voice so characteristic of the people of Italy, have been attained through ages of vocal practice in ecclesiastical and rural festivals; and the copious melody of their language gradually arose through the *canzoni* of troubadours and the rhythmical feats of *improvvisatori*. The deafening clang of gongs, the blinding smoke of chowsticks, and the dazzling light of innumerable lanterns, wherewith the Chinese celebrate their national feasts, are to European senses the most oppressive imaginable tokens of a stagnant and primitive civilization, — the festive elements of the semi-barbarism artistically represented by their grotesque figures, ignorance of perspective, interminable alphabet, pinched feet, bare scalps, and implacable hatred of innovation, both in the processes and the forms of advanced taste. Even the aboriginal feasts of this continent were the best nutriment of what the American Indians, in their palmy days, could boast of, — strength, agility, and grace. Thus, from the most cultivated to the least developed races, what is adopted and expressed in a recreative or holiday manner, — what is thus done and said, sought and felt, — the rallying-point of popular sympathy, the occasion of the universal joy or reverence, — is a moral fact of unique and permanent interest; on the one hand, as illustrative of the kind and degree of civilization attained, and of the instinctive direction of the national mind, and on the other, as indicative of the means and the processes whereby the wants are met, and the ideas realized, which stimulate and mould a nation's genius and faith.

The testimony of observation accords with that of history

in this regard. The foreign scenes which haunt the memory as popular illustrations of character are those of holidays. The government, literature, art, and society of a country may be individually represented to our minds; but when we discuss national traits, we instinctively refer to the pastimes, the religious ceremonials, and the festivals of a people. Where has the pugilistic hilarity of the Irish scope as at Donnybrook Fair? Is a dull parliamentary speech, or an animated debate at the race-course, most vivid with the spirit of English life? Market-day, and harvest-home, and saintly anniversaries, evoke from its commonplace level the life of the humble and the princely, and they appear before the stranger under a genuine and characteristic guise. We associate the French, as a people, with the rustic groups under the trees of Montmorency, or the crowds of neatly-dressed and gay *bourgeoise* at the Jardin d'Hiver, — finding in green grass, light, cheap wine and comfits, a flower in the hair, a waltz and saunter, more real pleasure than a less frugal and mercurial people can extract from a solemn feast, garnished with extravagant upholstery, and loaded with luxurious viands. We recall the Italians and Spaniards in memory by the ceaseless bells of their *festas* vibrating in the air; by the silver knobs and graceful *mezzono* of the peasant's holiday; by the tinkle of guitars, the *boleio* and processions, or the lines of stars marking the architecture of illuminated temples; by the euphonious greeting, the light-hearted carol, the abundant fruit, the knots of flowers, the gay jerkin and bodice, which render the urbane throng so picturesque in aspect and childlike in enjoyment. The sadness which overhangs the very idea of Italy, considered as a political entity, exhales, like magic, before the spectacle of a Tuscan vintage. The heaps of purple and amber grapes, the gray and pensive-eyed oxen, the reeking butts, the yellow vine-leaves waving in the autumn sun, form studies for the pencil; but the human interest of the scene infinitely endears its still-life. Kindred and friends, in festal array, celebrate their work, and rejoice over the Falernian, Lachryma Christi, or Vino Nostrale, with a frank and *naïve* gratitude akin to the mellow smiles of productive Nature; the distance between the lord of the soil and the peasant is, for

the time, lost in a mutual and innocent triumph; they who are wont to serve become guests; the dance and song, the compliment and repartee, the toast and the smile, are interchanged, on the one side with artless loyalty, and on the other with a condescension merged in graciousness. It seems as if the hand of Nature, in yielding her annual tribute, literally imparted to prince and peasant the touch which makes "the whole world kin."

The contrast in respect of pastime is felt most keenly when we observe life at home, with the impressions of the Old World fresh in our minds. We have perhaps joined the laughing group who cluster around Punch and Judy on the Mole of Naples; we have watched the flitting emotions on swarthy listeners who greedily drink in the story-teller's words on the shore of Palermo; we have made an old gondolier chant a lyric of Tasso, at sunset, on the Adriatic; our hostess at Florence has decked the window with a consecrated branch on Palm Sunday; we have seen the poor *contadini* of a Roman village sport their silver knobs, and hang out their one bit of crimson tapestry, in honor of some local saint; we have examined the last mosaic exhumed from Pompeii, brilliant with festal rites; and thus, as an element both of history and experience, of religion and domesticity, the recreative side of life appears essential and absolute, while the hurrying crowd, hasty salutations, and absorption in affairs around us, seem to repudiate and ignore the inference, and to confirm the opinion of one whose existence was divided between this country and Europe, that "the Americans are practical Stoics."

To appreciate the value of holidays merely as a conservative element of faith, we have but to remember the Jewish festivals. Ages of dispersion, isolation, contempt, and persecution — all that mortal agencies can effect to chill the zeal or to discredit the traditions of the Hebrews — have not in the slightest degree lessened the sanction or diminished the observance of that festival, to keep which the Divine Founder of our religion, nineteen centuries ago, went up to Jerusalem with his disciples. And it is difficult to conceive a more sublime idea than is involved in this fact. On the day of the

Passover, in the Austrian banker's splendid palace, in the miserable Ghetto of Rome, under the shadow of Syrian mosques, in the wretched by-way hostel of Poland, at the foot of Egyptian pyramids, beside the Holy Sepulchre, among the money-changers of Paris and the pawnbrokers of London, along the canals of Holland, in Siberia, Denmark, Calcutta, and New York, in every nook of the civilized world, the Jew celebrates his noble, national feast; and who can estimate how much this and similar rites have to do with the eternal marvel of that nation's survival?

The conservatism inherent in traditional festivals not only binds together and keeps intact the scattered communities of a dispersed race, but saves from extinction many local and inherited characteristics. We were never so impressed with this thought, as on the occasion of an annual village fête in Sicily. Perhaps no territory of the same limits comprehends such a variety of elements in the basis of its existent population, as that luxuriant and beautiful, but ill-fated island. Its surface is venerable with the architectural remains of successive races. Here a Grecian temple, there a Saracenic dome; now a Roman fortification, again a Norman tower; and often a mediæval ruin of some incongruous order attracts the traveller's gaze from broad valleys rich with grain, olive-orchards and citron-groves, vineyards planted in decomposed lava, hedges of aloe, meadows of wild-flowers, a torrent's arid path, a holly-crowned mountain, a cork forest, or a seaward landscape. But the more flexible materials left by the receding tide of invasion are so blended in the physiognomies, the customs, and the *patois* of the inhabitants, that only nice investigation can trace them amid the generic phenomena of nationality now recognized as Sicilian. Yet the people of a village but a few miles from the capital have so identified their Greek origin with the costume of a holiday, that, as one scans their festal array, it is easy to imagine that the unmixed blood of their classic progenitors flushes in those dark eyes and mantles in those olive cheeks. This ancestral dress is the endeared heirloom in the homes of the peasantry, assumed with conscious pride and gayety to meet the wondering eyes of neighboring *contadini*, curious Palermitans, and delighted strangers, who flock to the spectacle.

The love of power is a great teacher of human instincts; and despotism, both civil and spiritual, has, in all ages, availed itself of the natural appetency for festivals to multiply and enhance shows, amusements, and holidays, in a manner which yields profitable lessons to free communities intent on adapting the same means to nobler ends. The stated pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet is an important part of the superstitious machinery of Mahometan tyranny over the will and conscience; and it is difficult to conceive now to what an extent the unity and zeal of the early Christians were enforced by specific days of ceremonial, and by such a hallowed goal as Jerusalem.

Imperial authority in France is upheld by festive seductions adapted to a mercurial populace, and by masqued balls, municipal banquets, showers of bon-bons, and ascents of balloons, contrived to win attention from republican discontent. Mercenary rulers of petty states, by the gift of stars and red ribbons, and liberal contributions to the opera, obtain an economical safeguard. The policy of the Romish Church is nowhere more striking than in her holiday institutions, appealing to native sentiment through pageantry, music, and impressive rites in honor of saints, martyrs, and departed friends, to propitiate their intercession or to endear their memories.

While the pastimes in vogue typify the national mind, and are to serious avocations what the efflorescence of the tree is to its fruit, — a bountiful pledge and augury of prolific energy, — it is only when kept as holidays, set apart by law and usage, consecrated by time and sympathy, that such observances attain their legitimate meaning; and to this end, a certain affinity with character, a spontaneous and not conventional impulse, is essential. The tournament, for instance, was the natural and appropriate pastime of the age of chivalry; it fostered knightly prowess, and made patent the twin-born inspiration of love and valor. As described in Ivanhoe, it accords intimately with the spirit of the age and the history of the times; as exhibited to the utilitarian vision and mercantile habits of our own day, in Virginia, it comes no nearer our associations than any theatrical pageant chosen at haphazard. What other species of grown men could, in this

age, enact every year, in the neighborhood of Rome, the scenes which make the artists' holiday? As a profession, they retain the instincts of childhood, with little warping from the world around. But imagine a set of mechanics or merchants attempting such a masquerade. The invention, the fancy, the independence, and the *abandon* congenial with artist-life, give unity, picturesqueness, and grace to the pageant; and the speeches, costumes, feasting, and drollery are pre-eminently those of an artists' carnival. It is indispensable that the spirit of a holiday should be native to the scene and the people; and hence all endeavors to graft local pastimes upon foreign communities signally fail. This is illustrated in our immediate vicinity. The genial fellowship and exuberant hospitality with which the first day of the year is celebrated in New York were characteristic among the Dutch colonists, and have been transmitted to their posterity; while the tone of New England society, though more intellectual, is less urbane and companionable. Accordingly, the few enthusiasts who have attempted it have been unable, either by precept or example, to make a Boston New Year's day the complete and hearty festival which renders it *par excellence* the holiday of the Knickerbockers. Charitable enterprise for several years past in the Puritan city has distinguished May-day as a children's floral anniversary; but who that is familiar with the peasant-songs which hail this advent of summer in the South of Europe ever beheld the shivering infants and the wilted leaves paraded in the teeth of an east wind, without a conscious recoil from the anomalous fête? The facts of habit, public sentiment, natural taste, local association, and climate cannot be ignored in holiday institutions, which, like eloquence as defined by Webster, must spring directly from the man, the subject, and the occasion. Any other source is unstable and factitious. Of all affectations, those of diversion are the least endurable; and there is no phase of social life more open to satire, nor any that has provoked it to more legitimate purpose, than the affectation of a taste for art, sporting, the ball-room, the bivouac, the gymnasium, foreign travel, country life, nautical adventure, or literary amusements; an affectation yielding, as we know, food for the

most spicy irony, from Goldoni's *Filosofo Inglese* to Hood's cockney ruralist and Punch's amateur sportsman or verdant tourist. And what is true of personal incongruities, is only the more conspicuous in social and national life.

When our literary pioneer sought to awaken the fraternal sentiment of his countrymen towards their ancestral land, he described with sympathetic zest an English Christmas in an old family mansion; and the most popular of modern novelists can find no more potent spell whereby to excite a charitable glow in two hemispheres than a "Christmas Carol." In New as well as in Old England, the once absolute sway of this greatest of Christian festivals has been checked by Puritan zeal. We must look to the ancient ballads, obsolete plays, and musty Church traditions, to ascertain what this hallowed season was in the British Islands, when wassail and the Yule-log, largess and the Lord of Misrule, the mistle-toe-bough, boars' heads, holly-wreaths, midnight chimes, the gathering of kindred, the anthem, the prayer, the games of children, the good cheer of the poor, — forgiveness, gratulation, worship, — all that revelry hails and religion consecrates, made holiday in palace, manor, and cottage throughout the land, — winter's robe of ermine everywhere vividly contrasting with evergreen decorations, the frosty air with the warmth of household fires, the cold sky with the incense of hospitable hearths; when King Charles acted, Ben Jonson wrote a masque, Milton a hymn, lords and peasants flocked to the altar, parents and children gathered round the board, and church, home, way-side, town, and country bore witness to one mingled and hearty sentiment of festivity. Identical in season with the Roman Saturnalia, and the time when the Scalds let "wildly loose their red locks fly," Christmas is sanctioned by all that is venerable in association, as well as tender and joyous in faith. It is deeply to be regretted that with us its observance is almost exclusively confined to the Romanists and Episcopalians. The sentiment of all Christian denominations is equally identified with its commemoration, the event it celebrates being essentially momentous alike to all who profess Christianity; and although the forlorn description by Pepys of a Puritan Christmas will not

apply to the occasion here, its comparative neglect, which followed Bloody Mary's reign, continues among too many of the sects that found refuge in America. There are abundant indications that, if the clergy would initiate the movement, the laity are prepared to make Christmas among us the universal religious holiday, which all considerations of piety, domestic affection, and traditional reverence unite to proclaim it.

The humanities of time, if we may so designate the periods consecrated to repose and festivity, were thoroughly appreciated by the most quaint and genial of English essayists. The boon of leisure, the amenities of social intercourse, the sacredness and the humors of old-fashioned holidays, have found their most loving interpreter in our day, in Charles Lamb. Hear him.

"I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition and doing-away-with-altogether of those *consolatory interstices*, and *sprinklings of freedom*, through the four seasons, the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul and Stephen and Barnabas, Andrew and John, men famous in old times, — we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Basket Prayer-Book. I honored them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot, so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred: — only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon, — clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together to make up one poor gaudy-day between them, — as an economy unworthy of the dispensation. These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life, — 'far off their coming shone.' I was as good as an almanac in those days."

And who has written, like Lamb, of the forlorn pathos of the charity-boy's "objectless holiday," — of the "most touching peal which rings out the old year," — of "the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants" on All-Fools', — and of the "Immortal Go-between," Saint Valentine?

The devotion to the immediate, the thrift, the enterprise, and the material activity, which pertain to a new country, and especially to our own, distinguish American holidays from those of the Old World. Not a few of them are consecrated

to the future, many spring from the triumphs of the present, and nearly all hint progress rather than retrospection. We inaugurate civic and local improvements; glorify the achievements of mechanical skill and of social reform; pay honor, by feasts, processions, and rhetoric, to public men; give a municipal ovation to a foreign patriot, or a funeral pageant to a native statesman. Our festivals are chiefly on occasions of economical interest. Daily toil is suspended and gala assemblies convene to rejoice over the completion of an aqueduct or a railroad, or the launching of an ocean-steamer.

One of the earliest of these economical displays — memorable equally from the great principle it initiated and the felicitous auguries of the holiday itself — was the celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal, the first of a series of grand internal improvements which have since advanced our national prosperity beyond all historical precedent; and one of the last was the excursion which signalized the union by railroads of the Atlantic sea-coast and the Mississippi River. The two celebrations were but festive landmarks in one magnificent system. The enterprise commenced in Western New York in 1817 was consummated in Illinois in 1854, when the last link was riveted to the chain which binds the vast line of Eastern coast to the great river of the West, and the genius of communication, so essential to our unity and prosperity, brought permanently together the boundless harvest-fields of the interior and the mighty fleets of the seaboard. To European eyes, the sight of the thousand invited guests conveyed from New York to the Falls of St. Anthony would yield a thrilling impression of the scale of festal arrangements in this republic; and were they to scan the reports of popular anniversaries and conventions in our journals, embracing every class and vocation, representative of every art, trade, and interest, a conviction would inevitably arise that we are the most social and holiday nation in the world, — on the constant *qui vive* for any plausible excuse for public dinners, speeches, processions, songs, toasts, and other republican divertisements. One month brings round the anniversary banquet of the printers, when Franklin's memory is invoked and his story rehearsed; anoth-

er is marked by the annual symposium and contributions of the Dramatic Fund; a Temperance jubilee is announced to-day, a picnic of Spiritualists to-morrow; here we encounter a long train of Sunday scholars, and there are invited to a publishers' feast in a "Crystal Palace"; the triumph of the "Yacht America" must be celebrated this week, and the anniversary of Clay's birth, or Webster's death, the next; a clerk delivers a poem before a Mercantile Library Association, a mechanic addresses his fellows; exhibitions of fruit, of fowls, of cattle, of machines, of horses, — ploughing-matches, schools, and pictures, — lead to social gatherings and volunteer discourses, and make a holiday now for the farmer and now for the artisan, so that the programme of festivals, such as they are, is coextensive with the land and the calendar. All this proves that there is no lack of holiday instinct among us, but it also demonstrates that the spirit of utility, the pride of occupation, and the ambition of success, pervade the recreative, as they do the serious, life of America. The American enters into festivity as if it were a serious business; he cannot take pleasure naturally, like the European, and is pursued by a half-conscious remorse if he dedicates time to amusement; so that even our holidays seem rather an ordeal to be gone through with, than an occasion to be enjoyed. At many of these fêtes, too, we are painfully conscious of interested motives which are essentially opposed to genuine recreation. Capital is made of amusement, as of every other conceivable element of our national life. It is often to advertise the stock, to introduce the breed, to gain political influence, to win fashionable suffrages to a scheme or a product of art or industry, that these expensive arrangements are made, these hospitalities exercised, these guests convened. Too many of our so-called holidays are tricks of trade, too many are exclusively utilitarian, too many consecrate external success and material well-being, and too few are based on sentiment, taste, and good-fellowship. In a panorama of national holidays, therefore, — instead of a crowd of gracefully attired rustics waltzing under trees, an enthusiastic chorus breathing, as one deep voice, the popular chant, ladies veiled in *tulle* fol-

lowing an imperial infant to a cathedral altar, the garlands and maidens of Old England's May-day, or the splendid evolutions of the Continental soldiery, — we should be most aptly represented by a fleet of steamers with crowded decks and gay pennons, sweeping through the lofty and wooded bluffs of the Upper Mississippi, the procession of boats and regiment of marines disembarking in the bay of Yedo, or the old hall in whose sleeping echoes lives the patriotic eloquence of the Revolution thronged with hundreds of children invited by the city authorities to the annual school festival; for these occasions typify the enterprise at home, the exploration abroad, and the system of public instruction, which constitute our specific and absolute distinction in the family of nations. A jovial eclectic could, notwithstanding, gather traces of the partial and isolated festivals of every race and country in America; — harvest-songs among the German settlers of Pennsylvania, here a "golden wedding," there a private grape-feast; in the South a tournament, at Hoboken a cricket-match, and an archery club at Sunnyside; a Vienna lager-bier dance in New York, or a vinedressers' merry-making in Ohio.

If from those holidays which arise from temporary causes we turn to those which, from annual recurrence, aspire to the dignity of institutions, the first thing which strikes us is their essentially local character. "Pilgrim Day," wherever kept, is a New England festival; "Evacuation Day" belongs to the city of New York; the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill is celebrated only in Charlestown; and the victory on Lake Erie, at Newport, where its hero resided. The events thus commemorated deserve their eminence in our regard; and patriotic sentiment is excited and maintained by such observances. Yet, in many instances, they have dwindled to a lifeless parade, and in others have become a somewhat invidious exaggeration of local self-complacency. The latter is the case, for instance, with the New England Society's annual feast in the commercial metropolis of the Union. It occasionally tries the patience and vexes the liberal sentiment of the considerate son of New England, to hear the reiterated laudation of her schools, her clergy, her women, her

cod-fish, and her granite, at the hospitable board where sits, perhaps, a venerable Knickerbocker, conscious that the glib orators and their people have worked themselves into all places of honor and profit, where the honest burgomaster used to smoke the pipe of peace and comfort in his generous portico, — his children now superseded by the restless emigrants from the Eastern States, who thus boastfully trace all that redeems and sustains the republic to the wisdom, foresight, and moral superiority of their own peculiar ancestry. The style of the festival is often in bad taste; there is too little recognition of the hospitality of their adopted home, too little respect for Manhattan blood; an exuberance of language too conspicuously triumphant over a race which the best of comic histories illustrates by the reign of Peter the Silent; so that, at length, a jocose reproof was administered by the toast of a humorist present, who gave, with irresistible nasal emphasis, — "Plymouth Rock, — the blarney-stone of New England."

It is, however, an appropriate illustration of the cosmopolitan population of New York, that every year her English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, French, German, and Dutch children, after their own fashion, recall their respective national associations. In point of oratory the New England Society carries the day, inasmuch as it usually presses into its service some distinguished speaker from abroad; in geniality, revival of antique customs, and long-drawn reminiscences, the St. Nicholas excels; at St. Andrew's board, the memory of Burns is revived in song; Monsieur extols his vanished *Republique;* Welsh harps tinkle at St. David's; "God save the Queen" echoes under the banner of St. George; green sprigs and uncouth garments mark the Irish procession of St. Patrick; and the Germans multiply their festivals by summer picnics, at which lager-bier, waltzing, and fine instrumental music recall the gardens of Vienna. "Thanksgiving-Day" is of Puritan origin, and was designed to combine family reunions with a grateful recognition of the autumnal harvest. The former beautiful feature is not as salient now as when the absence of locomotive facilities made it a rare privilege for the scattered members of a house-

hold to come together around the paternal hearth. The occasion has also diminished in value as one of clerical emancipation from Sabbath themes, when the preacher could expatiate unreproved on the questions of the day and the aspects of the times, — that privilege being now exercised, at will, on the regular day of weekly religious service. "Fast-Day" has also become anomalous; its abolition or identification with Good Friday has been repeatedly advocated; strictly speaking, its title is a misnomer, and the actual observance of it is too partial and ineffective to have any true significance.

An old town on the northeastern extremity of an island, the nearest approach to which overland is from the southern shore of Cape Cod, was eagerly visited annually, until within a few years, by those who delight in primitive character and local festivals. The broad plain beyond the town was long held in common property by the inhabitants, as a sheep-pasture. It may be that the maritime occupations of the natives, their insular position, and frugal habits imparted, by contrast, a singular relish to the rural episode thus secured in their lives of hazardous toil and dreary absence, as sailors and whalemen; but it is remarkable that amid the sands of that island flourished one of the heartiest and most characteristic of New England festivals. Simplicity of manners, hardihood, frankness, the genial spirit of the mariner, and the unsophisticated energy and kindliness of the sailor's wife, gave to the Nantucket "Sheep-Shearing" a rare and wonderful freshness and charm. Unfortunately, discord, arising from the conflicting interests of these primitive islanders, at length made it desirable to restore peace by sacrificing the flocks, — innocent provocatives of this domestic feud; the sheep were sold, and the unique festival to which they gave occasion vanished with them. We must turn to that most available resource, an old newspaper, for a description of this now obsolete holiday: —

"*Sheep-Shearing.* — This patriarchal festival was celebrated on Monday and Tuesday last, in this place, with more than ordinary interest. For some days previous, the sheep-drivers had been busily employed in collecting from all quarters of the island the dispersed members of the several flocks, and committing them to the great sheepfold, about two miles from town, preparatory to the ceremonies of ablution and *devestment.*

"The principal enclosure contains three hundred acres; towards one side of this area, and near the margin of a considerable pond, are four or five circular fences, one within the other, — like Captain Symmes's concentric curves, — and about twenty feet apart, forming a sort of labyrinth. Into these circuits the sheep are gradually driven, so as to be designated by their 'ear-marks,' and secured for their proper owners in sheepcots arranged laterally, or nearly so, around the exterior circle. Contiguous to these smaller pens, each of which is calculated to contain about one hundred sheep, the respective owners had erected temporary tents, wherein the operation of shearing was usually performed. The number of hands engaged in this service may be imagined from the fact that one gentleman is the owner of about 1,000 sheep, another of 700, and numerous others of smaller flocks, varying in number from three or four hundred down to a single dozen. The business of identifying, seizing, and yarding the sheep creates a degree of bustle that adds no small amusement to the general activity of the scene. The whole number of sheep and lambs brought within the great enclosure is said to be 16,000. There are also several large flocks commonly sheared at other parts of the island.

"As these are the only important holidays which the inhabitants of Nantucket have ever been accustomed to observe, it is not to be marvelled at that all other business should on such occasions be suspended; and that the labors attendant thereon should be mingled with a due share of recreation. Accordingly, the fancies of the juvenile portion of our community are for a long time prior to the annual 'Shearing' occupied in dreams of fun and schemes of frolic. With the mind's eye, they behold the long array of tents, surmounted with motley banners flaunting in the breeze, and stored with tempting tit-bits, candidates for money and for mastication. With the mind's ear they distinguish the spirit-stirring screak of the fiddle, the gruff jangling of the drum, the somniferous *smorzando* of the jew's-harp, and the enlivening scuffle of little feet in a helter-skelter jig upon a deal platform. And their visions, unlike those of riper mortals, are always realized. For be it known, that, independent of the preparations made by persons actually concerned in the mechanical duties of the day, there are erected on a rising ground in the vicinity of the sheep-field some twenty pole and sail-cloth edifices, furnished with seats, and tables, and casks, and dishes, severally filled with jocund faces, baked pigs, punch, and cakes, and surrounded with divers savory concomitants in the premises, courteously dispensed by the changeful master of ceremonies, studious of custom and emulous of cash. For the accommodation of those merry urchins and youngsters who choose to 'trip it on the light, fantastic toe,' a floor

is laid at one corner, over which presides some African genius of melody, brandishing a cracked violin, and drawing most moving notes from its agonized intestines, by dint of griping fingers and right-angled elbows.

"We know of no parallel for this section of the entertainment, other than what the Boston boys were wont to denominate *Nigger 'Lection*, — so called in contradistinction from *Artillery Election*. At the former anniversary, which is the day on which 'who is Governor' is officially announced, the blacks and blackees are permitted to perambulate the Mall and Common, to buy gingerbread and beer with the best of folks, and to mingle in the mysteries of pawpaw. But on the latter day, when that grave and chivalrous corps known as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company parade for choice of officers, — which officers are to receive their diplomas directly from the hands of his Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in open day, and in the august presence of all sorts of civil and martial dignitaries, — why, woe to the sable imp that shall *then* adventure his woolly poll and tarnished cuticle within the hallowed neighborhood of nobility!

"On previous days the sheep had been collected from every quarter of the island, driven into the great fold at Miacomet (the site of an ancient Indian settlement, about a mile from town), selected and identified by their respective owners, placed in separate pens, and subjected to the somewhat arduous process of *washing*, in the large pond contiguous. After this preparatory ablution, they were then ready to 'throw off this muddy vesture of decay,' by the aid of some hundreds of shearers, who began to ply their vocation on Monday morning, seated in rude booths, or beneath umbrageous awnings ranged around the circular labyrinth of enclosures, wherein the panting animals awaited the devestment of their uncomfortable jackets. The space partially occupied by the unshorn and their contented lambs, and in other spots exhibiting multitudes stripped of their fleece and clamorously seeking their wandering young, presented to the eye and ear of the stranger sights and sounds somewhat rare."

We have sometimes been tempted to believe that all illustrious occasions, men, and things in this republic must inevitably be profaned, — that, as a compensatory balance to the "greatest good of the greatest number," secured by democratic institutions, there must exist a sacrifice of the hallowed, aspiring, and consecrated elements of national feeling and achievement. If there is an anniversary which should compel respect, excite eternal gratitude, and win unhackneyed

observance, it is that of the day when, for the first time in the world's history, the select intelligences of a country proclaimed to the nations, with deliberate and resolved wisdom, the principles of human equality and the right of self-government, pledged thereto their lives, fortunes, and honor, and consistently redeemed the heroically prophetic pledge. Subsequent events have only deepened the significance of that act, and extended its agency; every succeeding year has increased its moral value and its material fruits; the career of other and less happy nations has given more and more relief to its isolated grandeur; and not a day fraught with richer hope and glory lives in the calendar. Yet what is the actual observance, the average estimation, it boasts among us? In our large cities, especially in New York, "Independence" is, by universal consent, a nuisance. It is most auspicious to the Chinese, from increasing the importation of fire-crackers. The municipal authorities provide for it, as for a lawless Saturnalia; the fire department dread its approach, as indicative of conflagrations; physicians, as hazardous to such unfortunate patients as cannot be removed into the country; quiet citizens, as insufferable from incessant detonation; the prudent, as fraught with reckless tomfoolery; and the respectable, as desecrated by rowdyism. John Adams, when he prophesied that the Fourth of July would be hailed, in all after time, by the ringing of bells, the blaze of bonfires, and the roar of cannon, was far from intending, by this programme of Anglo-Saxon methods of popular rejoicing, to indicate the exclusive and ultimate style of our national holiday. On its earlier recurrence, while many of the actors in the scenes it commemorates still lived, there was an interest and a meaning in the ceremonies, which time has lessened. Yet it is difficult to account for the absence of all that high civilization presupposes in the celebration of our only holiday which can strictly be called national; and if the sympathies of the most intelligent of our citizens could be enlisted, so as to make the occasion a genuine patriotic jubilee, instead of a noisy carnival, or a time for political animosity to assert itself with special emphasis, much would be gained on the score of rational enjoyment and American fraternity. As it is, although the

"Hundred Boston Orators" nobly vindicates the talent and good taste of one city in regard to this anniversary, and is a most pleasing historical memorial of the occasion, it cannot be denied that our usual synonyme for bombast and mere rhetorical patriotism is "a Fourth of July oration," and that Pickwickian sentiment, pyrotechnic flashes, torpedos, arrests, bursting cannon, draggled flags, crowded steamboats, the disgust of the educated, and the uproar of the multitude, make up the confused and wearisome details of what should and might be a sacred feast, a pious memory, a hallowed consecration, a "Sabbath-day of Freedom." Perhaps the real zest of this holiday is felt only abroad, when, under some remote consular flag, at the board of private and munificent hospitality in London, or at an American *reunion* in the French capital, distance from home, the ties of common nativity in a foreign land, and the contrast of uneducated masses or despotic insignia around with the prosperous, free, and enlightened population of our own favored country, to say nothing of superior festal arrangements, render the occasion at once charming and memorable.

One of the most noticeable features of American life to a stranger's eye is the prevalent habit of travel; and although the incessant and huge caravans that rush along the numerous railways which make an iron network over this Confederacy are, for the most part, impelled by motives of enterprise and thrift, yet the common idea of recreation is associated with a "trip." Whether the facilities or the temperament of our country, or both, be the reason of this locomotive propensity, it is a characteristic which at once distinguishes the American from the home-tethered German, the Paris-bound Frenchman, and the locally-patriotic Italian. The schoolboy in vacation, the college graduate, the bridegroom, the overtasked professional man, — all Americans who give themselves a "holiday," are wont to dedicate it to a journey. But even this resource has lost much of its original charm from the catastrophes which have associated some of the most beautiful scenery of the land with the most agonizing of human tragedies. In the crystal waters of Lake George, by the picturesque banks of the Hudson, amid the

fertile valleys of the Connecticut, on the teaming currents of Long Island Sound, have perished, often through reckless hardihood, always by more or less reprehensible negligence, some of the fairest and the noblest of our citizens. The statistics of these melancholy events, which have so often appalled the public, have yet to be written; but their moral effect may be divined by a mere glance at the mercenary hardihood and soulless haste that mark our civilization. "Les dangers personnels," says an acute writer, "quand ils atteignent un certain limite, bouleversent tous les rapports et l'oubli de l'esperance change presque notre nature." The zest, too, of a journey in America is much diminished by the monotonous character of the people, and by the gregarious habits, the rapid transits, and the business motives of the *voyageurs*, so that it is only at the *terminus* that we enjoy our pilgrimage. There the sight of a magnificent prairie or mountain range, cataract or mammoth cave, may, indeed, vindicate our locomotive taste, and the wonders of nature make, for the imaginative and reverential, a glorious holiday.

A pleasing feature in the recreative aspect of American life is the literary festival. It is a beautiful custom of our scholars annually to meet amid the scenes of their academical education and renew youthful friendships, while they listen to the orator and poet, who dwell upon those problems of the times which challenge an intellectual solution, and identify the duties of the citizen with the offices of learning. Within the memory of almost all, there is probably at least one of these occasions when the interest of the performances or the circumstances of the hour lent a memorable charm to the collegiate holiday; when, under the shade of venerable elms, that witnessed the first outpouring of mental enthusiasm or the earliest honors of genius and attainment, they who parted as boys met as men, and the classic dreamer felt himself a recognized and practical thinker for the people; when the language of eloquent wisdom or poetic beauty came warm from lips hallowed by the chalice of fame. Who that listened ever can forget the anniversary graced by the chaste eloquence of Buckminster, that on which Bryant recited "The Ages," or Everett's musical periods welcomed

Lafayette to the oldest seat of American learning? What New England scholar, after years of professional labor in a distant State, ever found himself once more within the charmed precincts of his *alma mater*, and surrounded by the companions of his youthful studies, without a thrill of happy reminiscence? Yet even these rational opportunities for what should be a genuine holiday to mind and heart are but casually appreciated. The sultry period of their occurrence, the irregularity of attendance, and the precarious quality of the "feast of reason" provided, have caused them gradually to lose a tenacious hold upon the affections. While there are a few *habitués*, the majority — especially those who live at a distance from the scene, and whose presence is, therefore, especially desirable — are not loyal pilgrims to the shrine where their virgin distinction was earned and their intellectual armor forged. To many, our literary festivals are but technical ceremonies, — to not a few, wearisome forms, — associated rather with fans, didactics, perspiration, and cold viands, than with any social or intellectual refreshment. The "lean annuitant" who loved to visit "Oxford in vacation" and fancy himself a gourmand, and the ingenious "Opium Eater" who has recorded the enduring claims of those venerable cloisters to the scholar's gratitude, enjoyed speculatively more of the real luxury of academic repose and triumph than is often attained by those who ostensibly participate in our college festivals; and seldom do the children go up to the altars of wisdom consecrated by the pious zeal of our ancestors, with the faithful recognition of the venerable pastor, so long the statistical oracle of the surviving graduates, who, while his strength sufficed, cheerily walked from his rural parish to Old Harvard, to lead off the anniversary Psalm, with genial pride and honest self-gratulation.

Of our purely social holidays, New Year's Day, as observed in the city of New York, bears the palm. Initiated by the hospitable instinct of the Dutch colonists, neither the heterogeneous population which has succeeded them, nor the annually enlarged circuit of the metropolis, has diminished the universality or the heartiness of its observance. When the

snow is massed in the thoroughfares, and the sunshine tempers a clear frosty atmosphere, a more cheerful scene, on a large scale, it is impossible to imagine. From morning to midnight sleighs freighted with gay companions and drawn by handsome steeds dash merrily along, — the tinkle of their bells and the scarlet lining of their buffalo-robes redolent of a fête; the sidewalks are alive with hurrying pedestrians, who exchange cordial greetings as they pass one another; doors incessantly fly open; guests come and go; every one looks prosperous and happy; business is totally suspended; in warm parlors, radiant with comfort or splendid with luxury, sit the wives, daughters, sisters, or fair favorites of these innumerable visitors, the queens of the day; the neglects of the past are forgiven and forgotten in the welcome of the present; kindred, friends, and acquaintance all meet and begin the year with mutual good wishes; in every dwelling a little feast stands ready, encompassed with smiles; and all varieties of fortune, all degrees of intimacy, all tastes in dress, entertainment, and manners, on this one day, are consecrated by the liberal and kindly spirit of a social carnival.

Of associations expressly instituted for the observance of holidays, there is no lack; of days technically devoted to festivity, in the aggregate, our proportion equals that of older communities; and the legitimate occasions for pastime and ceremony, social pleasure and historical commemoration, are as numerous as is consistent with the industrious habits and the civic prosperity of the land. The traveller who should make it his specialty to discover and note the ostensible merry-makings and pageants of America, would find the list neither brief nor monotonous. In the summer he would light upon many an excursion on our beautiful lakes, many a chowder-party to the sea-side and picnic in the grove; in the winter, would catch the shrill echo of the skating frolic. Here, through pillared trunks, he would behold the smoke-wreaths of the sugar-camp; there, watch laughing groups clustered round the cider-mill or hop-field, and, in woods radiant with autumnal tints, or prairies balmy with a million flowers, would sounds of merriment announce to him the cheerful bivouac. Nor have American holidays, even in their

most primitive aspect, been devoid of use and beauty. The once renowned "musters" fostered military taste, and the cattle-shows encouraged agricultural science; with the increase of horticultural festivals, our fruits and flowers have constantly improved; regattas and yacht-clubs have indirectly promoted nautical architecture; school festivals attest the superiority of our system of popular education; family gatherings, on the large scale observed in several instances, have induced genealogical research; historical celebrations have led to the collection and preservation of local archives and memorials; the Cincinnati Society annually renews the noblest patriotic sympathies; and the genius for mechanical invention is proclaimed by the fairs which, every October, bring together so many trophies of skilful handiwork and husbandry, and recognize so emphatically the dignity and scientific amelioration of labor. Yet these facts do not invalidate the general truth, that our festivals are too much tinctured with utilitarian aims to breathe earnestness and hilarity; that they are so specific as to represent the division, rather than the social triumphs, of human toil; that they are too partial in their scope, too sectional in their objects, and too isolated in their arrangements, to meet the claims of popular and permanent interests. Our harvests are songless. Reaping-machines have diminished the zest of autumn's golden largess, as destructive inventions have lessened the miracles of chivalry. Here and there may yet convene a quilting-party; but locomotive facilities have deprived rural gatherings, in sparse neighborhoods, of their marvel and their joy, and the hilarious huskings of old chiefly survive in Barlow's neglected verse: —

> "The days grow short; but though the fallen sun
> To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
> Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,
> And yield new subjects to my various song.
> For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,
> The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;
> A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,
> Unite their charms to chase the hours away.
> Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
> The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,

Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.
The laws of husking every wight can tell,
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round and culls one favored beau,
Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sports, as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains;
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day."

Progress in taste and sentiment, however, is already obvious in our recreative arrangements. There is vastly more of intellectual dignity and permanent use in the fêtes of the Lyceum, than in those of the training-days and election-jubilees which formerly were the chief holidays of our rural population; exhibitions of flowers mark a notable advance upon the coarse diversions of the ring and the race-ground; and, within a year, four statues by native artists, worthy of their illustrious subjects, have been inaugurated by public rites and noble eloquence.

A radical cause of the inefficiency, and therefore of the indifferent observance, of our holidays, may be found in our national inadequacy of expression, in the want of those modes of popular rejoicing and ceremonial that win and triumph from their intrinsic beauty. As a general truth, it may be asserted that but two methods of representing holiday sentiment are native to the average taste of our people, — military display and oral discourse. These exhaust our festal resources. Our citizens have an extraordinary facility in making occasional speeches, and the love of soldiership is so prevalent, that it is the favorite sport of children, and all classes indulge in costly uniforms and volunteer parades. But

the language of Art, which in the Old World lends such a permanent attraction to holidays, with us hardly finds voice. Had we requiems conceived with the profound pathos of Mozart, harmonious embodiments of rural pastime like that which Beethoven caught while sitting on a stile amid the subdued murmurs of a summer evening, melodious invocations to freedom such as Bellini's thrilling duo; were a symphony as readily composed in America as an oration, tableaux, costumes, and processions as artistically invented here as in France; were dance and song as spontaneously expressive as among the European peasantry; had we vast, open, magnificent temples, free gardens, statues to crown, shrines to frequent, palatial balconies, fields elysian for both rich and poor, a sensibility to music and a sense of the appropriate and beautiful as wide and as instinctive as our appreciation of the useful, the practical, and the comfortable, — it would no longer be requisite to resort exclusively to drums, fifes, powder, substantial viands, and speechifying, to give utterance to the common sentiments, which would find vent in tones, forms, hues, combinations, and sympathies that would respond to the heart, through the imagination, and conform "the show of things to the desires of the mind."

Other causes of our deficient holidays are obvious. The primary are to be found in the absorption in business and the dominion of practical habits both of thought and action. Enterprise holds carnival while Poetry keeps lent. The facts of to-day shut out of view the perspective of time, or, at best, lure the gaze forward with boundless expectancy. To rehearse the fortunate achievements of the past gratifies our national egotism; but the sensibility and meditation which consecrate historical associations find no room amid the rush and eagerness of the present. Content to point to the heroic episode of the Revolution, to the wisdom and justice of our Constitution, to the caravans that sweep on iron tracks over leagues of what a few years ago was pathless forest, to the swiftest keels and most graceful models that traverse the ocean, to the aerial viaducts that span dizzy heights and impetuous torrents, to the exquisite vignettes of a limitless paper currency, to the dignified and consistent

maintenance of usurped law in younger States of the Confederacy, and to the continually increasing resources of its older members, — we are disposed to sneer at the childish love of amusement which beguiles the inhabitants of European capitals, and to pity the superstition and idleness which retain, in this enlightened age, the melodramatic church shows of Romanism. In all this, there is doubtless a certain manly intelligence; but there is also an inauspicious moral hardihood. If, as a people, we cultivated more heartily the social instincts and humane sentiments expressed in holiday rites, life would be more valued, the whole nature would find congenial play, and our taskwork and duty, our citizenship, and our natural advantages would be adorned by gracefulness, alacrity, and repose. Quantity would not be so grossly estimated above quality, speed above security, routine above enjoyment. We need to win from time what is denied to us in material. Other nations have in Art a permanent and accessible refreshment, which prevents life from being wholly prosaic; the humblest dweller on English soil can enter a time-hallowed and beautiful cathedral; the poorest rustic in Italy can feel the honest pride of a distinctive festal attire; the veriest clodhopper in Germany can soften the rigors of poverty by music; the London apprentice may wander once a week amid the venerable beauties of Hampton Court; and the Parisian shopkeeper may kindle pride of country by reading the pictorial history of France at Versailles. It is not the expensive arrangements, but the national provision, and, above all, the personal sentiment, which makes the holiday. There was more holy rapture in the low cadence of the hymn stealing from the Roman Catacombs, where the hunted Christians of old kept holy the Sabbath day, than there is in the gorgeous display and complex melody under the magnificent dome of St. Peter's. There was more of the grace of festivity in such a dance as poor Goldsmith's flute enlivened on the banks of the Loire, than there is in the grand ball which marks the season's climax at an American watering-place. In public not less than private banquets, the Scriptural maxim holds true: "Better is a dinner of herbs *where love is*." Our national life is too diffusive to yield the best social fruits.

The extent of territory, the nomadic habits of our people, the alternations of climate, the vicissitudes of trade, the prevalence of spasmodic and superficial excitements, the boundless passion for gain, the local changes, the family separations, and the incessant fevers of opinion, scatter the holy fire of love, reverence, self-respect, contemplation, and faith. What a senseless boast, that the United States has thirty-five thousand miles of railroad, while England claims but ninety-two hundred, France forty-eight hundred, if against the American overplus are to be arrayed countless hecatombs of murdered fellow-citizens, and desolating frauds unparalleled in the history of finance! What a mockery the distinction of having accumulated a fortune in a few years, by sagacity and toil, if, to complete the record, it is added that mercenary ambition risked and lost it in as many months, or the want of self-control and mental resources made its possession a life-long curse from *ennui* or tasteless extravagance! It is as a check to the whirl of inconsiderate speculation, an antidote to the bane of material luxury, an interval in the hurried march of executive life, that holidays should "give us pause," and might prove a means of refinement and of disinterestedness. We could thus infuse a better spirit into our work-day experience, refresh and warm the nation's heart, and gradually concentrate what of higher taste and more genial sympathy underlies the restless and cold tide that hurries us onward, unmindful of the beauty and indifferent to the sanctities with which God and nature have invested our existence.

Of natal anniversaries we have on our national calendar one which it would augur well for the Republic to observe as a universal holiday. Every sentiment of gratitude, veneration, and patriotism has already consecrated it to the private heart, and every consideration of unity, good faith, and American feeling designates its celebration as the most sacred civic fête of the land. Recent demonstrations in literature, art, and oratory indicate that the obligation and importance of keeping before the eyes, minds, and affections of the people the memory of Washington are emphatically recognized by genius and popular sentiment. Within a few months, the pen of our most endeared author, the eloquence of our most fin-

ished orator, and the chisel of our best sculptor, have combined to exhibit, in the most authentic and impressive forms of literary and plastic art, the character and image of the Father of his Country. Copies of Stewart's masterly portrait have been multiplied. A monument bearing the revered name is slowly rising at the capital, the materials of which are gathered from every part of the globe. Measures are in progress for securing his ancestral domain and his modest sepulchre as national property. In his native State, a splendid memorial of enduring beauty and historical significance will soon be completed. A new and admirable biography, with all the elements of standard popularity, will soon make his peerless career familiar to every citizen, from the woods of Maine to the shores of the Pacific. One effective statue already ornaments the commercial emporium, and another is projected, with every prospect of success, for the city of Boston. These and many other signs of the times prove that the fanaticism of party strife has awakened the wise and loyal to a consciousness of the inestimable value of that great example and canonized name, as a bond of union, a conciliating memory, and a glorious watchword. The present, therefore, is a favorable moment to institute the birthday of Washington, hitherto but partially and ineffectually honored, as a solemn national festival. Around his tomb let us annually gather; let eloquence and song, leisure and remembrance, trophies of art, ceremonies of piety, and sentiments of gratitude and admiration, consecrate that day with a unanimity of feeling and of rites, which shall fuse and mould into one pervasive emotion the divided hearts of the country, until the discordant cries of faction are lost in the anthems of benediction and of love, and, before the august spirit of a people's homage, sectional animosity is awed into universal reverence.

ART. IV. — *Empirical Psychology; or, The Human Mind as given in Consciousness.* By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D. D. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1856.

OF this work, first published two years since, there has just appeared a new edition. As it is no mere compend or digest of previous knowledge, but has in it much that is bold and peculiar, it deserves and will justify more than a passing notice. There is not in it that careful and detailed discussion of particular mental powers which we find in Stewart and other authors; but there is, in its place, a general survey and classification more radical and complete than any hitherto presented.

The acquisition of particulars, however important, is always of less moment than the possession of that broad view which presents an entire subject in its fundamental characteristics and abiding distinctions, and which makes the survey of the parts yet more pleasurable and profitable, by first giving their relations in one whole. A single radical idea, in which particulars are grouped, and by which they are explained, bears us further towards true science, and gives us greater facility in acquiring and possessing the field before us, than the most laborious explorations and discussions of one or another of its detached portions. If this work has left much ground unoccupied, it has yet spread the outline of its survey over the whole. There is no elaborate and graceful completion of parts, but a strong, bold sketching of leading features.

The first division of mental phenomena is threefold, into those of the Intellect, the Susceptibility, and the Will; a triplicity which the author sustains in all his leading subdivisions. The Intellect, or the capacity of knowing, is again divided into the Sense, the Understanding, and the Reason. This division will detain us for a moment.

What a vast amount of discussion lies behind these three words, — Sense, Understanding, and Reason, — words which a single breath can utter, and which, once uttered and understood, have in them all the clearness and conviction of truth!

There are not many more apt illustrations of the axiom, that single words thoroughly understood and well defined may contain and retain for future use conceptions which it has cost the best minds, in their successive efforts, ages to realize. What caskets of wealth and of wisdom are those terms which science, from amid the struggles of opinions and the throes of the human mind, is able, from time to time, to render as its offspring to the waiting world! Gravitation, Affinity, Polarity, Reason, are each words that comprehend and measure the results of the most powerful and continuous efforts of an incalculable series of the greatest intellects.

Human knowledge is not homogeneous, — a mere accumulation of acquisitions obviously derived from the world about us. Our most simple judgments are complex, nor does the mind readily detect their parts, or the sources from which these parts are severally derived. It is not till the mind is capable of well-sustained and subtile effort, that it even finds itself prompted to resolve its thought into its elements, and to refer these elements to their appropriate faculties.

The proposition, The apple is spherical, will, in analysis, fall into three parts, each given to the mind by a distinct faculty. Considering the apple simply as made known to the eye in color, we have in the mind, as our first element, a perception. This perception, which is the subject of our proposition, is reached by the mind acting through the medium of sensation, and the mind, thus acting, constitutes the sense. The predicate of our proposition contains the idea of form, which is itself but a modification of the idea of space, being nothing more than the relations in space which the superficial particles of a body bear to one another. The idea of this special form, that of a sphere, being but a modification of the general idea of space, is our second element, and is not given to us through sensation, but on the occasion of sensation is brought forward by the reason as the appropriate idea by which the phenomenon is to be understood in its external relations in space. But these two — the perception given in the sense, the idea given in the reason — are united in a proposition, — the one being affirmed of the other. This act, by which we reach a conclusion, a judgment, is that of the understanding, and constitutes our third element.

So also in the expression, The apple is produced by the tree, we have the same phenomenal element, united in a judgment with the idea of production or causation, furnished by the reason; and by this idea, the apple, as a present existence, is explained in its causal relations as the effect of something which has gone before it.

Thus it is with all our knowledge. It pertains to the external, the phenomenal, but is not solely given by it or constituted from it. The mind, acting intuitively in the reason, furnishes on the demand of an occasion the appropriate ideas by which the phenomena are united and made coherent in their several relations of time, space, resemblance, and those others which are necessary to make the world the orderly, intelligible product of complete wisdom.

The office of the understanding, acting in memory, conception, association, abstraction, judgment, is to take all the phenomena given us in the sense, and to combine them with, and understand them by, their corresponding ideas furnished in the reason. This process is reasoning, and if it be correct reasoning, the product is knowledge. The correlation between the sensations and the grouping, explaining ideas, is like that between matter and form, — between the plan and the details of the plan, — between the thought and the vocal sounds that give utterance to the thought, — between the divine conception and the creations which made that conception external and real.

The reason is that faculty by which nature becomes a language to us, suggesting ideas, and comprehended and explained in ideas. It is to the world what the antiquarian is to the cipher: it furnishes the key by which the whole is transformed from mere appearances, resting in the sense, into knowledge, occupying and gratifying the understanding. By the animal, the carvings on an obelisk are not apprehended as aught different from the marks of time on its surface; but give him reason, and he immediately seeks something back of them by which he may unite and explain them. The sensational world is to man a cipher, and as the fundamental ideas of the solution have already been given to him, there remains, as his high mission, their complete and diverse ap-

plication. Here the understanding busies itself, and the reason struggles to furnish it that apt modification of the idea of cause or resemblance which may unlock the mystery. The animal sees all things in space, and experiences them in time, but distinguishes them not from the space in which they abide, or from the time through which they exist. But man, gifted with reason, instantly apprehends things in their obvious space and time relations, and, by a careful and mathematical application of what is given in these primary ideas, learns to understand the universe in all its multiplied forms, movements, positions, and sequences. So, too, in causation, the world is not able even to suggest an inquiry to a mind not endowed with reason; but the mind so endowed takes this fundamental idea, and goes forth to explain, with a variety of conceptions and applications, mechanical, physical, and vital phenomena. Under the suggestions of experiment, and by the proofs of experiment, it insures its progress, till gradually the idea is made to settle down into the phenomena, as a thought into the characters which give it utterance.

Early in the history of philosophy, the distinction between the two parts of knowledge furnished, the one by the reason, and the other by the sense, was apprehended, though not well understood or clearly defined. Philosophers, misled in part by the early success which attended mathematics, and by the independence of experience which belongs to investigations in that department, were willing to look for a corresponding growth of ideal sciences through the unfolding of their parts from the primitive conception which enclosed them. But mathematics, with its few and simple ideas, and these considered only in their fixed numerical relations, can never be taken as an example of the true method of progress in other departments. Every purely ideal system, possessing itself of the form rather than of the substance of knowledge, has quickly, by the remote and empty character of its formulæ, so far separated itself from things and facts as to perish in its own sterility of results. A reaction from this undue and dangerous estimate of ideas has more than once forced the mind of man, in its progress towards truth, into assigning to sensation and experience a position, as sources of knowledge,

correspondingly dangerous. We can no more fly, winged of sense alone, than winged of reason alone; the two, with answering parts and corresponding powers, must sustain the mind in its acquiring and knowing. The universality and necessity of those ideas which come to us through the reason, have ever baffled the explanation of mere experience.

Sensation, far from giving us those notions which make its phenomena orderly and comprehensible, can, as the material of knowledge, exist only by their means, and without them would be as empty of truth as the reflection in the mirror or in the eye of the animal. The hand may move for ever along the outline of an object, yet, unless there already exists in the mind the idea of direction, and of change of direction by which the movement is guided and made intelligible, no idea of form will thereby be given. Between these two extremes, philosophy has oscillated; and that classification alone is radical and valuable which assigns the two elements of knowledge to their appropriate faculties, and makes them both minister to the processes of the understanding.

The next important division of our author is that of the susceptibilities into the animal, rational, and spiritual. The first two of these classes arise naturally from the previous divisions of the intellect; — the animal emotions springing up on the occasions given by the sense and the understanding; the rational, on the occasions given by the reason; — and these two would seem to cover the whole ground, as no feeling can arise except in connection with some intellectual action, and the sources of intellectual action are now exhausted.

Man is possessed of a free will, — is able to accept or reject certain ends of action. In the permanent choice of an end, he places himself in harmony with all that is included in that end, and in hostility with all that is excluded. This voluntary disposing of the soul our author terms a spiritual disposition, and finds in it "an independent source of feeling, and thus occasion for a distinct sphere of susceptibility. The spiritual susceptibility has its source in the personal disposition, and is utterly exclusive of all that belongs to constitutional nature, whether of the animal or rational." Of these spiritual emotions, the clearest illustrations given are those of

Christian love and faith. The will having accepted in obedience the law of God, there is immediately given the occasion for new emotions, and the emotions of a heart going forth in love and faith are those termed *spiritual*.

Such, so far as we understand it, is the basis of the third division of the susceptibilities, and in it we confess ourselves unable to discover any clear or valid distinction. That the spiritual emotions are preceded by an act of the will as a condition, though not as an efficient cause or occasion of their existence, can constitute no such distinction. In the animal emotions, it is not the qualities simply that draw forth our feelings, but those qualities in their relations to ourselves, our plans, our purposes. These relations depend sometimes on our volitions, and sometimes not; sometimes on permanent, and sometimes on wayward purposes; but whatever be the occasions of the relations in which qualities present themselves to us, it is evident that these occasions constitute no valid basis for classification, since the emotions do not spring up in view of *them*, but in view of *objects* sustaining, by means of them, new relations. The bear in the forest may be an object of fear; in the cage, of curiosity. Here, there is a change, not of object, but of relation, and that not by our act, but by the act of another. This hour we propose to spend in pleasure, and the friend that comes on business is now unwelcome, while he that seeks enjoyment is welcome; the next hour we devote to business, and the emotions are reversed on the appearance of the same persons. The character of God is perfect, fitted to call forth love; but we have opposed ourselves to his law; our plans and the attributes of God are in mutual hostility; the selfish heart, clinging to its own wilful gratifications, is able, with anger and resentment, to reject all that opposes its sinful purposes, and thus, with a constitutional ability of appreciating and loving the excellence of God's character, it excludes love by the stronger and antagonistic passions kindled in view of its own ends of action. At a later period, the heart submits itself to God; the barrier of transgression being now broken down, and conflicting passions driven out, the intellect readily apprehends, and the heart cheerfully responds to, the excellences before rejected.

In these instances, the emotion is modified by the relation in which we stand to the object of emotion; yet, in all of them, the constitutional susceptibility existed previously to the relation, and was waiting to be called forth on the fitting occasion.

If, then, our classification rests in part on the character of the object of emotion, whether it be given in the sense or in the reason, it must rest wholly upon that character; we cannot suddenly forsake this criterion, and establish a third class upon a new one. Certainly this is true when the new criterion would run through and destroy our two previous divisions, since many, both of our animal and rational emotions, as already seen, are preceded and modified in their occasions by some act of the will.

Under this division of spiritual susceptibility, friendship is also given in illustration.

"Among individuals there may be kindred interests, pursuits, and constitutional temperaments; and these may render two, or any number of them, mutually congenial to each other, and the intercourse of such may be intimate and highly agreeable. But when there has been a decided commitment of soul, and a reciprocal flowing out of the spirit each to each, there is in this a union of dispositions; and at once a cordiality of feeling springs up, much deeper and sweeter than all the congenialities of common interest or similar temperament."

Separating the philosophy from the rhapsody of this passage, we yet fail to see at what point the emotion of friendship is suddenly transmuted from a rational into a spiritual emotion. So far as feeling arises from mere convenience and a calculation of advantages, it is an animal emotion, and not friendship; but when it springs from the higher qualities of beauty, truth, and virtue, given in the reason, and, by the apprehension of those qualities as existing in a living person, goes out in love to that person, it is then a rational emotion, and, if reciprocated, is the basis of what we term friendship. No act of the will, by which friends are set apart to each other, can otherwise modify this emotion than by giving to it a fuller, freer play. Animal feelings may indeed mingle with the rational, and our satisfaction may be increased by a secret sense of exclusive possession; but these are not of the essence

of the relation. This seems to us to lie solely in the emotions of admiration and love, drawn forth in view of high rational qualities, and thus, with or without a "commitment of soul," to be neither other than, nor different from, a constitutional, rational emotion.

The qualities which are the objects of emotion are given us through the sense and through the reason. In animal emotions, — setting aside that sympathy by which we are made partakers of the feelings of others, — the objects of sense, in their relations to our enjoyments and plans, are the things contemplated; and hence, as the occasions of these feelings are given wholly in our animal constitution, they are rightly termed *animal*. The qualities, on the other hand, given to us in the reason, are not only reached through this nobler mental power, but are able to kindle our emotions by what and for what they are in themselves, wholly aside from personal relations. It is an excellency that now occupies us, and not a gratification. The rational emotions, springing from qualities belonging to the reason everywhere, which are identical, necessary, and universal in all rational existence, are separated by a broad gulf from those transitory emotions which accompany our sentient existence.

As the understanding reveals no qualities to the mind, it cannot itself be the independent source of any emotion; but it may employ itself, now in unfolding the properties and relations of external objects, thus giving breadth and strength to sensuous feeling, now in unfolding the connections of truth or virtue, thus helping to kindle a higher life of feeling. But beyond these, we have no further source of emotion.

The only remaining division that invites attention is that of the Will, into Immanent Preferences, Governing Purposes, and Desultory Volitions. The term "preference" does not refer to taste or inclination, but designates a "proper election," and is termed immanent as lying in the mind "without any overt manifestation." "It was in thine heart to build an house to my name." A purpose is an election of a general end of action, and, as abiding in the mind, prompting and guiding the successive executive acts by which the end is reached, it is named the governing purpose. "Turn-

ing aside from the main end, while the governing purpose towards it is not renounced, is termed a desultory volition."

These divisions, as now explained, though marking differences, are yet open to some criticism. They seem to mark not so much kinds of volitions, as the relations in which the volitions stand to the action and character of the person putting them forth. A governing purpose and a desultory volition are equally "elections," and, as elections, differ from each other by no fixed characteristic. The number of executive acts, by which a governing purpose completes itself, can be no such characteristic, as a desultory volition must also often include subsidiary acts, and this fluctuating number can never constitute a distinction of kind, and not always even of degree. The real difference marked by these two classes seems, as we have intimated, to lie between volitions, in their relations to the disposition and character of the person whose they are. Those by which a given disposition is secured, or which are in the direction of that disposition, are governing purposes; those aside from, or opposed to, that disposition, are desultory volitions. That which is a governing purpose in one individual may, in another, be a desultory volition, and thus, with every change of relation, — with every transition from person to person, — it may shift its name backward and forward, while remaining intrinsically the same. So, also, the immanent preference of one may become the governing purpose of another. David has it in his heart, and Solomon has it in hand, to build the house of the Lord.

Aside from the fact that these divisions seem to fall short of marking real distinctions in mental acts, they are not made in reference to the same point, and hence overlap and include one another. An immanent preference relates to the manifestation or suspension of the volition, and as all volitions are either manifested or suspended, the whole field is covered by immanent and manifest preferences. Again, a governing purpose and a desultory volition have reference to the disposition of the individual, the one securing and the other thwarting the disposition; and here the whole field is a second time covered. The point of classification being thus shifted,

the divisions will blend with one another, and an immanent preference, for aught we see, may be either an incipient governing purpose or a desultory volition.

These criticisms may, at least, show that the classification, in this part of the work, is not marked with entire clearness and firmness.

The portion of the subject that seems especially to have drawn out the power of the author, to evince most clearly the strength and vigor of his thought, and to reward the reader most abundantly by the rich and suggestive character of the ideas presented, is that pertaining to the will and the freedom of its actions. In no department of knowledge is a true conception more important or more difficult to be reached. In none has the labor of the best minds so often served solely to mislead, tending to results the most intolerable and disastrous, by arguments apparently unanswerable. No conception, whether true or erroneous, so colors and modifies all our thinking, as this of the will. It stands broadly related with all departments of action, and through these relations it everywhere leaves its traces of a dreary necessity and dark fatality, or of freedom and hope.

Necessity and chance are opposites and extremes. Nature, in the flow of all her events, alike in her vital and in her mechanical processes, is necessitated. The present is but a medium, receiving its power from the past and bearing it on to the future. Each point, each force, is a point, is a force in the stream, caused and causing — first pressed and then pressing. Thought and feeling even, as they float on this current, have no power over it, and are themselves conditioned in their action by it. The stream, and the driftwood eddying, lingering, lodging, floating on its surface in sportive freedom, are yet swept on by the same irresistible causal power to ends, in all their accidents, fixed and unchangeable. Nature knows nothing beyond herself; she draws all things into her ceaseless flow, and explains all things in these, their necessitated relations. Chance, on the other hand, cuts asunder every relation, loosens every bond, and denies all certainty. Is there any ground between these two, or aside from these two? If not, then is freedom impossible, and a will in freedom a de-

lusive phantom, inviting and mocking pursuit. Our only escape from chance — from mere fortuity by which nothing is to be reached — is into the meshes of necessity, dragging us to one end, and one end only, whether of life or of death.

A free will must, in action, be at once without chance and without necessity; with all the certainty of law, and none of its indissoluble connections. The will must be able to act, at once, orderly and freely, uncontrolled and self-controlling, affected, yet unconstrained, by the pressure of motives. The links of necessity are to be broken asunder; its certainty and order are not thereby to escape us. The conception which should contain this idea of will in freedom, it is evident, can never and should never render itself up to a logical criticism, or suffer an explanation to pass through it by a purely logical process. Such a process can proceed only along the links of fixed and causal relations, — can move only in the stream of nature; and hence, all that it lays hold of, and passes over, it inevitably presses down and sinks into that stream. This would be to suffer our explanations to destroy our conceptions, and to throw away with one hand what we had just secured with the other. A free will, if the terms *free* and *freedom* are not wholly illusory, is something supernatural, — above and beyond the flow of nature; and therefore no explanation which is itself of nature, and shares the necessity of nature, can be flung, like a net, upon it, except to drag it down and destroy it. It is the very condition of our effort that we rise above nature, and hence we cannot, in that very effort, keep within her fixed logical relations.

The idea of freedom, the alternative alike of necessity and of chance, is to the human reason not an absurdity, and while, from the very nature of the case, unable to render a complete explanation of the conception, we may yet define the Will as "the capacity for electing." This definition justifies itself to the common consciousness of men. Indeed, this common consciousness has ever been the citadel of freedom, from which the most subtle devices and enginery of logicians have not been able to expel it. Men are everywhere haunted with the conviction of having been able to do better than they

have actually done, and the whole burden of guilt comes and can come to the human mind only in connection with a clear and well-defined consciousness that each step in the descent was one of choice. No reasoning has ever been able to break down in the minds of men the axiom of morals, that responsibleness is measured by ability. The strength of this common consciousness is also clearly seen in the reluctance with which the philosophy of necessity approaches its own conclusions; the subtle phraseology with which it seeks to modify or partially conceal its results; its efforts to restore, or seem to restore, with one hand, what it has destroyed with the other; the pertinacity with which it insists on a valid, vital distinction between inabilities, when it can no longer mark that distinction; and the tenacity with which it clings to those technical terms, which afford a thin haze in which to shelter the naked idea. No less is it seen in the firmness with which the opposing philosophy has held to its convictions, though sadly worsted in the argument, and utterly unable to explain its conceptions. Our definition is also justified, when we look at the objects between which man in his free action is called to elect. They are not the same in kind, and therefore admit of no comparison in degree. An object of appetite, making its appeal through the sense, and the law of right, through the reason, cannot be brought to the same scale of measurement, and thus be found the one to overlap the other. Heat, in its degrees, cannot be flung into the balance against weight and its degrees. Certainly, these are not more distinct in kind, more incommensurable, than are gratification and right. Nor can these two, gratification and right, be resolved into happiness, and thus applied to a common scale. Right can never be so resolved; and he who does right on the ground of the pleasure secured, has not yet done right. Two objects, wholly distinct, without the possibility of comparison in degree, exclude necessity as springing from the presence of motives, and leave election possible. The expression, "The strongest motive controls the will," may be either a mere truism, meaning nothing more than that the will is governed by the motive by which it actually is governed, or it may be an effort to assign a definite power to

motives, and thus, by a surreptitious introduction of the idea of force into the realm of freedom, to render a comparison in degree possible. The moment we accept the effort as legitimate, the whole field is abandoned, and all sinks back into necessity.

Comparisons drawn from the external world, having ever in them the antagonistic connections of necessity, will not only fail to enlighten, but must necessarily mislead us in our discussions upon freedom; but there are analogies drawn from a higher source, which, if they do not illustrate a free will, yet show the necessity of the conception, and prove that it shares its most perplexing difficulties with other generally admitted ideas. Man can never attribute to God any freedom higher and purer in kind than that which he first finds in himself. It is solely because the image of God is within us, that we are able to find and comprehend the substantial being of God without us. The moment that we deny freedom to ourselves on the ground of any impossibility in the conception, that moment we deny it to God, and heaven and earth at once sink into the unmeasured, uncontrolled stream of causation. There is no more any supernatural. In destroying himself, man wrecks the whole universe. It remains no longer the offspring and the theatre of self-guiding action; but a deluge of physical causes, rushing down through the infinity of the past, sweeps over and swallows up all its outposts and battlements. Freedom lost and consistency maintained, there will remain above the flood not a single mountain-top on which the temple or city of our God might rest. If this all-consuming idea of causation is to eat like a worm into the heart of our free philosophy, then we shall find in time or space no position or barrier which we may make good against it. As we travel back along the line of events, searching for some ultimate point, some first fountain from which the phenomenal universe has been poured forth, we shall have everywhere beneath our feet the same conditions that we now have, — force, pressed on and pressing onward. Cause beneath us, cause behind us, cause before us, — every point precisely analogous to every other point in the dreary waste of causa-

tion, we shall strive in vain to stop; our weariness will be our only evidence that we have reached our journey's end. To assume a first cause is both an assumption and a misnomer; — an assumption, because it is the arbitrary suspension of a process which, to be consistent with itself, ought to go on for ever; the same impulse that compels me to seek a cause for one cause, should compel me to seek a cause for every other cause; — a misnomer, since, while the term is retained, one half the idea it should cover is cast away. It is not less essential to the complete conception that it be caused, than that it be a cause, — that it receive force, than that it impart it. There is nothing of origination in the idea of causation with which Logic deals. Beginning, creation, is, to her, thin air, out of which she can make nothing, on which she can construct nothing. Put the chasm where you will on the last of her veritable causes, she will stand astonished, impotent, and angered. The whole process, then, by which we reach and retain the idea of a Creator, is in direct contravention and hostility to all merely logical methods; and the act of the mind by which we refuse to seek a cause for the one great Creator is precisely analogous to that by which we refuse to run over and destroy our idea of freedom by our idea of force. The same analogy may also be seen in some of the attributes we assign to God. We feel it no absurdity to say of him, He is ubiquitous; yet a very little explanation may make this attribute seem to the mere understanding both impossible and absurd. The truth is, our reason is able to give us ideas beyond the measurement of merely logical processes.

In the work some of whose prominent ideas have now been partially discussed, there are to be found, scattered with a liberal hand, those fresh, vigorous, and suggestive thoughts which open to the mind new fields, quicken its action, and connect and consolidate its fragmentary knowledge. In this respect, we doubt whether it has its equal. But the synthetical and originating power of the author seems to surpass his analytical capacity. Taken as a complete compend of the science of the mind designed for students, it lacks that clear and careful treatment of the parts which would make

it, not an outline, but an adequate physical chart, of the region surveyed. Thus, Association is confined to three pages, Memory and Conception each to two pages, and Abstraction to one.

The works of Dr. Hickok have not everywhere received that candid and cheerful appreciation which would naturally flow from a full insight into their merits. This is owing, we think, in great part, to the style in which they are written. He does not merely employ technical terms, — these belong to all scientific productions, and, when clearly defined and accurately employed, are very far from leading to obscurity, — but his whole form of thought and mode of expression are generally more or less, and at times extremely, technical and artificial. One needs to read his books through, before the mind is placed in such sympathy with the mind of the author, its method of operation and expression, as clearly and readily to apprehend his full idea. This is true of those accustomed to metaphysical research; much more must it be true of those undisciplined in that direction. This apparent unintelligibleness, which has withheld the meaning from the hasty, the careless, and the lazy reader, has repelled many; and none but the craving appetite has been quickened and satisfied. The newspaper criticism on the author's Rational Psychology, that it could be read as well backwards as forwards, has found many willing to shield their indolence by ridicule. In this respect, the work before us deserves, and will encounter, some criticism, especially as designed for a class of persons to whom no unnecessary and fastidious difficulty should be presented. Of the technical method, which pervades not words, but sentences, the following may be given as illustrations.

"This identification of the reciprocal modifications, of both the recipient organ and that which has been received, is precisely what is meant by sensation."

"Shape is given limit in extent, and tone is given limit in intensity; and as thus limited, we may apply to both shape and tone a common term expressive of the limitation, and call it *form*. The living feeling will thus always be expressed in some pure form."

All the passages in connection with the above require a

certain quick sympathy with the methods of the author for their ready and perfect apprehension. In no department of composition should style be so simply and solely a medium for thought, as in the productions of philosophy. Its foremost excellence, therefore, must be that transparency which interposes no obstacle, which conceals and alters nothing.

Poetry, burdened with no search, exulting in the tread of her imagery as it comes echoing forth in her metre, may seek the mystic light which half gives, half conceals her passion; but Science must ever walk straight onward with her lamp in her hand. The telescope with which we search out obscure and complicated phenomena should possess that perfect symmetry and adjustment of lenses which distorts not the object, nor converts into shades and colors the pure beam of light along which the revelation comes. All imperfection here is so much added to our labor, — so much subtracted from our success. A definite purpose inspires and quickens our efforts, and that which is not an instrument is an obstacle.

ART. V. — *Modern Painters. Of Many Things.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M. A. Vol. III. New York: Wiley and Halsted. 1856.

THERE is perhaps no writer to whom America is more indebted than to John Ruskin. We have, on the one side, a materialism which tends to check the development of our higher nature; and, on the other, a spiritualism which would cast aside all outward form. Here, more than anywhere else, is needed the mediation of beauty, by which spirit and matter are blended into a living unity; by which the material loses its grossness, and the spiritual its vagueness. Works of art are too rare among us to exert a deep influence, and we are doubly grateful, therefore, to any one who will open our eyes to the beauty of the sky above us, and of the grass which we trample under our feet. We know of no

English writer who has done so much to create a true appreciation of natural beauty, and an enthusiasm for it, as Ruskin. His faults in criticism, if he has them, are concerned with works which comparatively few among us have seen, and thus can do little to pervert the taste. The reasons for his decisions are, in general, given so honestly, that it seems scarcely possible that they should mislead any. If, for instance, he loses no opportunity to speak slightingly of the German philosophy, he is careful to explain in a note that he has never thought it worth his while to pay any attention to it; and to show by his remarks upon a quotation from Bunsen, that he has not the most primary notion of its first principles. If he says many hard things of Claude, he yet gives him the credit of being the first man who put the sun into the heavens; and those of us who have gazed at one of his sunsets, until all things seemed dissolved in its golden light, and we cared no more than Claude did whether windmills or castles filled the foreground of the picture, can admit this as sufficient praise for any man. If he selects Walter Scott as the truest poetic genius of modern times, — the representative of modern poetry as Dante is of mediæval, — he expresses the reasons of his preference so honestly and clearly, that all must admit that *upon these grounds* no other selection could have been made, and gives such an admirable criticism of Scott's poetry, that one loses all disposition to murmur. For ourselves we have a friend, one William Shakespeare, who has also written of landscape, and who, we thought, had some title to be considered the representative of modern poetry, whom Homer and Dante might admit as the third in their high companionship; but when we saw the principles that were to control the choice, we gave up his claims at once.

It would be strange if a writer occupying such a position as Ruskin does should not have faults; if, at once a theorizer and an artist, he did not sometimes allow his theory to be perverted by his taste, and his taste by his theory; if, writing, in the face of much opposition, professedly without system, upon subjects intermediate between the realm of philosophy and that of art, he were not sometimes dogmatic; if, after ten years' study in the same direction, he had not changed some-

what the stand-point from which he looks upon the world. Such faults, so far as they are faults, might mislead or confuse those who seek a leader whom they may follow blindly; but those who have discovered that all men have their limitations, and have learned to *call no man master*, will accept gratefully the truth that he utters, and find even in what they consider errors matter for profitable thought and study.

It is not, however, our intention at present to consider the position and merits of Ruskin, but to discuss the two questions which form the basis of the third volume of his "Modern Painters." These are brought forward most prominently in the chapters entitled "The Use of Pictures" and "The Novelty of Landscape." The questions stated in full are the following: first, What is the difference between the enjoyment which we derive from seeing an object represented in art, and that which we derive from seeing the same object as it actually exists in nature? and, secondly, What is the difference between the ancient and modern mind, by which the latter receives a pleasure from landscape of which the former had no conception, and what is the nature of this pleasure? These questions we shall consider in an order inverse to that in which they have been cited; for it seems appropriate to consider what the enjoyment derived from natural scenery actually is, before comparing it with that derived from the mere representation.

In discussing the beauty of landscape, Ruskin opens what may be considered almost a new field of study. There is no point in regard to which the philosophies have been so barren. The *Du Beau* of Cousin is not the strongest part of his system, and that which relates to natural beauty is the weakest part of the *Du Beau;* all that is said of it there is compressed into the compass of about a page. Kant in his *Urtheilskraft* gives the subject more importance; but what he says of it naturally partakes of the one-sidedness of his system. When we read his theory of the Sublime, our emotions are so similar to those which are excited by the presence of mountains and mighty cataracts, that we cannot doubt that he has caught something of their spirit; but we experience a feeling

of dissatisfaction in seeing beauty defined to be the pleasure of which the mind is conscious when it finds its own laws recognized by the outward world, apparently with no ulterior object. This is what he expresses in his brief formula, *Zweckmässigkeit ohne Zweck.* Hegel, who has done more than any one else for the science of æsthetics, yet places the enjoyment derived from the contemplation of nature so far below that which is caused by works of art, and proves so clearly that from his stand-point this must necessarily be the case, that we cannot acquit him of injustice to his theme. We are grateful, therefore, to Mr. Ruskin, for having done so much to bring this subject clearly and prominently before us.

In approaching the subject of landscape, however, we are met at once by a difficulty of which we should have taken no cognizance if Mr. Ruskin had not himself called our attention to it, and, in his somewhat awkward attempts to remove it from the path, left it more in the way than ever. The difficulty is nothing less than the question, whether there be any such thing as actual landscape; whether, if we may be allowed to use a word of which Mr. Ruskin has plainly expressed his abhorrence, what we consider as landscape is not wholly *subjective.* But we will let him express his difficulty and his manner of disposing of it in his own words. We quote from the admirable chapter entitled, "Of the Pathetic Fallacy."

"The word 'blue,' say certain philosophers, means the sensation of color which the human eye receives in looking at the open sky, or at a bell gentian.

"Now, say they farther, as this sensation can only be felt when the eye is turned to the object, and as, therefore, no such sensation is produced by the object when nobody looks at it, therefore the thing, when it is not looked at, is not blue; and thus (say they) there are many qualities of things which depend as much on something else as on themselves. . . . . .

"From these ingenious views the step is very easy to a farther opinion, that it does not much matter what things are in themselves, but only what they are to us; and that the only real truth of them is their appearance to, or effect upon, us. From which position, with a hearty

desire for mystification, and much egotism, selfishness, shallowness, and impertinence, a philosopher may easily go so far as to believe, and say, that everything in the world depends upon his seeing or thinking of it, and that nothing therefore exists but what he sees, or thinks of.

"Now to get rid of all these ambiguities and troublesome words at once, be it observed that the word 'blue' does *not* mean the *sensation* caused by a gentian on the human eye; but it means the *power* of producing that sensation; and this power is always there in the thing, whether we are there to experience it or not, and would remain there, though there were not left a man on the face of the earth. Precisely in the same way gunpowder has a power of exploding. It will not explode if you put no match to it. But it has always the power of so exploding, and is therefore called an explosive compound, which it very positively and assuredly is, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary.

"In like manner, a gentian does not produce the sensation of blueness, if you don't look at it. But it has always the power of doing so; its particles being everlastingly so arranged by its Maker. And, therefore, the gentian and the sky are always verily blue, whatever philosophy may say to the contrary; and if you do not see them blue when you look at them, it is not their fault, but yours."

It will be seen from the above, that all which Mr. Ruskin claims for his blue gentian is that it has the power to produce a certain sensation in us. Its blueness is therefore merely a latent energy, which is called out only by the presence of some conscious subject. It is a mere potentiality, like the gunpowder's power of explosion, which is excited into action only by the presence of the spark. As the effect of the meeting of the subject and object is felt entirely by the former, that is, as the blue gentian excites a sensation in us while our presence produces no change upon the blue gentian, it seems to us that Mr. Ruskin's comparison would hold better, if the blue gentian were compared to the spark, and ourselves to the gunpowder. As Mr. Ruskin has left the case, we can no longer say,

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen";

for the blush is a mere potentiality, till the eye is present to see it. The universe of beauty, about which he is so eloquent, is

an unfilled blank, a congeries of potentialities, of undeveloped powers, of mines well laid, but perishing without effect, because no spark is applied to them. To state the difficulty in an exact formula, we say: "We cannot conceive of any object, a blue gentian for instance, except as it exists in our conception of it; this conception is made up of various sensations, which have no existence out of the subject; we cannot therefore conceive of an object without conceiving at the same time the presence of a subject." In an age less faithless than our own, this discussion would scarcely be necessary; or were it started, the mind would at once recur for its solution to the Absolute Subject, to the Divine consciousness, which embraces the universe, in which we can conceive the blue gentian equally with the arch of heaven as always beautiful, and as needing not our presence and partial partaking of this consciousness to awaken it to beauty. For the fuller discussion of this principle, and its application to the higher questions of philosophy, we refer the reader to Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic."

This difficulty being removed, we have next to consider the difference between the classic and the modern mind, by which the latter derives a pleasure from landscape of which the former was incapable. We think that Mr. Ruskin has somewhat exaggerated this difference. We do not see the propriety of introducing Homer as the only witness in regard to the classic landscape, excluding all later writers. The imaginary individual, supposed to be familiar with all classic art, who sees for the first time a modern picture-gallery, is represented as saying, "Nobody ever cared about blue mountains before, or tried to paint the broken stones of old walls."

There are few specimens remaining, by which we can judge of ancient paintings. The most important of these are those of Pompeii, which are clearly as much entitled to be consulted on this question as the reliefs at Nineveh. We have ourselves seen among them a landscape more or less perfect, of which all that we definitely remember is, that the principal object was a ruin. It gave us, indeed, a singular feeling to look through this vista of ruins, and see older ruins beyond; to feel that, when these crumbling works were in their fresh-

ness, the world was already in its dotage. The importance of the fact for us at present is, chiefly, that, even in that day, men sometimes saw the beauty of ruins, and some even were found who did try "to paint the broken stones of old walls." It cannot, however, admit of a doubt, that the difference spoken of by Ruskin does exist to a greater or less degree. His main fault in assigning its cause appears to us to be, that he places it too much in outward and accidental circumstances, and does not see in it the necessary development of the mind itself.

Hegel, in his *Aesthetik*, considers art under three divisions, which he designates as Symbolic, Classic, and Romantic. The Symbolic Art was that which preceded the Grecian. Its object, like that of all art, was to represent the living, the spiritual, the divine. It was unable to embody these in any adequate form, and thus its whole course was a struggle, rather than an accomplishment. It sought, as among the Hindoos, to make the natural express the supernatural, by forcing it out of its ordinary form, and imposing upon it fantastic shapes and exaggerated proportions. The Egyptians endeavored to reach the same end by vastness of dimensions, and by various symbolic structures of which they themselves did not understand the full meaning. Chief among these latter was the Sphinx, which, with its human head and beastly body, expressed the riddle which the age was vainly striving to solve, the union of spirit and matter, of thought and form. With all their efforts, the two remained distinct, like the head and body of the Sphinx. The most stupendous and perfect works pointed beyond themselves to the thought which they were designed to express.

The Greeks solved this problem. In their art, spirit and matter were blended. They first saw their gods before them in worthy forms. In the presence of a perfect Grecian statue, we do not need to look beyond it to seek its meaning; we do not need to study it in the search for hidden depths of consciousness; it stands before us complete in itself; all is open, clear; spirit and body, thought and expression, are woven into one.

Leaving the terminology of the *Aesthetik*, we may perhaps

make our meaning clearer by stating that the highest point attainable by Grecian art was self-repose. This may be exhibited under three aspects. It may be the repose of inaction; repose maintained under the most severe and doubtful conflict, or even defeat; and the repose of triumph. These three forms are exhibited in the three greatest works of Grecian art that have come down to us, — the Venus de' Medici, the Laocoön, and the Vatican Apollo. In the Apollo we see exhibited the unmingled glory of triumph. The Python has just fallen by his arrow; he still holds the bow in his extended hand, which is just descending, while the drapery hanging from the arm, in a manner which this motion alone could account for, gives a marvellous grace and lightness to the whole figure. He casts upon his prostrate foe a look of divine scorn, from before which one almost shrinks; yet there is nothing earthly in it, nothing which mars the beauty of the face or disturbs its sublime serenity; he has passed through the most terrible ordeal, and henceforth he has nothing to dread. He stands thus the personification of undying youth, unfading beauty, and resistless strength.

In the Laocoön we have exhibited a similar self-repose in circumstances of suffering and conflict. The Apollo is a god, for thus only can be represented the unmingled glory of triumph; while the strength of suffering is the prerogative of man alone. The old Laocoön stands in the terrible embrace of the serpents which the gods have sent upon him; thus he has no hope from the Olympian senate, for he is their victim; none from men, for they look upon him as accursed. To such a struggle there can be but one issue. Yet there is no terror nor shrinking. He grasps the serpents firmly in his hands; the coils of one seem half unloosed; we know that they will soon close again in the embrace of death; but we see it without trouble, for we feel that his true personality is beyond their reach.

The Venus, however, is the representative of a larger class of the works of Grecian art, of forms, divine and human, of the most perfect beauty, and in comparative repose, not because above disturbance, but because removed from it. Yet even in this quietness there is often a depth and a might, as

in the awful front of Jove, the calmness of whose mighty brow we feel that all the shock of contending gods and men would not be powerful enough to ruffle. By works of this class, also, it was sought to express the peace of the departed; as in the old Etruscan tombs, where, upon urns whose sides are covered with representations of conflict, recline the images of the dead in the attitude of "revellers at a feast," while from above a Medusa's head looks coldly down upon this banqueting-hall of the shades.

We have referred to these well-known examples, to illustrate the fact, that in Classic Art every work was complete in itself. It made no apologies; it asked no favors; it returned no thanks. There was grief; but it was like that of Niobe, cold and tearless, seeking no sympathy, and needing none. There was death; but it was like that of the Gaul of the Capitol, without the reproaches of conscience, and without hope or fear for the future. There was nothing of a twofold nature about any of these works. The mind never held back, never rose above, and never outran, the body. Heart and soul were all in the act, whatever it might be. There is no appearance of a concentration of thought or look upon any outward object, by any effort of the will; there is no appearance of thought or look wandering abroad in search of any object to occupy them. There is no aspiration, no longing, no regret. There is in all, as has been said, a self-repose, a self-sufficiency. This in nearly all cases gives an air of cheerfulness to them, although, as has been well remarked, there is in them a tinge of sadness, though faint, as if it were a shadow of the overhanging fate. In Classic Art there was no contradiction between the universal and the individual. Each work represented the perfect type of the universal, unmarred by any individual fault or peculiarity. The universal thus manifested itself with a joyous freedom, conscious of no limitation, and in this sense infinite. Every work is thus not merely actual, but ideal; for the actual and the ideal are one.

Each product of Grecian art was, as we have seen, a unit. But the union thus inaugurated was to be broken. Hegel has well remarked, that in the Classic Art the divine, the human, and the material formed a perfect unity, while in the

Romantic Art each of these elements was left to develop itself separately. He has not, however, we think, brought forward with sufficient clearness the negative moment in the separation. This was, as it appears to us, the consciousness of sin. Of this, as we understand it, the Greek had no conception. He therefore stood in such joyous self-confidence, looking forward and backward without doubt or anxiety. It was thus that the divine and the human flowed naturally into the same type, and the material exhibited both in their full perfection. The consciousness of sin brought terrible discord into this harmony. Man saw himself estranged from God, and bound to the earthly. He abjured the earthly that he might become reconciled to the Divine. Thus for an instant was he an orphan and homeless.

The first struggle was for reconciliation with God. The union of the human and the divine, which in the Grecian thought and art had been a simple blending of natures, became replaced by the union of love; a love more intense because the result of reconciliation, of an atonement. The spirit which had before been so completely one with the body, now spurned the fellowship and withdrew into itself. It cared not that the body was subjected to all suffering, — that it was shrunken by hunger, that it was burned by the sun of the desert, that it was distorted and scarred by the instruments of torture. All these torments it joyfully inflicted upon the flesh, that thus it might become more free from it. The world was a scene of trial and temptation. Among the Greeks the soul had been at one with the world, but now there was a breach between the two. This was no longer the soul's home; here it was a stranger seeking for a better country, that is, a heavenly.

All of this was represented in Christian art. Its negative element was sin; its positive element, love. If we had space for a systematic study of the subject, it would be interesting to follow the arrangement adopted by Hegel in his *Aesthetik* for the exhibition of the manner in which this love was represented by the Christian painters. First, we should study the representation of the object of love itself in its simple universality, God the Father. His pure spirituality, however, can-

not be represented adequately in any bodily form. The figure of an old man, however full of love and dignity it may be, we feel at once to be unworthy of it, if not actually blasphemous, as it is apt to strike Protestants who see it for the first time. The face and form of Christ are more within the sphere of art; yet even here it is difficult, or even impossible, for the painter to represent the union of the divine and human in a manner that shall correspond at all with our conceptions. This is most easily done in the child Christ, where the lofty qualities which are demanded can be exhibited in greater distinctness, in opposition to the simplicity of childhood. In the *Ecce Homo*, also, where the negative element of suffering is strongly exhibited, the divine qualities of the spirit, and its infinite love, may be brought out in greater relief, as the painter sometimes represents the sun by darkening the surrounding sky and the landscape. This love is however more perfectly exhibited as reflected in the disciples and the saints, and especially in the Madonna. In her, the object of love is not something beyond the sensuous, and invisible, as is the case in many paintings of the saints, where the upturned eyes appear to see or to seek something unseen by us; but the love and its object are both before us.

Without following further or more minutely this arrangement, we will contemplate two or three individual works, which, in their contrast with our examples from classic art, may serve to illustrate the different spirit of the two forms of art. Instead of the Apollo of the Vatican, we will contemplate the Transfiguration by Raphael; instead of the Laocoon, the *Ecce Homo;* instead of the Venus, the Madonna of Dresden.

As the triumphant repose of the Apollo is heightened by the suggestion of the negative moment of struggle through which he has passed, the same element is introduced to heighten the triumphant joy in the Transfiguration. It is exhibited as raised above earthly struggle and pain. Below, in the foreground, surrounded by his mother and the disciples, is the demoniac boy with his wild gestures and maniac eyes. The eye, however, tarries not there, nor with the three who lie upon the hill behind, overwhelmed with the glory, knowing

not what they say; but is turned upward, where, between Moses and Elias, hovers the Christ. His robes seem woven from the clouds, yet stand out from among them, bright and glorious; a divine spirit pervades even the floating garments and hair, giving to all an ethereal lightness; while from the face beams a glory and a godlikeness which artist had never caught before; it is no longer the triumph of manly strength and self-stability, but it is the higher divinity beaming through. All that can detract from the perfection of this work is that the negative moment is not seen at once to have any vital and necessary connection with the positive. In the Apollo the conflict hinted at is the ground and occasion of the present triumph. In the Etruscan urns the conflicts represented upon the side had been passed through in order to attain to the perfect rest which is exhibited above them. Whether in the Transfiguration the symbolical connection, which can be traced by a little study, is sufficient to obviate this objection, we cannot say.

In the Laocoön there is a self-control and self-concentration for resistance, but this is all. There is no look of joy and triumph from eyes which,

"Like angels, sing on in a separate glory."

In the *Ecce Homo*, on the contrary, while the body is suffering, the spirit seems to dwell aloft in an atmosphere of love, filled with peace and more than resignation. So we see martyrs bound to the stake, or pierced with darts, their faces filled, not with endurance, but with joy. There are in the Catacombs, on tombstones of martyrs, figures of doves, not calmly nestling, like those in the Columbarium, — a place whose very name is suggestive of peace, and of the prayer of the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest," — but with branches of palm in their mouths, like glad tidings from brighter lands.

In works less influenced by conflict, present or past, where the figure assumes its more ordinary state, this, owing to the superiority which the mind now asserts over the body, will represent the finer and deeper emotions of the soul. While the form of the Venus, of which we have spoken, is of such

marvellous beauty, its face is so weak in its expression, that some have seriously doubted whether the head was chiselled by the same artist, and was part of the same work. The connection, however, in which it was found with the other fragments, and the nicety with which it fitted them, leave little room for such doubts. But they may serve to make clearer our views of the change which has taken place in art; for where the classic artist stopped, the Christian began. The Madonna of Dresden is closely draped, even to the neck; but above is the face full of all womanly beauty. This is striking for its simple calmness; not the calmness of the early German paintings, which is like that of a being raised above the distraction of earthly feelings, but a calmness made up of the fulness and equipoise of all these feelings; for if it has not the raptured heavenward gaze of the Madonnas of Guido, nor that look of happy love which in some of Raphael's other works the mother turns upon the child, nor that of anxious, trembling affection, which Sassoferato was wont to paint, it is because it unites them all. There is love in the tender pressure of the Christ-child to her bosom; there is reverence in the depths of those dark, half-tearful eyes, which at least make those that look at them half-tearful; there is a joy that lies too deep for smiles; and all of these are united in an expression of awed and thoughtful wondering, — over the past, with its mysteries and its holy gladness, — over the future, strange and sublime, to which all things are pointing, — over the infinite love that fills her breast, and the divine child that rests on her bosom.

It will be seen from these examples, that in the Romantic Art there is no longer that beautiful harmony and equipoise between the soul and the body, the outward and the inward, the idea and its expression, which we found in the Classic Art. The soul draws back into itself out from the material. The material stands before us, not for itself merely, but in order to reveal to us something higher. It hence admits of distortion and deformity, as in the case of the demoniac boy in the Transfiguration, of martyrs flayed and otherwise tormented, of demons, and the like. All then that is required of the outward is that it shall be more or less natural; that it shall be

real enough to furnish a solid basis for the spiritual superstructure. It thus can follow its own course, undisturbed by the more inward and essential element. But the part that it plays will necessarily grow continually more important. The naturalness which was at first only a secondary consideration, being a matter in which almost infinite progress may be made, will call more and more attention to itself, in its development, until it comes to be the leading object. This we find to have been to a great degree the course of the art of painting. The material, which was at first designed merely to reveal the spiritual, at length asserts its independent existence, and challenges labor and admiration for itself alone. This is not the place to decide when the central point was reached and passed; whether Raphael stands upon the beautiful summit, or upon its downward slope; it is sufficient for us that the summit was reached and passed. Neither does it fall within our purpose to follow the development of the principle of individuality in art. The individual spirit was, as we have seen, set free from its connection with the divine, and left, like the outward nature, to develop itself according to its own laws, until, as in the drama for instance, no shade of character, sinful or holy, is considered unworthy of representation. The connection between the universal and the individual is broken, and caprice and peculiarities have free range. This point, however, is merely referred to in order to give completeness to our sketch, and we will pursue it no further.

We have seen that, in the mediæval art, landscape, or, more generally, the outward nature, existed merely as a foundation, or medium, for the spiritual; we have now to consider more particularly the relation in which the outward world stands to the more modern mind. We have already seen that, with the introduction of Christianity, the harmony between the soul and the world was broken. To understand more perfectly the nature of this breach, let us look more closely at the different points of view from which the classic and the modern mind regard nature.

In Christian philosophy mind and matter are distinct and irreconcilable. The one is eternal, connected with the invisible and the spiritual; the other is gross and transitory. The

forms of earth may ravish and exalt the soul by their beauty; the lower inhabitants of earth may exhibit instincts, which amount almost to reason; yet between them and the spirit which the former so deeply move, and the latter so plainly shadow forth, there is a gulf which speculation rarely attempts to cross. Among the early Grecian philosophers, on the other hand, matter was eternal and everlasting. They occupied themselves with seeking after the common essence of things; and whether they believed that this was water, or air, or number, or fire, mind and matter were only different forms of the same element. When Zeno, the Eleatic, looking into the blue of heaven, exclaimed, "God is one and alone," the individual of the spiritual and that of the material world were absorbed alike into the unbroken repose of this divine oneness.

In the physical sciences we find indications of the same tendency. To the ancients the laws and limits of things were loose and flowing. When they saw water becoming interchangeably solid, liquid, and gaseous; all things dissolving into flame, and thus passing into the atmosphere, and, as they believed, up to the stars; or the green trees and beautiful flowers springing from the dark earth, — no change of things was too extravagant for them to believe. Modern investigators, on the contrary, finding beneath all these mutable forms the same unvarying atoms, perceive that there is no change in the universe, all that appears such being the result of combination and counterpoise; and thus is the breach between mind and matter for ever made broader. To the ancients, too, this world was the unmoved centre of all things; and strange indeed, and sad, must it have been, when first the earth was, in the thoughts of men, loosed from its eternal moorings, and turned adrift upon the infinite space. The very foundation of things must have seemed shaken; man must have felt himself a homeless and ceaseless wanderer in the universe.

In religion this distinction is still more strongly marked. The Christian, finding this gulf between himself and the things which surround him, seeks ever to make it wider; to enter into closer communion with the Infinite Spirit whom he adores, and to prepare himself for a future of purely spirit-

ual joy. The classic divinities were, on the other hand, either heroes or the powers of nature deified, and stand the ideal of perfected manhood. With the eternal Fate, the most spiritual conception of the Greek, the moving power of both worlds, he had no sympathy nor communion; but must only resist its power as long, or yield to it as gracefully, as he might. His future was but the shadow of his present. Over the fields of asphodel he urged his steed; or there held converse with the friends whom he had most loved on earth. The ancient ascetic sought by bodily privations, not, like the Christian, to withdraw his spirit from the pleasures of the world, or to atone for sin, but, by destroying his useless desires, to fit himself for a more tranquil life upon earth. Indeed, of that burden of sin and accountability under which the Christian toils on so heavily, and which, by the continual struggle it occasions, ever widens, as it originally caused, the breach between him and the world, the ancient Greek had no conception, but walked erect and joyous on the earth. While to the modern, and especially to the early Christian, this is a place of weary pilgrimage, it was his bright and beautiful home. Gifted with a sense of the beautiful, of which others had little notion, all the forms and voices of nature thrilled him with joy. If he could not conceive of the divine, unless as embodied in the material; neither could he of the material, unless as pervaded and elevated by the divine. The earth was a goddess. Each tree and stream sheltered its divinity. The stars, with the sun and moon, were bright with the presence of the gods. The entrails of beasts and the flight of birds, no less than the courses of the stars, uttered the voice of Fate; for all were alike full of the divine life that throbbed, scarcely concealed, beneath them. The strife between the soul and the body not as yet begun, both moved on together to an equal perfection of development. Thus has Greece become the storehouse of the most perfect bodily forms, and of the highest works of intellectual achievement for all ages. Look, for instance, at the Grecian philosophers, their healthy lives stretching out to seventy, eighty, or almost one hundred years; at Pythagoras, with his almost superhuman beauty; at Æschylus, whose wounds received in battle for

his country were his honor and defence; at Sophocles, winning the prizes of the arena with the crown of his poetic triumph yet upon his brow.

It has been before stated, that, at the decline of the classic period, the harmony between God, man, and nature was broken. We have already seen how the principle of love solved the opposition between God and man, and produced a higher and more blessed union than could have existed before. We have now to consider how the principle of beauty has bridged the gulf between man and nature; for with the manner in which philosophy has closed, or has sought to close, this breach, we have at present no concern.

The Greek was, as has been said, one with nature. He was the result of the same natural workings which had produced the trees and the mountains. Certain races or families claimed, it is true, descent from the gods; but the gods themselves were hardly to be distinguished from those same natural forces. The Greek, then, not regarding nature as something utterly distinct from himself, could look upon it only as inferior to himself. The modern mind, being in general separated from it, by all the infinitude of its own nature and destiny, — seeing not so much inferiority in the same scale as total unlikeness, except as being the work of the same Creator, — can study it freely and without restraint. The modern stands ever against nature, and can enjoy its beauties, as the Greek, who stood in the very midst of it, could not.

We will illustrate this by examples. Hegel, who occupied, in the respect referred to, somewhat the same position with the Greek, proves that from his stand-point the beauty of nature is inferior to that of art, because it expresses less perfectly the idea and the unity of life. On the other hand, the Jews, who stood over against nature, somewhat as the moderns do, and regarded it as something with which they had little or no essential and vital connection, yet enjoyed its simple beauty much more than the Greeks appear to have done. This is finely illustrated by Ruskin, in his Edinburgh Lectures, by a reference to the twenty-third Psalm, in which David manifests a sympathy with nature which a

Greek would have considered as derogatory to his humanity. Nothing of the kind can be more beautiful than the fellow-feeling that is shown by the Psalmist with the simple enjoyments of his flocks: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

A more precise notion of the difference between the classic and modern enjoyment of landscape may be found in the distinction which has been exhibited between the Classic and the Romantic Art. The Classic or Plastic Art could rest contented with nothing short of a complete embodiment of the spirit; the material with which it was connected must be completely moulded by it, and made the highest and only adequate expression of it. This can be found nowhere but in the human form, and not even in this, until it has become purified from all that is accidental and lifeless. The modern mind conceives of a spiritual reality, which even the human form cannot perfectly exhibit; of an infinity which is something more than the complete and unhindered realization of an idea, or embodiment of an individual spirit, however little it may be marred by individual peculiarities. We have already seen how, even in the most perfect work of Christian art, the thought to be expressed always hovers above it, refusing to be identified completely with it, or rather overflows it, because it cannot be contained in it. This expression of the inexpressible, this bodying forth of the infinite, is what the modern mind is ever striving after, and longing for. It is this longing that has upheaved the massive dome of St. Peter's, and the roofs and towers of the mediæval churches, and which above all strove for manifestation in that miracle of Cologne, which the Middle Age left half completed, as a musician might break off in the midst of some rapturous strain in which he sought to pour forth his full soul, and dash his instrument aside, feeling how inadequate is even the loftiest form or expression to exhibit the spiritual and the formless. The modern mind sees all about it cramped and limited, and finds the truest response to its longings in the contemplation of nature. In the presence of the forest, of the far-reaching landscape, or of soaring mountains, it sees manifestations of the absolute life, which are free from all the limi-

tations that cramp it everywhere beside. The trees, the flowers, the blue sky, are all expressions of this life; they have no articulate voice, they utter no precise thought, have no determined individuality; but yet they are embodiments of this inner vitality. This sounds to us in the voices of the birds; it breathes upon us in the breeze; it glances forth upon us in the quick eyes of the squirrel, before he disappears again among the leaves; it sports about us in the insects that float in the sunlight, in the fish that ripple the shaded brook. If we take any one of these animated forms, the squirrel, for instance, to our homes, its beauty is in a great degree lost. It is no longer a manifestation of the universal life, but merely of its own little individuality. We see all its limitations; it twirls its cage for exercise; it has its fears, its petty pleasures, and its many wants. So Emerson, in his beautiful poem, "Each and All," brings home the shell whose beauty had charmed him by the sea, but finds that it

> "Had left its beauty on the shore,
> With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar."

Thus, in like manner, the sparrow, whose notes, as he heard them in the forest, had seemed to him a voice from heaven,

> "sings the song, but it pleases not now,
> For I did not bring home the river and sky:
> He sang to my ear, they sang to my eye."

A bird, however, whose joyous song seems to imply an inward depth of which we can form no conception, and a plant that never comes to any distinct utterance or *outerance* of itself, excepting in its flower, which adds only more of the mystery of beauty to its being, can never become completely individualized to us. There is a striking difference, also, between the manner in which we regard our domestic animals in general, and those that still enjoy the freedom of the forest. For the former we feel a love, it may be, which is yet mingled with a tinge of pity, increasing with the love; the latter form an important element of beauty.

We can now understand better than before the difference between the Classic and the Romantic enjoyment of nature.

That the Greeks did enjoy nature, their whole mythology is a witness. It also shows how they enjoyed it. They could be content with nothing vague. They felt the power of natural beauty, but they could not rest till they had given to this power a determinate shape. Where moderns see the divine in nature, they saw divinities. Suppose that a modern artist, for instance, has to give a representation of the Nile; he will paint the river with its shores covered with the vegetation peculiar to them, while the Pyramids and the Sphinx loom up in the background. How the classic artist represented it, the noble statue in the Vatican shows us.

We understand also better than before why the nations whose art has been called Symbolical should share something of the Romantic enjoyment of landscape. It was before stated that the Symbolic art is that which preceded the Grecian. If we include literature under the term Art, then the term Symbolic must be applied also to the entire range of Oriental poetry. It is not meant that symbolism reigns exclusively there, or that it does not exist in the midst of the art of all times and nations; but in the one case it is prominent enough to be regarded as the type, in the other it is not so. In the principal nations, whose art does not, in general, go beyond the symbolic, we find traces of a view of nature very unlike that of the Greeks. We see them piling the formless masses to stupendous heights, or hewing them into gigantic or monstrous proportions, and in their poetry heaping all the riches of the world together to express that which is inexpressible. In the universe about them they discern the same struggle; that too seems pressing onward to some mighty end. Nature stands before them, the great symbol. They see, as we, all parts of it, united to form a perfect whole; but this whole, they, like us, can neither grasp nor understand. While the Greeks made marble images of rivers, and worshipped dainty water-nymphs, they find in the Ganges and the Lotus objects of reverence, and much of the later Eastern poetry is full of the fragrance of roses and the music of nightingales.

We have thus examined, so far as our limits permit us, one of the two great questions which underlie the third volume of

the "Modern Painters," and which that work has done much to bring before us in a correct light. The fault of the work is, as has been already intimated, that it makes its solution depend upon causes which are too accidental and temporary, such as the artificialness of the preceding centuries.

We now approach the second question, with which all the first ten chapters of the volume have a close connection. It is stated in general terms, the Relation of Art to Nature. Our inquiries will take of necessity a somewhat broad sweep, for it would be impossible to prove the correctness of a solution of the question in regard to one of the arts, — that of painting, for instance, — without showing at the same time its application to other arts.

It is remarked by Ruskin, in one of his earlier works, that every painting must be, in some way, open to the infinite. This he illustrates by the need felt of a radiant distance in landscapes, and of some opening into the free air in representations of apartments, by the necessity of curves and gradation in every beautiful form, and the like. The remark is true, and is applicable to the beautiful wherever found. It appears to us, however, to admit of an application broader and deeper than any that has been referred to, which underlies them all, and which furnishes the most perfect line of distinction between the several departments of art, and equally between the entire realm of art and that of nature. Every object of nature, the most delicate flower, for example, is on the one side an individual, defined in outline and color; but on the other, it is open to the universal life, — its whole being is pervaded by it. It is this that swells its petals and gives the brightness to their coloring. After we have plucked it, and while it is withering in our hand, even the slow ebbing of its life shows that it is still connected with the great ocean from which it was derived. If we now consider an artificial flower, one of wax, for instance, we shall find that outwardly it is no more an individual than the other; its form is not more sharply defined, nor its colors more distinct. But the very fact of their permanence shows that it is unconnected with the ebb and flow of the infinite sea of life. The same is equally true

of the waxen representations of human forms; they are individualized on all sides, outwardly by form and color, and inwardly by being closed to the universal life. We imagine that no person of refined and cultivated taste, even without reasoning on the subject, can look upon them without a feeling of dissatisfaction and constraint. This is independent of any want of perfectness either in material or in execution. Their form may be moulded as beautifully as that of the Medicean Venus; their coloring may be as perfect as that of the Venus of Titian; but both will be debased by the union, and the works will still stand on one of the lowest steps of art. Could we now fill it with life, or could we remove either of its individualizing limits, whether of form or color, so as to leave it undetermined in that direction, and there open to the infinite, it would at once take a much higher stand as a work of art, and our feelings of dissatisfaction and constraint in looking upon it would be superseded. This is what is done in the complemental arts of painting and sculpture. In sculpture we have the actual and material form, but the coloring is wanting, is *undetermined.* The work is thus in one direction undefined, that is, is left open to the infinitude of color, and we can gaze upon it as a work of the highest art, and an object of perfect beauty. We do not mean that this feeling of satisfaction results from our freedom to fill the vacancy with imaginary colors; should we do this, the undetermined would become for us determined, and the high beauty would be lost. In painting, on the other hand, we have the colors destitute of any actual material and rounded form. It is true, that the color, so far as it is made up of light and shade, suggests an idea of shape; but we never, in looking upon a painting, lose the feeling that the color only is there; that it is unmaterialized, not united to actual form, and thus undefined in that direction. Should we lose this feeling, the effect would not be different from that experienced in looking upon the object of which the painting is a copy. The fact, however, that a form is suggested, although not actually given and determined, by the coloring of a picture, might, perhaps, convey the impression that painting is less truly open to the infinite than sculpture, and thus stands upon a lower step of

art; but it would be incorrect to reason from this alone, without regard to the contents of the work. The mental states expressed by sculpture have relation to the outward. The highest purely subjective state which it is capable of representing is that of self-repose. Thus nothing is attempted which cannot be fully exhibited. The form is the perfect embodiment of the idea which fills it. Painting, however, by the aid of delicate shades of color, and above all by the expression of the eye, is fitted to attempt something loftier. It seeks to bring to light the hidden recesses of the soul, which can never be fully revealed. Painting, therefore, as it increases in perfection, instead of becoming, like sculpture, more and more the full manifestation of the idea which it embodies, becomes less and less so. We gaze into the dark eyes of the Dresden Madonna, and strive in vain to penetrate the full mystery of the soul which would reveal itself through them. But of this element of indeterminateness in figure-painting, and of the openings into the infinite in landscape-painting, of which Ruskin has written, it is not our intention to speak further. We merely refer to them, to prevent the drawing of any false conclusions in regard to the respective merits of the arts from the principles laid down; and especially to preclude any doubts with regard to those principles from the false conclusions to which they might appear to lead. The infinite, indeed, in art, as well as in nature, is continually looking out upon us, and often where we least expect it; but we are merely considering that form of it which each art reserves for itself, by which it is prevented from ever falling into utter materialism, and by which it is distinguished from all other arts on the one hand, and from nature on the other.

Although the principle of which we are speaking may not always be the immediate criterion by which we judge of the respective merits of the arts, yet we may often explain by it the different degrees of pleasure we receive from them. We think that the same unsatisfied feeling of which we have spoken as being experienced in the presence of wax figures, also arises, in the same class of minds, from the representations of the theatre. Charles Lamb has strongly and beautifully expressed this feeling, in speaking of the different effect

produced by reading the plays of Shakespeare, and by witnessing their representation. As we read, the characters have an undefined majesty, the palaces an unlimited splendor; when we see them upon the stage, all has become finite. There is not even the freedom and satisfaction which the life of the performers might be supposed to give, as the life of the flower gives beauty to it; for they appear as the representatives, not of their own existence, but of a borrowed and assumed being. They have cast aside as far as possible their own life, and the strange life which they have taken on is limited and soon exhausted, and that not by flowing back into the infinite sea of life, for from that it has become disconnected.

In the opera a new element is introduced, that of music, which makes from the finite drama a way of escape into the infinite. Music addresses itself to one sense alone, that of hearing; it can therefore become easily defined upon one side only, and nothing can be entirely determined by the determination of but one of its sides. The only way, then, by which music can become wholly finite, is by taking into itself a definite content, as when it merely imitates any of the voices of nature. In this last case, both, like color and actual form, become debased by the union. The sound imitated has lost its vitality; for it is no longer an utterance of nature. The music which imitates has become debased; for it has bound itself to the finite. It might appear, at first sight, that all vocal music, that of the opera for example, by becoming the expression of a definite thought or feeling, has lost, in like manner, its indeterminateness. But the harmony and melody of music are different from either thought or passion. An idea or emotion may, indeed, be conveyed by them, but it is as a ship is borne upon the sea, which yet stretches immeasurably below and around it.* The Grecian theatre

* We may thus perceive how little reason there is for ridiculing any one for professing to enjoy an opera, while he may not understand the language in which it is performed. Who would ask for the words of a symphony of Beethoven? Or of what value is a *libretto* in listening to an overture, which is merely the music of the whole opera, condensed as it were into a few moments of exquisite pleasure? And if this can be enjoyed without a translation, why not also when it is expanded into that whole?

avoided the difficulty into which that of the present day has fallen, by the introduction of this element of music. The limits of the human in stature, voice, and expression also were broken through, and the divine element was introduced in the conduct of the play. The early English theatre also avoided the same difficulty, in some measure, by leaving the scenes undetermined, or only indicated by the rudest stage furniture.

In seeking for a confirmation of the principle of indeterminateness in architecture, we shall find that this depends for its beauty upon form; that color is rendered in it as little marked as may be. It retains, in general, merely the color of its material, as the whiteness of the marble, and the brownness of the freestone, or of the oak darkened by age. But even these are found to be a hinderance to the enjoyment of an architectural work; and when they can retire still farther into the background, it gains in nobleness of expression. It is not a mere idle sentimentality which has led painters and poets, and even inartistic tourists, into such raptures over Melrose Abbey and the Colosseum, as they are seen by moonlight. Every great work of architecture, new or old, so far as the general effect of it is concerned, can be fully enjoyed by moonlight or twilight alone. Then the eye is not prevented by minute ornament from taking in the grand proportions of the whole. It stands a mighty *Form* without color, and hence in that direction undetermined and immaterial. We can thus understand also, in part, the pleasure which a building in ruins gives us, — greater sometimes than that we should have derived from its complete beauty; for this could not equal our vague imaginings. The same effect is attempted in the interior of Gothic churches by producing a continual twilight, by means of which all color recedes into the background; and even the rays which fall crimsoned and purpled by the gorgeous staining of the window through which they have passed, as they creep forward with the changing sun, serve only to make the hue of all things more unreal and shadowy. We are here however approaching the precincts of the sublime, one mode of which consists in absolute indeterminateness, as well in form as in color; as, for instance, in the snow-covered moun-

tain, which is a mighty, unfilled outline, with nothing to help the imagination in the effort to grasp it. It is obvious that a perfect indeterminateness of color can be effected only by the actual presence of all the colors, in such proportions that all are neutralized, and thus perfect whiteness produced; or by the absence of all, the result of which is blackness; or, more generally, by some neutral tint, or its equivalent, of which we have a beautiful example in the polychromatic style of decoration. A Grecian temple, therefore, or any structure built of purely white marble, will gain less by the absence of light than a building formed of a reddish freestone, for instance, and can also dispense more easily with those strivings to represent the limitless in space, and those upward soarings above the bounds of common life, by which the churches of the Middle Age are characterized.

We have thus far considered architecture as dependent for its effect upon the proportion of its grand outlines. This is by no means its only, nor perhaps its strongest, appeal to the sense of beauty. A great part, perhaps the greatest part, of its effect is produced by its ornaments. This is a branch of architecture to which, owing to lack of wealth, or more truly, it may be, of taste, little attention has as yet been paid in our own land; but in the architectural master-works of the Old World, the grand proportions of which we have spoken serve only as a background for the paintings and carvings with which they are covered. These decorations naturally separate themselves into the two great divisions which we have named above; — paintings, with which of course are included imitations of them in mosaic, and which are confined to the *interior* of churches or other buildings; and works of sculpture, from which scarcely any part, whether within or without, is free. The remarks already made in regard to these arts would be equally applicable to them as thus employed. We will simply add in relation to architecture, that its productions enter more into the circle of nature than those of any other art. This results from their massiveness, their durability, and the fact that they form, more than any other works of art, portions of the daily life of a people. It seems almost as if they partook of the vitality of Nature, as if indeed she

"Gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date,
With Andes and with Ararat."

It might seem, therefore, that there was actually less need of this indeterminateness in architecture than in any other art. We find it, however, no less strongly marked.

In our investigation we have considered beauty and art merely negatively. The undetermined, the formless, is in itself nothing, and can therefore be productive neither of pleasure nor of pain. It must, of course, be united to a definite and perfect form, the laws of which we have not attempted even to suggest.

We ourselves are made up of the same two elements, the limitless and the finite. We, more than any other earthly existences, are partakers of the universal life. The course of our lives also presents the same two great contrasts; behind, it is determined and complete; before, it stretches on into the unknown and boundless. In the common and busy hours of life, we content ourselves, with as much grace as may be, with the finite things of earth; but in the contemplation of beauty, which is the high holiday and play-time of the soul, it will, for once, breathe the free air, and see a path open for itself into the pathless. It will stand upon that line of coast where on the one side lies the firm and the actual, and on the other stretches the vague and limitless ocean. Beauty meets this longing; by the union of which we have been speaking, it satisfies the double nature of man, and becomes its counterpart. We sometimes forget that an infinite life pervades nature, and look upon it as wholly material, and destined to satisfy merely our material wants. Art awakens us from this dream, which we call reality. It presents nature to us in such a manner that we cannot degrade or materialize it, but must suffer it to address our higher nature alone.

We have thus offered a few thoughts which may assist in solving the questions which Ruskin has so well stated, but not satisfactorily answered. The particular criticisms in the book are worthy of the highest praise and the most careful study; and through the entire volume, while we do not lose

sight of the author's idiosyncrasies of opinion and sentiment, we are increasingly impressed with the large scope of his genius, the lofty earnestness of his spirit, and the nobleness of his aim and endeavor.

Art. VI. — *Essays, Biographical and Critical; or, Studies of Character.* By Henry T. Tuckerman. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 475.

When we consider the large space which Biography necessarily occupies in literature, engrossing so many of the shelves of our libraries, its always prominent position in the reading of all nations, and of late its rapid extension and encroachment upon History itself; when we look, too, at the obvious dangers and temptations attending its composition, it certainly appears that biography, as an art, defined in its range and exhibitions by critical and moral laws, has received far less attention from the world than the importance of the subject demands. In our own day, particularly, when there are more "Lives" written in proportion to the bulk of literature than ever before, there is less deference to rule, and apparently less sense of responsibility, in their preparation than ever before. Every man fortunate or unhappy enough to come into possession of a trunk full of papers relating to some departed man or woman of eminence, — nor is it always necessary that the man or woman should have departed this life, or that the eminence be unquestionable, — thinks himself *ipso facto* qualified to set up as a biographer. In many instances, it would be quite as sufficient a justification for the work, if a simple citizen, uneducated to the calling, were, on falling into possession of a stone quarry, a plantation of timber, and a chest of carpenter's tools, at once to set about the construction, with his own hands, of a church or a state-house. Nay, there would be a much greater probability of success in the case of the extempore carpenter than in that of the unqualified biographer; since the one deals with tangible material agencies, and the

other with metaphysical, spiritual forces, and in the economy of the world a thousand may fittingly use their hands where one is permitted, in this way, profitably to employ his brains. It is time this matter should be a little looked into. More persons have an interest in it than may be at first thought imagined. Genius, talent, high position, are in hourly danger, and alas for the literature of the nineteenth century and the burdens we are imposing upon posterity! low life, mediocrity, dulness itself, — these afford no protection from the biographical assassins swarming in all directions. "There are biographers abroad!" as Sydney Smith sounded the alarm at a breakfast with Jeffrey, when Moore announced the misfortune of Sir Thomas Lawrence, "falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell." Poor Moore! it was well he did not foresee his own fate in the murderous pages of Russell.

There are two comprehensive, indispensable conditions which we should insist upon, were we laying down the conditions of valuable biographical labor. One is, that the undertaker should be an able literary workman, profoundly skilled in that department of letters; the other is, that he should be not only a good, but a wise man. Under the first requisition, we would place all that relates to the collection of materials and their adjustment. It embraces unwearied diligence, conscientious verification, skill in the disposition of parts, — all that can be done by industry and talent. These, however, can go but a very little way without the infusion of a more subtile moral and intellectual element, which includes at once sober judgment and imaginative sympathy, sitting together with consenting counsels on one throne. When we consider how perplexed and tangled is all human motive and action, how "the web of our life," as the great dramatist feelingly reminds us, "is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together," how "our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them out, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues," how little the most faithful and rigid self-examination teaches us to know of ourselves, and how much less we can possibly know of others, were all that speech could tell or pen reveal communicated to us, — when, too, the reverence, the love, the commiseration, due to

human life rise before us, — we must stand abashed at the magnitude and sacredness of the biographer's work.

The chief defect in recent narratives of the kind under consideration, artistically regarded, is that they confound the province of Memoirs with that of Biography. We ask for a finished result, and are shown a collection of materials. Diaries, letters, miscellaneous writings, the reminiscences of friends, are thrown together in one heap, with editorial labor in slight proportion to the mass, and the heap is called a biography. The obvious objection to all this at first sight is, that human life is too short, and human occupations too multifarious and pressing, for the great mass of mankind to master these voluminous compositions. They are not merely long, but they are tedious. The reader's journey is to be measured, not only by the number of pages, but by the difficulties unnecessarily placed in the way of his progress. He impatiently asks, as this controversy in detail, or that bundle of confused facts, this toilsome correspondence, or that self-reproaching journal, is spread out before him, why the self-styled biographer has not digested these crudities for him. It is his work. The book has been bought under a delusive belief that this particular labor had been performed, and the sale is a deception. The reader has embarked with his author as a cabin passenger, and finds himself, before he is fairly out at sea, compelled to work his passage. We could point to numerous instances of this substitution of Memoirs, or biographical commonplace books, — "quarries," as Jean Paul called them, — for proper biographies. There has scarcely been of late an exception. Even that admirably toned work, Lockhart's Life of Scott, is encumbered by Diary and Correspondence. So, too, is it with the volumes devoted to the memory of Southey, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Haydon, Arnold, Taylor of Norwich, Francis Horner, and, last and most pitiably, Thomas Moore. It is true that these are presented as Memoirs, but they are substitutes for biography, and must for some time fill its place; for what makes the compiler of Memoirs especially accountable is, that his prior possession of the requisite material excludes the biographer. Would it not be better to publish correspondence simply as correspondence,

and diaries and miscellaneous writings by themselves, as such? If this were done, it would frequently at once appear that the author had a new claim to the admiration of posterity. Men have before now acquired a distinct reputation on the strength of a diary, and the separate publication of letters is an old custom of English literature, which we would not willingly find disused. The composition of letters worth printing at all entitles the writer to a niche — it may be, compared with that of others, a small one, yet an independent rank — in the great Valhalla of authorship. Why merge the glittering honors in the obscurity of a dull biographer's unsatisfactory labors? The American practice in this respect is better than the English. It gives us pleasure to see in three new and important publications the proper distinction preserved. The Letters of Fisher Ames, of John Adams, and of Daniel Webster have been appropriately presented to the public as independent publications.

If we are to look anywhere now-a-days for biography proper, — biography of the old school of Plutarch, of Izaak Walton, of Dr. Johnson, — we may expect to find it in the leading Reviews; and, indeed, it is frequently to be found there in perfection when such writers as Carlyle, Macaulay, Isaac Taylor, Henry Rogers, Charles Kingsley, or John Forster (of the Examiner newspaper), hold the pen. Here frequently the operose and confused labors of the memoir-writers are digested, and brought to the public in a form and style worthy of lasting fame. These writers have the rare art of combining facts with principles, instead of overlaying principles with facts. Biography, like History in the old saying of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, is Philosophy teaching by example. The mind of that ill-defined, yet none the less real existence, the "general reader," is to be held for no long time by mere abstractions; he calls aloud for the concrete, and unless you throw in fact or anecdote speedily, his "generalship" is asleep. If we are to have again a new school of biographers, worthy to associate with such masters of the art as Johnson, they will be educated, we predict, in the Reviews.

These are, so to speak, mechanical conditions of biography. We would now say a few words more particularly of certain

of its moral aspects. Here we may place ourselves at the feet of a great philosopher, whose counsels are the inspiration and solace of life, — one with the true, the supreme generosity of the poetic and the Christian mind, — a man self-denying, prudent, exacting more from himself than from others, asking little from the world, and yet pleading in that very world, which insulted his noble course by frequent contempt, for a liberality and kindness among its denizens which they grudged to one another. To William Wordsworth we are indebted for the seminal principle of genuine biography in its moral relations. The occasion which led him to write upon this subject is noticeable. When it was proposed to republish Dr. Currie's Life of Burns, which was thought to have laid bare too recklessly the poet's vices and defects, a friend of Burns applied to Wordsworth, as one well known to be of genial sympathy, kind forbearance, and just reverence towards the subject of the Memoir, to vindicate his injured reputation. Wordsworth replied in "A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns," in which, with much sound advice on the treatment of the Scottish poet's peculiar frailties, he rises to the consideration of a general law of biography.

"You will probably agree with me in opinion," he writes, "that biography, though differing in some essentials from works of fiction, is nevertheless, like them, an *art*, — an art, the laws of which are determined by the imperfections of our nature and the constitution of society. Truth is not here, as in the sciences, and in natural philosophy, to be sought without scruple and promulgated for its own sake, upon the mere chance of its being serviceable; but only for obviously justifying purposes, moral or intellectual. Only to philosophy enlightened by the affections does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased on the one hand, and of the present and future generations on the other, and to strike a balance between them."

There is thus an art in morals, in our perceptions and our charities, in the domain of feeling as in the regions of knowledge. We must feel and judge by a high æsthetic standard. If we do not, if we are willing tamely to surrender our spiritual selves to the unpractised handling of every conceited blunderer who approaches them, then is life indeed cheapened in the present, and when we come to leave it, we may be said to sneak out of it rather than to die.

This prevailing lack of reverence is especially damaging to the reputation of men of genius. Their lives should be taken as a whole, in the aggregate of their best powers and performances. Yet how often is the judgment affected, and the opportunity for the cultivation and enjoyment of the rational and moral faculties thwarted, by the prevalence of petty detraction! It is the small change — the currency of gossip, defamation, and scandal — which passes freely from hand to hand, while the solid ingots of virtue and nobility are laid up unseen in secret repositories. A man should not be condemned for minor blemishes, if his life, as a life, in the sum of its actions has for the most important part been sacred to lofty thought or deed. Take Wordsworth himself. If any man has lived a purer, nobler, better life, one entitled to more sympathy and respect, in this nineteenth century, we have yet to hear of him. But what is the tendency of the personal anecdotes afloat concerning him? For the most part, to convey the impression that he was a vain, pragmatical, conceited admirer of himself and despiser of others, jealous of any rival near his poetic throne, and an habitual contemner of the progress of his age. These are the motes placed in the object-glass of the telescope, which, magnified a thousand-fold, become spots on the sun. Very many form their opinion of the man from such personal talk, taking the most obvious interpretation of the alleged facts as the true one; while, if these stories were examined, it would probably be found that there was some noble and worthy element of thought involved in each and every one of them. A man may be a severe critic on his contemporaries for the love of truth and out of a sense of justice, as well as from a petty spite. No one should stultify himself to admire the weakness of a friend. In accordance with this canon, we think it will be found, on examination of Wordsworth's criticisms and opinions, that they are always in obedience to some high law of judgment. Again, his seclusion at the lakes, and his absorption of mind in his own poetic creations, are surely entitled to our regard, since they were sacrifices, so to speak, made for our advantage in the perfection of the verse to which they gave birth. Had the poet been less concentrated, had he watched less the

motions of his own mind, he would have been so much the less the peculiar poet that he is. Yet how many will tell you of the awkwardness, the rusticity, the egotism, or the vanity, of the man; and how few will really take to their hearts the moral grandeur behind all these exhibitions! The friends of Wordsworth seem to have been not unaware of this tendency, and the Memoirs published by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth supply abundance of material to counteract it. Perhaps they go too far in an opposite direction, in deprecating *any* life being written beyond that inscribed by the poet with his own hand on his own works. The public will not be content with this, and there is danger that the dissuasive will throw the task, when it is undertaken, into inferior hands.

To take another example of a reputation likely to be endangered by injudicious biography, — and an example as far as possible removed from the last, — there is Thomas Moore, as man and poet the opposite of William Wordsworth. What is the general character of Moore, as revealed to us by those who were best qualified to pronounce a *verdict?* — for an opinion in such a case is tantamount to a judicial *verdict*, influenced by similar laws of judgment, weighing of testimony, and balancing of probabilities. It is that he was a kind, genial, amiable man, faithful, so far as we have learned, to his friendships, proud of his wife, and devotedly attached to her. That he was an habitually industrious, painstaking, consequently, in many respects, a self-denying man, his writings show, in their aggregate, and not less when looked at in detail, being, for the most part, productions requiring an infinite deal of skill, tact, and patient elaboration. These writings, moreover, evince a delicate susceptibility of heart, an aptness for pleasurable emotions, clearly indicative, to a student of the passions, of a corresponding sense of the burdens and the sadness of life. The author died and was buried, attended through the melancholy close of his career by the sympathy of thousands throughout the world, to whom his wit and song were "household words." If there was a man, in the walks of the richly endowed literature of the nineteenth century, of whom the world thought kindly, it was Thomas Moore. Suddenly a biographer ap-

pears upon the stage, and our intelligent friend and sentimental companion is presto converted into something like a zany and a hypocrite. We would not object to the preservation, or even to the publication, of Moore's Diary, at a suitable time and in a suitable manner. Had Lord John Russell been faithful to his trust, or had he displayed the diligence and acumen demanded, at the present day, of the veriest literary hack, there were materials in the Diary which would have enriched a true biography, — a biography that might have been made one of the most satisfactory and enjoyable in the language, — one which, without departing from truth and justice, might have presented the picture of, upon the whole, an amiable life, not without weaknesses, but redeemed by many virtues. As it is, a careless, fragmentary note-book is thrown to us to make what we can of it; and as it contains little but memoranda of dinners and jokes, and jottings of preliminary studies for books, the conclusion is forced upon us that Moore was a sensualist and a trifler, habitually neglecting his home; while, as for his learning, it becomes mere desultory reading when we see how it was picked up. There are many far more solid men who could not stand these tests. If we were to peep into the privacy of our learned friend, the eloquent pastor whose praise is in all the churches, and see from what flowers and in what pastures this Attic bee extracts his honey, would he be likely to fare better with the mass of uneducated judgments? or would the grave judge, who has perhaps picked up his last scrap of sententious wisdom, which is so much admired in intelligent circles, in the desultory conversation of the omnibus, or a paragraph in some trifling newspaper? or the great statesman, — what if we had *his* candid diary?

Was there ever a better reputation of the respectable historical kind, dignified in the state and embalmed in affairs, than that of Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty to the Duke of York, a stanch business support of Old England, when that venerable personage seemed fast sinking to destruction? A wig never covered fairer pretensions; the protecting mantle of a college never enveloped more decently the shoulders of a patron. Pepys was floating gallantly down

to posterity, a stately frigate on the tide of time, till one day an inopportune discovery in the bookcase which he had bequeathed to Magdalen College, Cambridge, disclosed a diary carefully concealed in cipher. The disguise was soon penetrated, and dignified Pepys stood revealed to the world a laughing-stock, a dear companion in folly of the best of us, the sport of wits, the jest of everybody, the derision of *Punch*. The stolid, respectable, solemn elephant was suddenly converted into a chattering, wanton ape; the stately frigate, into a whiffling pinnace with ribbons for cordage. Yet, in reality, Pepys, diary and petty confessional to the contrary notwithstanding, was a highly respectable character, and deserves esteem according to his place in English history.

Such considerations as this example may suggest will thus rescue the memory of Moore from the immediate ill effects of his noble biographer's lack of judgment; but no little mischief has been done for some time to come. The patient will recover from this serious biographic attack; but a partial paralysis will cling to his memory for ever.

Happy is it that we may turn for a moment to one shining example in English literature, where the characters of the good and eminent were not sacrificed to the irreverent pursuit of scandal and gossip; but where, on the contrary, a genial, kindly spirit, observingly distilling the "soul of goodness in things evil," covers our degenerate nature with the warm mantle of Christian charity. To a linen-draper of London, English character owes this unaccustomed honor. Izaak Walton, mercer of Cornhill, the cheery, benevolent fisherman, whose memory is fragrant with the perfume of the airs and fields in which he loved to live, better yet, received a higher inspiration from the society of the good men with whom he was privileged to associate. His quiet simplicity and *good* nature — we would emphasize the word *good*, for the phrase has lost much of its force by repetition — gave him an entrance to poets, divines, philosophers, and princes. Herbert, Donne, Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, will ever be associated with his labors. The lives of these men are sung by him in a kind of humano-seraphic strain, as if the worthy and

noble were alone worth preserving. He cared nothing for minor blemishes. It was enough for him that the sun shone; why darken its glories to detect its spots? To the honor and for the solace of human nature, there is one book of biography to which we may turn, where jealousy and detraction have no place, — where virtue appears more virtuous, — where we breathe, as it were, a balmy air of goodness. "In an ancient inscription yet extant," writes Archdeacon Zouch, in a biography which has caught the colors of the pious fisherman's own style, "it is said of a Roman citizen, that he knew not how to speak injuriously, — *nescivit maledicere.* We may observe of Izaak Walton, that he was ignorant how to write of any man with acrimony and harshness. The mild spirit of moderation breathes almost in every page." But the purest and highest compliment to Walton is from a poet who lavished no unthinking eulogy. Wordsworth has embalmed his memory in a sonnet among the Ecclesiastical Sketches: —

> "There are no colors in the fairest sky
> So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
> Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
> Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
> We read of faith and purest charity
> In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:
> O could we copy their mild virtues, then
> What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
> Methinks their very names shine still and bright;
> Apart, — like glowworms on a summer night;
> Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
> A guiding ray; or seen, like stars on high,
> Satellites burning in a lucid ring
> Around meek Walton's heavenly memory."

Was there not detraction and scandal to be picked up of each and every of these "satellites"? Doubtless; for they were human and surrounded by men. The profound penitence and self-abasement of George Herbert's poems will tell you that he, at least, thought himself no saint, and the rest would give the same verdict of self-condemnation. Yet why for ever shroud the sunshine of virtue by the baleful shadow

of vice? When the body rejoices in the warmth of noonday, do we call for the chill of midnight? Why treat the soul to less curative regimen? Has not goodness, being positive, its welcome heat, while the negative, vice, repels, shrinks, dwarfs, "freezes the genial current of the soul"? Granting that Walton, judged by knowing modern biographers and critics, was partial in his love of goodness and deficient in censure, we will admit that some of his successors have a keener scent for carrion and decay.

With these illustrations of a fruitful theme, we pass to a brief notice of the Biographical Essays by Mr. Tuckerman, who will readily, for the sake of a favorite subject, forgive our so long keeping him in the antechamber after his name and "title" have been announced at the head of this article.

The "essays" which compose the volume before us are thirty in number, ranging over wide fields of history, literature, and art, including celebrities of the Old World and the New. There is, however, a principle of selection in the variety. Though the original intention does not appear of choosing these various personages peculiarly as "representative men," yet there is evidently an undercurrent of taste which has led to this result, — the mind of the writer naturally attaching itself to seminal principles of character. Thus we have Lord Chesterfield, the Man of the World; Sir Kenelm Digby, the Modern Knight; Richard Savage, the Literary Adventurer; George Berkeley, the Christian Philosopher; Joseph Addison, the Lay Preacher. In other cases, the designation has somewhat the look of an afterthought, — as if the names were supplied to fill out the table of contents on a certain plan. Thomas Campbell, the Popular Poet; John Constable, the Landscape Painter; DeWitt Clinton, the National Economist, — are well enough, but hardly distinctive enough. It has the air of "ticketing" the goods for a shop window, — one of the last charges to be brought against Mr. Tuckerman in a generation of authors tainted with the sins of advertising, puffing, and pretentiousness of all sorts. He has done his work far too well, quite too unobtrusively, to be for a moment exposed to this reproach. It is not that the epithets in question involve any assumptions, not made good

by the text. On the contrary, they fall short of the variety of motive and action exhibited in the Essays, — and this diversity of treatment includes, in many instances, a special analysis of the particular vocation of the subject. For example, under Lord Chesterfield, the relation of manners to life is considered; under Boone, we have a view of border and hunting life in its general conditions; Lafitte brings us an essay on the philosophy of finance; Pellico, a sketch of Carbonarism in Italy; and so with others. We would suggest, however, that, in any future classification of the author's writings in this department, of which the present volume, though extensive, forms but a small portion, these particular inscriptions should be dropped. It is sufficient for method and order that an arrangement be made with reference to a few general classes, simply to avoid the confusion of a helter-skelter crowd.

As several of not the least valuable of these Biographical Essays, including Sterne, De Foe, Berkeley, Sydney Smith, Franklin, and Washington, have already appeared in this Review, it is the less necessary for us to speak in detail of the author's peculiar handling. Suffice it to say, that the subjects have been well selected, and that, with a judicious combination of fact and reflection, they are handled with facility and literary ability in style, and with harmony and unity of purpose, — all properties which imply well-trained mental habits. When old topics are chosen, they are such — "nature's great stereotypes" — as are worthy of being kept in perpetually fresh remembrance; and they have often the addition of new facts, while they are always made freshly interesting by an appropriate strain of sentiment. In several cases the materials of voluminous, diffuse documentary publications are drawn together within the narrow and profitable limits of the Essay, with no little skill. In others we have valuable foreign materials, as in the sketches of Lafitte, Chateaubriand, D'Azeglio, Leopardi, Silvio Pellico, similarly concentrated, — presenting to us not unfrequently the results of personal observation and experience, as well as of extensive reading.

These are obvious conditions of sketches of this class.

There is one paramount quality, a characteristic which runs throughout the volume, which is peculiarly Mr. Tuckerman's own, — a certain sympathy, breadth, and generosity of treatment. A good subject may be safely left with him. It is the curse of much writing of this description, that it falls into the hands of literary hacks and jobbers, with more of the scandal-monger than the gentleman in their composition, — the valets of letters, to whom no worth or eminence, however well tried or exalted, is heroic. With the small revilers and detractors, the "minute philosophers" of the ridiculous, the foul cellar-rats who gnaw at the foundations of mighty edifices, Mr. Tuckerman has no sympathy. There are eulogists with the sting of satire in their very benevolence, critics whose praise has the flavor of their censorship, and whose censorship is brutality and insult. With them the composer of a book is an unconvicted felon waiting at the bar for judgment, not as he should be received, a gentleman, perhaps a stranger, to whom every law of courtesy and hospitality is to be unstintingly applied. The vice of fault-finding for the sake of fault-finding is a chronic malady in the catalogue of the ailments of men of letters. We know not, indeed, which is the more melancholy exhibition, to "wonder with a foolish face of praise," or to "hint a fault and hesitate dislike." The preference depends upon the choice between a weak head and a bad heart.

As an example of Mr. Tuckerman's mode of introducing his subjects, we may select the following preamble to his sketch of Robert Fulton. The author in this and other cases seems setting his mind in tune for his theme by a preliminary overture.

"A celebrated geographer speaks of the State of New York as an epitome or type of the whole country, — representing the grand scale of its waters, the productiveness of its soil, and the picturesque beauty of its scenery. An analogous character may be recognized in the intellectual history of the State. Without the universal mental culture and the special literary development of New England, New York has given birth to men remarkable for comprehensive minds and social efficiency, such as Hamilton, Livingston, Jay, Morris, and Clinton; with whom originated liberal schemes of polity, and a great system of internal improvements. They proved wise and eloquent advocates of our national

welfare; and justice refers us continually to their important services as the basis of much of our existent prosperity, freedom, and advancement. There was a scope, hospitality, and self-respect in their character, which betokened a noble race; and their names ever awaken sentiments of patriotic elation. It seems not less appropriate that a region of inland seas, with an ocean on one side and a vast extent of country on the other, — the state that links the eastern and western portions of the confederacy, and whose metropolis is the commercial port of the nation, — should have been the scene of triumph to the mechanician who first successfully applied steam to navigation, and thus supplied the grand desideratum to our physical resources and social unity. The interests of agriculture, commerce, and education were intimately dependent on the experiment. Facility of intercourse between the island of Manhattan and the banks of her two rivers instantly enlarged her local power, while we are only now beginning to realize the political influence and new avenues of wealth incident to the same rapid and frequent communication with Europe and the Pacific. Both the results and the origin of Fulton's inventive energy are, therefore, naturally associated with New York; and the corporation of the city did but respond to a universal public sentiment, when they gave his name to the thoroughfare extending through three sections of as many cities brought together by steam ferriage. The first steamboat voyage through Long Island Sound and up the Hudson, as well as the launch of the first steam-frigate, are among the memorable reminiscences upon which our elder citizens yet expatiate with enthusiasm, while the waters around now literally swarm with the improved and restless progeny of those comparatively recent achievements.

" 'See how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As, clambering o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves!
With foam before, and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

" 'With dashing wheel and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by;
When seas are silent and serene,
With even beams she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green,
That skirts her gleaming sides.'

"The Patent Office at Washington affords an extraordinary demonstration of the predominance of mechanical talent in the country; but it is in special and limited machines, in refinements upon old inventions, and in cleverness of detail, that this aptitude is chiefly indicated; there is more evidence of ingenuity than genius. Yet this characteristic of the American mind, which reached its acme in Franklin, is not without its higher types of development; men who unite to a taste for mechanics a comprehensive view of their utility and possible results; who have combined with a knowledge of material laws a rare sagacity in their application; and possessed both the faculty to invent and the enthusiasm and strength of moral purpose to advocate inventions of a kind essentially adapted to modify society, and advance the condition of the whole world. Such mechanicians are philosophers as well as artisans, and work in the spirit of a broad and philanthropic intelligence. They illustrate most effectively the true dignity of labor, by relieving humanity of its greatest burdens, and enlisting brain as well as muscle, and nature's mysterious agency not less than man's intelligence and hardihood." — pp. 121 – 123.

We have another instance of this generalization in the body of a paper, refuting the popular fallacy.

"It is a common error to attribute mechanical invention to a happy chance; but no branch of human pursuit more directly originates in the calculating energy of the mind. It is the result of practical thinking; and the greatest inventors assure us that the intervals of their experimental toil are occupied with intense meditation upon the means and ends, the relation of matter and laws, or the process of overcoming a special difficulty. Whittemore, the inventor of the card-machine, one of the most ingenious and intricate of inventions, after having accomplished everything desired except bending the wires, was completely baffled; the subject haunted him day and night, and he declares that, while pondering upon it, he fell asleep, and the method came to him in a dream, which he instantly adopted on waking, and with entire success. Blanchard, the clever boy, who, at the age of thirteen, invented a machine for paring apples, based on observation of the graduating action of the thumb, when the process was done by hand, while riding in a wagon and musing on the obstacles to manufacturing gun-stocks by machinery, suddenly conceived the whole principle of turning irregular forms, and cried out, like Archimedes, at the idea, which he afterwards realized and patented. Watt's early practice as a mathematical-instrument maker, and his subsequent studies as an engineer, prepared him to improve so essentially the steam-engine. The naval architecture of

Eckford, the Eddystone lighthouse, — that monument of Smeaton's scientific temerity, — the bridges of Edwards and Remington, the kitchen apparatus of Count Rumford, and the momentous discoveries of Faust, Jenner, and Daguerre, are not to be regarded as accidental triumphs of mere ingenuity, but as the results of patient study, numerous experiments, and intelligent resolution. It is the same with the mills of Evans, the water machinery of Slater, the clocks and globes of Ferguson, the steam-guns of Perkins, the safety-lamp of Davy, and almost every successful application of natural laws to mechanical aptitudes, whether by self-educated or professedly scientific men. We are apt to look only at the achievement, and disregard the process, which is often gradual, complicated, and only attained through earnest study and long experience. A certain natural shrewdness is doubtless characteristic of the mechanical inventor, and to the prevalence of this trait has been reasonably ascribed the facility and productiveness of the New-Englanders in this branch of labor; but it is not less owing to their remarkable perseverance and energy. 'It is through the collation of many abortive voyages to the polar regions,' says De Quincey, 'that a man gains his first chance of entering the polar basin, or of running ahead on the true line of approach to it.'" — pp. 126 – 12[illegible].

There is a happy instance of a number of details included in a general narrative, in a passage descriptive of Southey's literary habits.

"No man having any pretension to genius ever succeeded in reducing literature to so methodical and sustained a process. It went on with the punctuality and productiveness of a cotton-mill or a nail-factory; exactly so much rhyming, collating, and proof-reading, and so much of chronicle and correspondence, in the twenty-four hours. We see Robert Southey, as he paints himself, seated at his desk, in an old black coat, long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and a green shade; and we feel the truth of his own declaration, that this is his history. Occasionally he goes down to the river-side, behind the house, and throws stones until his arms ache, plays with the cat, or takes a mountain walk with the children. The event of his life is the publication of a book; his most delightful hour that in which he sees the handsomely printed title-page that announces his long meditated work ready, at last, to be ushered in elegant attire before the public; his most pleasing excitement to read congratulatory letters from admiring friends, or an appreciative critique in a fresh number of the 'Quarterly.' *

* "Coleridge once said, 'I can't *think* of Southey without seeing him either mending or using a pen."

"Minor pastimes he finds in devising literary castles in the air, projecting epics on suggestive and unused themes, giving here and there a finishing touch to sentence or couplet, possessing himself of a serviceable but rare tome, transcribing a preface with all the conscious dignity of authorship, or a dedication with the complacent zeal of a gifted friend. From the triple, yet harmonious and systematic life of the country, the study, and the nursery, we see him, at long intervals, depart for a visit to London, to confabulate with literary lions, greet old college friends, make new bargains with publishers, and become a temporary diner-out; or he breaks away from domestic and literary employment in his retreat among the hills, for a rapid Continental tour, during which not an incident, a natural fact, an historical reminiscence, a political conjecture, or a wayside phenomenon, is allowed to escape him. Though wearied to the last degree, at nightfall he notes his experience with care, as material for future use; and hurries back, with presents for the children and a voluminous diary, to resume his pen-craft; until the advent of summer visitors obliges him to exchange awhile the toils of authorship for the duties of hospitality." — pp. 59, 60.

The essay closes with an ingeniously expressed and moderate view of Southey's style, — in other words, of the man.

"If we were to name, in a single term, the quality for which Southey is eminent, we should call him a verbal architect. His prose works do not open to our mental gaze new and wondrous vistas of thought; they are not deeply impressive from the greatness, or strangely winsome from the beauty, of their ideas. Their rhetoric does not warm and stir the mind, nor is their scope highly philosophic or gracefully picturesque. But their style is correct, unaffected, and keeps that medium which good taste approves in manners, speech, and costume, but which we seldom see transferred to the art of writing. For pure narrative, where the object is to give the reader unalloyed facts, and leave his own reflection and fancy to shape and color them, no English author has surpassed Southey. He appears to have been quite conscious of the moderate standard to which he aspired. 'As to what is called fine writing,' he says, 'the public will get none of that article out of me: sound sense, sound philosophy, and sound English, I will give them.' There is no doubt, in so doing, he consulted the Anglo-Saxon love of regulated and useful principles and hatred of extravagance, and was thus an admirable type of the modern English mind; but such an ideal, however praiseworthy and respectable, scarcely coincides with the more noble and inspired mood in which the permanent masterpieces of literary genius are conceived and executed." — p. 74.

We close our extracts with a portion of Mr. Tuckerman's personal notices of Gouverneur Morris, a comparatively neglected hero among American statesmen: —

"With this breadth of purpose and fertility of thought, there, however, blended a peremptory manner, which sometimes led Gouverneur Morris to check garrulity with a lofty impatience, and also imparted a somewhat dictatorial tone to his intercourse. With his frankness, too, there was united a certain love of discipline and courtly dignity, that were not always pleasing to the ultra democratic among his countrymen. With the local prejudice and social conformity of New England he had no sympathy, but seems to have inherited the dislike of Yankee customs and modes of feeling, which induced his father to prohibit his children, by will, a New England education. The elements of humanity were liberally dispensed to him. He did not live exclusively in his intellect and public spirit; but was a genuine lover of ease and pleasure, had a natural taste for elegance and luxury, and knew how to enjoy as well as how to work. Throughout the most active part of his life, however, he never allowed the one function to infringe upon the other.

"It has been justly said of him that 'he never shrunk from any task, and never commenced one which he left unfinished.' Indeed, his faculty consisted mainly in a rare power of concentration. He could converge the light of his mind and the force of his emotions, at will; and, therefore, whether business or pleasure enlisted him, the result was never equivocal. His moral power was integrity; he was direct, open, sincere, a thorough, uncompromising, and zealous devotee of truth in philosophy, social relations, and life. Hence his courage, self-respect, and simplicity, rendering him altogether a fine specimen of a republican gentleman. His commanding figure, expressive features, and strong, emphatic articulation, combined as they were with superior intellectual gifts, justify Madame de Staël's remark to him: '*Monsieur, vous avez l'air tres imposant.*'

"He was equally at home when absorbed in abstruse inquiries and conviviality, amusement and study, utility and agreeableness; and possessed that completeness of nature which is essential to manhood. His generosity was evinced in numerous and unostentatious services to the unfortunate; and his letter to a Tory friend, who desired to return to America, breathes the true spirit of magnanimity. He drafted the Constitution of the United States. Never being solicitous for the credit due to his patriotic labors, many services are claimed in his behalf, by his friends, which nominally belong to those with whom he was asso-

ciated in public life. He often expressed the conviction that his own mind was more indebted for lucid and reliable principles of judgment and action to Robert H. Morris than to any other friend. Having married a niece of John Randolph, the latter was often his guest, and the keen encounters which would naturally occur between two such emphatic yet opposite characters may readily be imagined.

"The manner in which his marriage occurred is an instance of that eccentricity to which we have alluded as indicating the originality and independence which marked his private not less than his public life. He had invited a large number of his relatives to a Christmas dinner, and, having greeted them all with his usual hospitality, left the room, and soon returned with his intended bride, and a clergyman who instantly performed the marriage ceremony, to the astonishment of all the guests, and the disappointment of those among them who expected to inherit the estate.

"His behavior when the accident occurred by which he lost his leg was equally characteristic. While in attendance upon Congress, in Philadelphia, his horses having taken fright in consequence of some disturbance in the street, he was thrown from his phaeton, and so severely injured in the knee-joint, that amputation of the lower limb was deemed necessary. He conversed not only with calmness but with humor over his misfortune; and told the experienced surgeons that they had already sufficient reputation, and he preferred giving the operation to a young medical friend, that he might have the credit of it to advance his practice. When abroad he tried several very artistic substitutes for his lost member; but, naturally impatient of deception, even in costume, he continued to use a stump attached to the fractured leg, and managed to accommodate his locomotion to this inconvenience without in the least impairing the dignity of his movements. Indeed, it served him an excellent purpose on one occasion, for the cry of 'Aristocrat!' being raised against him in the streets of Paris, for appearing in his carriage, when no such vehicles were allowed by the mob, he was surrounded by a bloodthirsty crowd, who threatened his life; but he coolly thrust his wooden leg out of the window, and cried out, 'An aristocrat? Yes; who lost his limb in the cause of American liberty!' The reaction was instantaneous; he was not only allowed to proceed, but vehemently cheered on his way.

"He had an old-fashioned but impressive manner of expressing himself, which, though at this day it might be considered somewhat ostentatious, accorded with the large canes and buttons, the broad-skirted coats and stately air, in vogue when Copley's portraits truly represented the style of character and taste in dress that prevailed. A genuine

Knickerbocker, in whose now ripe memory Gouverneur Morris is the ideal of an American civilian, imitates with great effect the tone, at once significant and dignified, with which he asked a pretentious literary aspirant, who apologized for being late at dinner by stating that he had been engaged in forming a philosophical society, 'Pray, where are your philosophers?' and his reply to a friend who asked his son, then a boy of four years old, if he had yet read Robinson Crusoe and Jack the Giant-Killer, 'Tell the gentleman, no; but that you are acquainted with the lives of Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles of Sweden, — the Twelfth.'

"There was a vein of what has been called Johnsonese in the rhetoric of Gouverneur Morris; but it was underlaid by so much strong natural sense, and, in his deliberate efforts, vivified by such true enthusiasm, that it seemed quite appropriate to the man. He had all the requisites to sustain daring oratory. With a taste formed chiefly upon the French pulpit eloquence in its palmy days, his indulgence in personification, as when he invoked the shade of Penn in a speech in Philadelphia, and especially in the apostrophes of his funeral orations, in a man of less natural dignity and impressiveness would have been in imminent danger of gliding from the sublime to the ridiculous; but there was a singular unity of effect in the elocution of Gouverneur Morris. Intelligent crowds hung in silent admiration upon his eloquence; and servants stopped open-mouthed, dish in hand, to catch his table-talk. His social privileges were not less rich than various; and he enjoyed the signal advantages of that companionship with superior natures which is quickened and sustained by mutual duties and genuine intellectual sympathy. It was his rare fortune to be intimate with the leading spirits of two nations, at epochs of social and political convulsions which brought to the surface and into action the gifts and graces, as well as the passions, of humanity. At home the esteemed associate of Schuyler, Greene, and the other brave chiefs of the army; of Hamilton, Clinton, and all the eminent civic leaders of his time; the correspondent of public characters, embracing every species of distinction, from that of Paul Jones to that of Thomas Jefferson; and abroad, on terms of the frankest intercourse with Necker and his gifted daughter, Marmontel and the family of Orleans, — he had the best opportunity to estimate the comparative benefits of fortune, rank, genius, society, form of government, modes of life, and principles of nature." — pp. 422 – 425.

ART. VII. — *The Puritan Commonwealth. An Historical Review of the Puritan Government in Massachusetts, in its Civil and Ecclesiastical Relations from its Rise to the Abrogation of the First Charter. Together with some General Reflections on the English Colonial Policy, and on the Character of Puritanism.* By the late PETER OLIVER, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 502.

THIS book is designed to tell "the other side of the story" of the fathers of Massachusetts. It contains an unfavorable, an unfriendly, an excessively severe disquisition upon their policy. It subjects to a most unsparing freedom of criticism their motives, principles, and conduct, as well as all their peculiar institutions in church and state. Heretofore we have been accustomed to listen to the favorable, the laudatory side of their story. With the exception of an occasional apologetic essay or discourse, designed to soften or nullify some especial assault or criticism, we have been wont to read only confident boasts and high eulogiums of all that our fathers planned or perfected. Bancroft, idealizing his theme with the splendors of a rich and glowing fancy, and setting it forth in the most captivating rhetoric, is held by all competent judges as having overwrought his work. His brilliancy, erudition, and fervor of style, while they captivate the reader, are not always made tributary to the sober and homely truth of his subject. A double anachronism runs through his pages. He has ascribed to the Puritans a philosophical theory of democracy of which they never dreamed, and he has assumed for that theory a vitality, a maturity of development, and an honored acceptance two hundred years ago, such as it can hardly be said to have secured for itself until quite recently, as the result of modern thought and conflict. Grahame threw the whole sympathy of his creed and heart into his History. His pleadings are often too strong; his assertions are very frequently too positive and unqualified; his zeal occasionally is unwisely spent; and, whether it be to its praise or its reproach, we must say that his History has no philosophy. Hildreth is an exception in spirit and method to our histo-

rians. Utterly destitute of sympathy with the Puritans, he is also too well read in their annals, and too honest to his own sense of right, to allow his fancy to transfigure them or any of their doings. In his treatment of them he is cold, rather than calm; contemptuous and cynical, rather than appreciative or judicial.

It is not, however, in our formal and elaborate histories that we find the materials for our prevailing views and the reiteration of the glory of our Puritan fathers. Our Plymouth Rock and Fourth of July orations, our town and church centennials, and our New England festivals, now observed in the chief cities of the land, draw forth every year so many utterances, that those who do not read history are kept in constant remembrance of the renown of their ancestors. It would be strange if the mythical element which has confounded the annals of mercurial Rome, as well as the finer traditions of Greece, had not passed at least into the rhetoric of our frequent declaimers. We will not say that they have exhausted their subject; for rather have they invented, or enriched and intensified, their subject, — the stock and staple of their discourse, — which is the praise of the Puritans. The matter has been carried so far as to become a grievance. All men of sense acknowledge this, nor will any bugbear reproach of ingratitude, or of inability to appreciate stern virtues and rigid principles, avail for the future to repress the utterance of disgust at this over-doing of a theme the glory of which is human and imperfect. It may be well that this blatant rhetoric, this stilted exaggeration, should be checked before it has really made the theme itself ridiculous; for some of us have already begun to ridicule our own excesses, and it is not to be marvelled at, if, while friends are ashamed, enemies and scoffers should triumph. The extravagant praise which has been so lavishly bestowed on the Puritans, as holding opinions and advancing principles utterly inconsistent with their most cherished convictions as well as with their limitations of view and their prejudices, has provoked rebuke. Patience has been exhausted, and hostility, which was never subdued, has been roused to some bold manifestations. This hostility, however, is too boastful; it is overshooting its mark, and will feel the

recoil of its own weapons. But it is no wonder that some, even among the descendants of the Puritans, are asking if there is not another side to the story usually told of them.

In one very important respect the festivities of the ball and the dance connected with recent celebrations of Forefathers' Day at Plymouth, are not more inconsistent with the practices of the Puritans, than was an assertion made there by Senator Seward in his Oration, with their principles. We refer to his assertion, that they were thoroughly loyal to the great principles of religious liberty, and that "they had adopted one true, singular, and sublime principle of civil conduct, namely, that the subject in every state has a natural right to religious liberty of conscience." Now it would be difficult to define the exact limitations which the Plymouth fathers put upon the lawful exercise of this liberty; but it is positively certain that they did not honor nor allow its legitimate workings. The mischief has been chiefly in the exaggeration and in the transformation by modern lights of certain facts, which fidelity to the truth of Puritan history must present in a manner quite different from that in which they are related in our demonstrative orations. Another manifest error is that of ascribing to the principles of the Puritans the honor of some noble results from the workings of those principles. Some of these results the Puritans did not recognize, nor aim after; others of them they would have dreaded and withstood if proposed to them. These results from the workings of Puritan principles may even have been wrought out in actual collision with the principles themselves, and in deadliest opposition to them, while nevertheless they may be honestly assumed as the fruits from a Puritan tillage. There was a Puritan spirit, as well as a Puritan commonwealth. That spirit raised some other spirits, which it could not conjure back into the deep. Besides the recognized motives and objects which the exiles pursued, we must make allowance for the impulse which had taken possession of them, and was driving them they knew not whither. They were themselves the subjects of an inspiration, as well as the obedient servants of the truth which the world had then reached. Irresistibly, and in spite of their convictions and prejudices, they wrought out the results in

which we glory. Their eulogists must be careful to draw these distinctions; for there are those who will tell the other side of the story, if they do not tell their own side candidly.

Now Mr. Oliver's book designs, as we have said, to tell "the other side of the story" touching the Massachusetts fathers, who, with some especial liabilities of their own, must share all the reproach that can be visited on their Plymouth brethren. We trust that in what we have thus far written we have sufficiently assured our readers that we are not going to be angry with Mr. Oliver, while we attempt to deal with him. We have discharged ourselves of all indignation of a wicked or malignant character, by admitting to ourselves that he is right in matters which do not tell against anything that we care to defend, while we are calmly sure that he is wrong, clearly and demonstrably wrong, where we should be at issue with him. We have been well aware for some years that such a book as his could be written. We knew that there were facts enough for its basis; that there was a spirit abroad which could deal with these facts, and array them, and argue from them as he has done; and that they admitted of just that coloring and setting which he has given them, as helping, with the aid of false lights, misconstructions, and strong antagonistic prejudices, to tell the other side of a story told too often recklessly, fancifully, and in a manner to provoke indignant criticism and ridicule. We have therefore been expecting such a book as this before us. But we did not look for it in the quarter from which it has come. We had not supposed that a descendant of the Puritans was to be the author of it. There is an old Scripture story of the filial piety of two sons, who, throwing a mantle over their own shoulders, walked backward to cover with it the nakedness and shame of their father. There is also an old proverb as to the sort of bird which defiles its own nest. But we will not press the moral of Scripture or proverb. Perhaps we should rather commend the candor and magnanimity of one, who, with a Puritan lineage which identifies him with the very foremost of those whose fair fame he questions, could divest himself of the affection which covers, that he might exercise the severity which exposes, errors. Our author also says that we must be tolerant.

And we must be so. We are daily practising, we feel that we are daily advancing in, that hard virtue. Mr. Oliver has aided our own efforts for its attainment in both the ways in which we learn it from others, — by their practice and by their neglect of it. A descendant of the Puritans, who is their champion only in so far as he resolves that they shall have fair play, is sure of his ground. Bitterness or abuse in dealing with their assailants, especially with so serene and gentlemanly a one as Mr. Oliver, will not help us. Life, social, literary, and religious, is presenting to us on all sides tokens of the instability and the easy revulsion of feelings and judgments. There are daily conversions to and from all the old parties and all the new parties about everything. When the late excellent Dr. Wainwright, of New York, gratified his own feelings by gathering up the copies of the fine engraving of his eminent grandfather, Jonathan Mayhew, the liberal-minded and patriotic-souled minister of Boston, he saw the broken crosier and the dishonored mitre, the very emblems of his own episcopal dignity, turned into the trophies of his grandsire's victory over prelacy and despotic power. The Bishop never repudiated his Christian name, and we can believe that he recognized the nobility of soul which made it honorable, though he could help to undo the work from which it received its fame. There is a nobler loyalty, too, than that to ancestry. We can afford to hear *the truth* about *our* ancestry, seeing that the only claim which they made upon us is that we should judge them, not by their attainments in it, but by their sacrifices for it, and their fidelity to their own views of it. Every word that is to condemn them comes from their own pens. How would Mr. Oliver have learned his tactics except through their magnanimous self-exposure?

The author of this book is not among the living to read or to answer what we may write about him or it. But we will write nothing about him or his book which in temper or in assertion we should be unwilling to defend at the only tribunal where we can expect to meet him. The work, left in manuscript by the deceased author, was edited for publication, with evident pains and devotion, by a brother. We must say a few words touching the family history. Perhaps

our readers may find in the genealogy of the author, which presents one painful interruption in its course to the transmission of the spirit with the lineage of a Massachusetts Puritan, an explanation of the backward cast of the writer's heart and love, at least in one direction.

Thomas Oliver, as Winthrop tells us, was "ordained by imposition of hands," as the first ruling elder of the First Church of Boston, in 1632. He was a Puritan among Puritans, and would doubtless have held high civil offices save for the feeling which forbade the union of secular and sacred functions. From this honored man descended a line of honored and useful and thriving men, for the service of church and state, till the troubled times of the Revolution embittered the feelings of former friends. The elder, with many of the foremost members of his church, sided for a while with Mrs. Hutchinson in her dismal controversy, and he appears on the list of those "ordered to bee disarmed." It would seem, however, from the famous Captain Keayne's manuscript, in the archives of our Historical Society, that his son, John, was soon after sent in behalf of the church to confer and remonstrate with Mrs. Hutchinson and her exiled friends in Rhode Island.

Andrew Oliver, a great-grandson of the elder, was Secretary of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, when, in 1771, he became successor to his brother-in-law, Mr. Hutchinson, as Lieutenant-Governor. He willingly accepted the odious office of Stamp-Distributor, when the tyrannical act which made the office necessary was passed by the British Parliament. The popular indignation, which led to sharp insults and to the mobbing of his dwelling, compelled him to resign that trust, and the people petitioned the king that he might be removed from his higher office. He was brother to the Chief Justice of the Province, who, equally honored before, was equally hated after, he received the dignities and emoluments purchased by disloyalty to "liberty." The Lieutenant-Governor "was then," says Dr. Eliot, "in very ill health, and soon after descended to the grave with all his imperfections upon his head," in March, 1774. Our author was the great-great-grandson of this unhappy gentleman, through a lineage highly distinguished in literary, legal, clerical, and medical offices and

services. Whether the strong monarchical predilections which Mr. Oliver displays in this volume are to be accounted to any warping of sympathy for a cause in which an ancestor suffered severely while looking for profit and power, our readers can judge for themselves. As to the other proclivity of our author, more amazing still in the descendant of such a lineage, — a proclivity which exhibits itself in an admiration of High-Church principles to a degree reaching, as we shall see, to fanaticism, — it is no business of ours in these pages to propound an explanation or to institute criticism.

The book appears in the most elegant and attractive form in which type-founders, paper-makers, and printers have learned to present their joint skill and taste. It is issued by our most distinguished publishing firm, who have poured over our community a stream of good literature. Strange to say, we have seen in a newspaper criticism of the work a censorious reflection cast upon the publishers for being instrumental in the circulation of a volume the contents of which are so wounding to our ancestral and local pride. This is but a poor stroke, where manly blows and searching criticism may find such abounding material for their exercise. The book is written in a style of unsurpassed beauty. It has every grace of facile and attractive composition. Uniformly correct and chaste in diction, pointed and terse in its emphatic passages, exact and chastened in its rhetoric, it occasionally presents sentences and paragraphs in which the cast of the language and the fitness of the imagery compel our admiration. In defining the spirit, the *animus* of the work, we must remember our own pledge, of keeping a good temper. We do not forget the pledge when we affirm that the spirit of the book is a very bad one, — almost as bad as can possess a man who is writing of the motives and deeds of those whose sincerity of purpose and whose sufferings for a cause which they esteemed the holiest ought at least to soften the censure visited upon their delusions, their prejudices, and their errors. Pages of this book we have read with utter amazement; other pages have afforded us almost unqualified amusement. We have been confounded at noticing the heterogeneous elements which enter into the author's standard and principles

of criticism for judging men and times two centuries ago. His diseases of fancy mark him almost as a monomaniac. When he most widely wanders from the path of fair truth and charity, it is by losing himself in a cloud of his own raising. He does deal largely in facts; there is no denying that he has a basis of good, substantial evidence for very many of his assertions. His inferences and arguments, too, are often perfectly unassailable. It would be idle for any one to attempt to answer him in detail. Often it must be only by an admission of the truth of his statements, and of the deductions which he draws from them, followed by the suggestion of other and larger facts which override them, that he can be dealt with to any good purpose. Should his work provoke much hostile criticism, or many rejoinders, the risk will be, either that the critics will fall short of, or will outrun, their mark. The Puritans cannot be defended by a simple answer to his specific charges against them. Most unwisely would a champion of theirs consent to argue their cause within the terms which Mr. Oliver defines for their trial. The ideas which filled their thoughts and quickened their activity are obsolete. They have left descendants, but no inheritors of their policy. Their generation was cut off. For the most part, those who rail at them, and those who patronize and extol them in fustian orations, would have fared equally hard in personal converse with them, or under their spiritual or civil dominancy.

Mr. Oliver utterly misconstrues the Puritans, from the beginning to the end of his elaborate and most richly-wrought essay. He starts with a bias which perverts his judgment. With an inconsistency that is amusing where it is not amazing, he confounds principles and sentiments which mark separated centuries of time and express reconciled feelings where once there was the sharpest hostility. He transfers to the angry strifes of the seventeenth century the humane and generous views of the nineteenth century. The wise tolerance which is the growth and flower of all the hard husbandry that matured it from the dread conflicts of many ages, is turned by him into a condemnation of the very men who both suffered the most in their own persons through the intolerance of others, and were the providential instruments for proving, through their

conscientious fidelity to a wrong principle, that it is wrong, forbidden, and accursed. Nor is this all. Our author, who applies to the Puritans a standard far in advance of their own times, goes back to another class of men in those times to find a standard of judgment for himself. He is under the bewitching spell of an antiquated and now ideal fancy, which charms him with loyalty to an anointed sovereign as head of state and church, and with an admiration for prelacy and hierarchical sway. He subordinates the Bible to the ecclesiastical system which confessedly grew up outside of its influence, and in defiance of the liberty of soul of which it is the Magna Charta. We have read many of the pages of the Puseyite school, but in none of them have we found so much of the fond weakness which is captivated by the romance of idealized and obsolete fancies, as in those of Mr. Oliver's book. The gray hue which softens, and the ivy which beautifies, the old crumbling battlements of tyranny, win him from the manlier delight of rejoicing over their ruins. It is beyond measure marvellous to find a man of a New England stock and training thus bowing in adoration before the dishonored shrines of ancient pagods. It is but another illustration of the cunning skill of fancy in idealizing and transfiguring old delusions. Scattered over the pages of this volume are sentences which the sycophantic drivellers about the divine right of anointed kings would have been glad to quote, if they had had the opportunity, two hundred years ago. Cromwell, beyond comparison the wisest and most patriotic sovereign that ever ruled England, the most of a man, ay, and the most of a saint, among all her monarchs, is characterized by Mr. Oliver as "that hero of hypocrisy and treason, defying God and man." The "royal martyr," Charles, is presented as a paragon of all the virtues, though our author could hardly have failed in his wide reading to meet with the pithy questions of our own Mayhew, touching the claim of saintship for the king, — "Is there any such thing as grace without goodness? Or as saintship without sanctity?" The noble Russell bears in these pages the scornful epithet of "traitor." Even William of Orange is called a "usurper." Mr. Oliver enlarges upon the mischief wrought by the circulation of the

Scriptures, in the spirit of one who should rail at the showers from heaven, as they fall upon "the just and the unjust," because a freshet sometimes works mischief. The English patriots who were withstanding the tyranny of Charles, are stigmatized as a "miserable rabble." More truly did Mayhew again say of that earthly monarch, "that he acted in defiance of laws which the Almighty King regards, — the eternal laws of truth, wisdom, and equity."

We must now present in a summary way the specific accusations which Mr. Oliver brings against the fathers of Massachusetts. We will state them rather within, than in any way beyond, the terms of severity in which he repeatedly announces them. We must premise that he claims credit for courage, candor, high service to the cause of sacred truth, and for painstaking research and judicial fairness, in his thankless task of questioning the fair fame of the dead. He alleges that the Puritans of Massachusetts practised a most deceitful game of overreaching and hypocrisy in securing their Charter from Charles I.; that the patent which in his royal benignity and piety he graciously bestowed, with the intent of furthering a Christian missionary design under the auspices of the Church of England, was grossly perverted, first, to a worldly end of gain, and then to wicked ends of sedition, conspiracy, treason, and schism; that the Puritans sneakingly stole away from England, surreptitiously transferring hither a Charter which had been intended solely as an instrument for a corporation resident at home, and that they used it here as the basis of a constitution of government, — a disloyal and illegal government, — thus perverting it from its purpose, thwarting its provisions, and forfeiting its privileges; that when they had established themselves here under a Charter never designed for such a use, and utterly unsuited to serve the necessities of the legislative, judicial, and executive offices of government, they were compelled to do all manner of violence to it, claiming immunity from it, and yet trifling with it, straining it, and supplementing it at their pleasure; that this violation of their Charter involved the most outrageous oppression of their fellow-exiles in property, happiness, and civil and religious rights, brought in an arbitrary rule, high-handed

tyranny, and cruelty, even to the length of maiming and capital punishment; that, instead of devoting themselves to the work of Christianizing the Indians, they demoralized and exterminated them, after receiving benefits inflicting injuries, being heartless, pitiless, and extortionate towards them, forming treaties with them by guile, and violating these treaties without scruple, visiting upon them the curses of civilization, scorning them as children of the Devil, and slaughtering them with the boast that they were serving God and his saints, the saints being themselves; that for half a century they kept up an artful, evasive, and wicked strife of intrigue, duplicity, and falsehood with the King and his Council, or with Parliament, to retain their Charter when summoned to surrender it, to defend themselves against just charges brought against them at the throne by those whom they had wronged, and to secure their ill-gotten power; that though the unsettled state of affairs in England, where rebellion and disorder kindred to that of the Puritan Commonwealth prevailed, enabled them to protract the issue, the first establishment of authority there compelled them to surrender their Charter, while the fruits of their fraudulent legislation visited long and bitter penalties upon themselves and their posterity; and, finally, that the principles of the Puritan Commonwealth were absurd and self-destructive, hostile to true liberty and pure religion, as was made evident by their trial, which resulted in multiplying all forms of heresy and rebellion, in fostering the most fierce and malignant spirit of intolerance, and in covering Puritanism with discomfiture and reproach, to yield place to a better system — which it is to be observed our author does not define — that shall rise upon its ruins.

Here certainly is a most formidable array of counts in a most comprehensive indictment. Those who are well read in our history have doubtless admitted to themselves the element of fact which may be worked into the support of these sweeping charges. There is either a semblance or a substance of truth in a part of them, and much as our author has made of the facts upon which he wrought, we are willing to grant that he might have made even more of them. The elders and magistrates are the prime offenders in his view, and of course

he traces the instigation and the chief agency of all this wickedness to the ministers.

He has made a most diligent and exhaustive use of the original sources of information on all matters pertaining to our history. A world of labor must he have spent in his task. We commend his diligence; we will endeavor to think highly of his motives; we are sure that at least some of the results of his work will be of signal service to the truth. It may be asked whether he has cited and quoted his authorities fairly. We may answer, in general, that he has, under the abatement, however, of this marked qualification, — that he might have found passages in the writings which he has quoted, the tenor of which is directly inconsistent in spirit or assertion with those he has cited, or with the uses for which he employs them. It will be well for a careful reader to test and follow his citations; for our own experience has satisfied us that the results will repay the labor. Mr. Oliver has a way of quoting a part when the whole would not serve him. He is also apt to add glosses of his own. Thus, in his sketch of the measures and dealings of the Puritans with the Indians, he quotes from Governor Winthrop the assertion, that the Pequods, who had been so fearfully exterminated, "had done Massachusetts no injury." But the Governor says also that his Colony had engaged in that war "in point of conscience, on others' behalfe," from motives of humanity, as of necessity, with trust in Providence, and without counting the cost of risk and injury to themselves. Again, Mr. Oliver says that friends at court wrote to the Puritans here when their Charter was in peril, "that it would be unsafe to attract notice by neglecting the prayers for the King, *or differing widely from the ritual of the Church of England.*" For the part of this quotation which we have italicized, Mr. Oliver was indebted to his imagination. The letter which he cites, reads: "And I desire that you differ no more from us in church government, than you shall find that we differ from the prescript rule of God's word, and further I meddle not." He repeats from D'Israeli the silly and apocryphal story of the Independents having bribed "one Field, who printed the Pearl Bibles," to corrupt the text in Acts vi. 3. He says that, "had Puritanism

been certain of a Divine mission," it would never have recorded such an incident as that related by Governor Winthrop, of a mouse having gnawed the leaves of the Common Prayer and spared the Psalms and Greek Testament bound up with it. Now the good Governor tells the story as an *evidence* of this very "Divine mission of Puritanism."

Not without profit to ourselves have we devoted many hours to the perusal of the elaborate and beautifully written pages of this work. We confess that we have derived from its spirit and method a very vivid idea of what our ancestors signified by the term "malignant," as applied to an enemy of theirs. We think, however, that we have a tolerably just conception of what we are bound to plead and suggest in their vindication against Mr. Oliver. We are no unqualified admirers of the Puritans. We could not have lived with them. Our words for them might have been little, if any, less tolerable with them, than Mr. Oliver's against them. But we shall essay something on their side.

In dealing, so far as our space will permit, with the more prominent and emphatic charges adduced by Mr. Oliver in condemnation of the planters of the Bay Colony, we must begin, as he does, with the matter of the Charter. It is necessary to his purpose that he should warp some facts, and misstate others, at the very start. The first sentences of his book advance the fundamental assumption on which all its argument on his main point proceeds, and that assumption is a figment of his own brain. He refers the Charter of Massachusetts to a suggestion originating in the mind of Charles I., and prompted by his royal zeal in the cause of Christian missions. The adventurers obtained their Charter by pretending an interest in that missionary enterprise. So far, then, as they made trade or any secular object paramount to the work of spreading the Gospel among the Indians, they were guilty of a breach of contract, of a perversion of a kingly favor. If the weight of censure justly to be visited on them upon this score would condemn the fathers of Massachusetts, how much more then do they deserve reproach for having abused the King's favor so outrageously in making their Charter the constitution of a disloyal and schismatical commonwealth!

Thus Mr. Oliver says, "The franchise was mercantile in character, but missionary in design." When the patentees decided to transfer the Charter and the government of their Company under it to these shores, our author expresses intense indignation that in "this fraud upon the King and the Church" the spirit of trade should have triumphed over a Gospel work. It was "to rob the Indians" of a blessing intended for them by Charles. When the fleet of exiles started on the voyage, he says that they "departed with all the stealth of guilt from the kingdom, bearing with them a franchise which belonged to the Church." This marvellous assumption runs through and perverts all Mr. Oliver's argument. The monarch is said by him to have beheld "with the favor of a truly catholic mind the project that was then forming in the English Church to extend her borders over his dominions in the West," and "he willingly added the weight of his prerogative to an enterprise which, it seemed, must draw down a benediction from Heaven." This is pure fiction. Not a jot of evidence is there that King or Church was then intent upon any missionary project, or had any inceptive interest in a design which from first to last began, and was confined, within the motives of the patentees themselves.* Not with the King nor with the Church were the first negotiations transacted. The royal approval was but the formal recognition of a bargain made between other parties. By what right could the monarch have looked to a company of merchant adventurers, at their own charges, and without motion or help from a single church dignitary, to undertake a work, which in instigation at least, if not in its cost and conduct, belonged to the established authorities in things spiritual? There is an absurdity at the very bottom of this plea. The victims of an oppressive and odious hierarchy from whose despotism they wished to escape are represented by our author as drawn into a project for transplanting it into the New World by the zeal of a distrusted King! It is difficult to believe that prejudice and an intense hatred of Puri-

* The Rev. Joseph Kingsmill, a minister, and an historian of the Missions of the English Church, in his work on the subject (p. 249), says: "To the usurper, Cromwell, belongs the credit of having first planned a mission from the Reformed Churches to the less favored parts of the world."

tanism did not help Mr. Oliver to the exaggeration of the only, the very slender grounds on which he bases his plea. There are two sentences in the Charter cast in the style of a formal piety in their phraseology. Had he run through any collection of charters and patents, beginning with the Bull of Donation of Pope Alexander VI., in 1493, investing Ferdinand and Isabella with the title to these western regions, he would have put a more moderate construction on these formulas of piety. The first two Virginia Charters are large and ardent in the use of such language, and a precious fulfilment did it meet in the first English doings there! The Massachusetts Charter was derived from the original patent of the Council of Plymouth. How far that patent provided for a missionary work among our Indians may be inferred from the fact that one reason alleged for bestowing upon Englishmen a title to these regions was the following: "That within these late yeares there hath by God's visitation raigned a wonderfull Plague, together with many horrible slaughthers and murthers, committed amongst the Savages and bruitish people there heertofore inhabiting, in a manner to the utter destruction, devastacion, and depopulacion of that whole Territorye, so that there is not left for many leagues together, in a manner, any that doe claime or challenge any kind of interest therein." Thankfulness is then expressed, that the "Divine Majestie" has laid these regions open to Englishmen. "We may with boldness goe on to the settling of soe hopefull a work, which tendeth to the reducing and conversion of such Savages as remaine wandering in desolacion and distresse to civil societie and Christian religion, to the inlargement of our own dominions, and the advancement of the fortunes of such of our good subjects as shall willingly intresse themselves in the said imployment." It needs Mr. Oliver's admiration of royal religious zeal to find a missionary project here. We have no doubt that the Massachusetts adventurers had and avowed a missionary purpose. But it was one of their own conception, not suggested to them by the King or the Church, and, as we shall see, it was one of a very peculiar character.

In keeping with his interpolation of an ecclesiastical enterprise in the Charter for the purpose of extending the Church

of England among the Indians, Mr. Oliver insists upon representing those "godly pastors" whom the exiles brought with them for their own edification as "missionaries." His readers are thus blinded to the truth as to the errand, the relations, and the contract made with these ministers, and might even infer that they were sent originally as stipendiaries of the English Church. He says, "They were required to minister to the savages." So, in precisely the same way, and in no other way, are the successors of those ministers required to serve the poor and neglected outside of their own congregations. Fortunately we have copies of the agreement made with those very men, specifying their service and its terms, just as such contracts do at the present day. Not a hint is given in the agreement, that these ministers were to strike off as missionaries into the woods. They were to remain in fixed dwellings, to be provided for them as the pastors of the exiles. Though the Bishop of London was constructively their spiritual overseer, they never applied to him for help; but they left the wilderness and its red wanderers free to the zeal which he might feel in their behalf. The English Church did afterwards send missionaries hither. But it was to settle among churches already provided with pastors, and not to go into the wilderness. And incidentally we may add, while referring to this agreement between the exiles and their pastors, that the facts of the case abate very much from the pertinency and smartness of a remark for which Roger Williams has been highly applauded. When questioned for withstanding the compulsory tax for the support of the ministers with the plain query, "Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?" "Yes," was his boasted reply, "from those that hire them." Now the difficulty is, the patentees *had hired* the ministers, and all occupants of land within their patent, who held by grant or sale from them, subjected themselves to all the contracts made by the Company. The seventh of the "General Considerations" advanced in England by Higginson of Salem to persuade to the enterprise, offers as a motive the raising and supporting of "a particular church" here.

We come now to the matter of the transfer of the Charter, which Mr. Oliver represents as a fraud of unrelieved turpi-

tude, knavery, and hypocrisy. We frankly admit that there is a cloud about it, yet not so dark by any means as he makes it. We wish we had more light on this point, not because we are ready to believe that Winthrop and his advisers require to have their characters cleared up, but because our curiosity is lively where it is especially mystified. This was the most emphatic incident or crisis in the old Colonial affairs of Massachusetts. The getting away from England with a Charter never intended for an ocean voyage, still less for a local residence and administration on another hemisphere, must at some stage of the proceedings have required adroit management. Whether the abettors of the movement, under their grim severity of aspect, had a sly consciousness that it was a sort of spoiling of the Egyptians, or a reprisal on the Philistines, it is impossible to say. They kept their own counsel well, at any rate; for not a line is known to be extant from their pens which betrays them as conscience-stricken, or as apprehensive of an arrest in their undertaking. Mr. Oliver would say, that they had taken good care that their secret should not transpire, and so felt safe, at least, awaiting discovery or security. Perhaps so, perhaps not. The affair, however, is in singular consistency with the whole train of events as subsequently developed, which culminated in the war of the Revolution. A curious inquirer, who should be zealously bent on indicating the first buddings of the full fair flower of Independence, would be compelled to trace it to a graft severed from a wild republican stock in Old England, and inserted upon a wilder and freer growth of our native forests. At what hour from the first settlement of the Bay Colony was not the spirit of those who guided its destiny virtually independent of control from the mother country? The design of leaving their home for good, and of identifying the remnant of their life and its toils with a foreign plantation, was the result in the minds of the patentees of long struggles and a deep-seated discontent in their own land. They were positively unhappy under the distractions and iniquities there prevailing. They foreboded even more disastrous times; — as the event proved, their forebodings were more than justified. The kindling ideal which burned within their

devout hearts presented itself to them in the form of a Christian commonwealth, planted by fair omens, and cherished with fostering piety, in the freedom of the wilderness. Here, in these feelings and purposes, we find the instigating motives which led them to seek a charter for their enterprise. Even saints, while they are in the body, must live on earthly food, and be clothed and sheltered. To secure these moderate supplies, and not to win wealth, was the sole ground for all such sublunary arrangements in their plan as have been seized upon for fixing on them the charge of a mercenary and a mercantile spirit.

The early Virginia Charter provided for two councils to administer the government of each of the two plantations: one council for each plantation was to exercise its functions in England, the other was invested with all necessary powers on the soil of the Colony. But all previous attempts at colonization, whether led by individual enterprise or patronized by huge monopoly companies, had failed. It was evident that, if such an enterprise was ever destined to succeed, it must be under other auspices, and especially by the aid of an authority administered with a high hand and a severe rule, on the very soil itself. The famous Captain John Smith — all whose unnumbered namesakes should thank him for having done so much to keep their vague appellation within the rule of grammar which distinguishes between *common* and *proper* names — had given words of warning, which, if we mistake not, were of controlling weight with the leaders of the Bay Colony. Within the year after their departure with their Charter, he published his "Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England." In this document he wrote what he must substantially have spoken years before to those who consulted his rich experience. He refers to the scandal, shame, and disgrace wrought in with the failure of all previous undertakings, and he holds up the Massachusetts Company to approval for their course, in which he finds full promise of success. He says: "They take not that course the Virginia Company did for the Planters there. Their purses and lives were subject to some few here in London, who were never there, that consumed all in arguments, projects, and their own conceits;

every yeare trying new conclusions, altering everything yearely as they altered opinions, till they had consumed more than two hundred thousand pounds, and neere eight thousand men's lives."

Under a grant from the Plymouth Council, confirmed by a Charter from the King, the Bay Company was incorporated in March, 1628. This Charter recognized a residentiary administration in England of all its pecuniary affairs, and of its official processes, and provided for a delegated administration in the plantation. The "Agreement" made and signed at Cambridge, England, by those purposing to come hither, requires, as a condition of their emigration, "that the Patent may be legally transferred and established to remain with us." At a meeting of the Court of the Company, held three days afterward, the question as to a transfer of the government to New England was put to vote, "soe as it may be done legally." The records say, it appeared to be "the general consent." They also "consulted counsel" on the subject. But on this we will not lay stress; for we neither assume nor defend the strict legality of the transfer. The best vindication of the act which we know of is to say, that it seemed to be in accordance with the leadings and the purposes of Providence. The "counsel" consulted was a man whose spirit and opinions were puritanical, and if the incipient rebels had really wished for adequate authority in the case, they would have gone to a higher source for advice. Not a hint, however, is dropped in the record of their debates, or in the pursuit of their subsequent plans, of their having feared a surprise as discovered culprits. In the month preceding their final vote, those members of the Company who were present at their Court were directed to set down with much care and deliberation the reasons for and against the transfer; "and in the meantime they are desired to carry this business secretly, that the same bee not divulged." Those who challenge the moral integrity of the proceeding must make the utmost of this sentence as indicating intrigue and an uneasy conscience. It is all they will find from the pen of any one concerned in it. Perhaps, too, the sentence covers merely a desire to keep their plans to themselves till they were matured, and to secure

themselves against malicious enemies and mercantile speculators.

But hither they came, bringing their Charter, which has never since crossed the ocean. If a British fleet should ever bombard this city and get possession, let their forces try to seize the venerable instrument, fairly written on its ample parchments. It would be the proudest trophy which Britain could carry from our shores; for it was the ringleader in all her American quarrels. Here, too, the patentees established a government, ay, a commonwealth; and they ruled with an iron sway, and with an unswerving and unrelenting loyalty to the laws, which they obeyed themselves after they had made them, and which they were resolved that all within their jurisdiction should obey. Mr. Oliver has an easy task in exposing the severity, the harshness, and the despotism of Puritan legislation, first in civil, then in spiritual matters. It is a task which many others, whose regard for the Puritans is much higher than his, have performed as faithfully, but more candidly, more considerately. He is entirely oblivious of all the parallelisms which English legislation at the same period affords of equally oppressive burdens upon conscience, property, and life.

"Fraud, violence, and cunning" were the vices, "enterprise, daring, and self-sacrifice" were the virtues, of the Puritans, according to Mr. Oliver's judgment of them. His severity is excessive; his concessions are not generous. He says that they changed the charter of a mercantile company into the constitution of a Puritan state. So far as this allegation is true, — and in great part it is true, — the legislative policy of the Puritans is to be vindicated either by the necessities of their position, or by the predilections which their English training had wrought in them, or by the risks of anarchy and ruin to which their enterprise and property would have been subjected, had they been slack instead of rigid in their course. The Charter provided for some sort of government among the agents and servants here, sent over by the Company. Would that government, provided for abroad, without exact knowledge of emergencies as they arose, and administered here by delegated authority, have had in it less of the ele-

ments of absolutism, and have been at the same time equally efficient for its ends? It is always to be remembered that the founders of Massachusetts were not only Puritans, and so far embryo republicans as well as anti-prelatists, but that they also had many of the stiff and dogged notions of Englishmen. They brought with them from home two essentially English prejudices, under which they had been reared, and from which they had personally suffered much; namely, a fixed belief in the necessity of an aristocratic prerogative in legislation,* and an unquestioned conviction that the civil power had a right to control the free exercise of religion. The blinding influence of these two obstinate English notions will go as far towards accounting for what was objectionable in their policy, as will an exposition or a caricature of their peculiar characteristics as Puritans. Mr. Oliver seems to be amazed that the passage of the ocean did not divest them of prejudices which entered then into the composition of all Englishmen, and which still characterize the prevailing institutions of that realm. He makes no allowance whatever for the unsettled and distracted state of affairs in their native land when they left it. The darkest apprehensions, the most appalling calamities, changing their form only to deepen in dismay and dread, were oppressing the hearts of the best men and women in the land. A perfidious king, whose tyranny and hypocrisy find fuller attestation as busy explorers from time to time bring to light the secret intrigues of those sad years, had forfeited his claim to the loyal love of his subjects. Ecclesiastical power exercised as oppressive a sway through the prelates and their iniquitous courts, as could have gone out from a Roman legate and an inquisition. From ill-governed England, her tyrant king, her persecuting Church, — persecuting not to uphold Christ's truth, but to sustain a shattered ceremonial and a simoniacal system, — the Puritans came hither to put to trial a system of their own, — to develop certainly the most origi-

* In their answer to proposals from certain "persons of quality" relative to an intended removal to New England, they say: "Two distinct ranks we willingly acknowledge, from the light of nature and Scripture: the one of them called Princes, or Nobles, or Elders (amongst whom gentlemen have their place); the other, the People."

nal and sublime conception which has ever formed the basis of a state. Whether their conception was purely one of fancy, impracticable and impossible considering that human nature is what it is, or whether the men who attempted to realize it were not wise or good enough to vindicate its operation, are questions which we do not open. The Puritans at any rate were led by a great idea, too great indeed for their full apprehension of it, and they were trying to work it out.

Their Charter did not provide for such a government as they established here. They had to construe it sometimes quite rigidly, sometimes quite loosely, and often to strain, interpolate, and supplement it, to make it serve as the nominal basis and the sufficient warrant of their legislative and judicial proceedings. There was a great deal of *extempore* legislation, called out by emergencies, connected with, and only to be explained by, circumstances of which we are not fully informed, and designed to avert risks or to guard against evils which came to them as warnings from the failure of every similar enterprise that had preceded theirs. Their historian, Hubbard, gives us with quaint force a good sentence on this point: "It being commonly found that men gotten from under the reins of government are but like cattle without a fence, which are thereby apt to run wild and grow unruly without good laws." No one of course, at the present day, even with a more tolerant and considerate spirit than Mr. Oliver brings to his work, can examine the legislative code of the Puritans, or follow the contest between the magistrates upheld by the elders, and the people at large, without finding many tokens of an arbitrary rule, as well as of a determination on the part of those in power to retain it, and of those who were only subject to it to gain a share of it. The Charter was violated from the first. The magistrates grasped an arbitrary power. The deputies of the people were right in pressing their demands. Our liberties and our noble institutions, the glory of our Commonwealth, were won at first by compromises with, then by assaults upon, and finally by a triumph over, the rigid rule of "magistrates and elders." All this is true. But does it tell solely to the discomfiture of Puritanism? By no means. Arbitrary power was not the outgrowth of Puritanism. That

old English idea of the absolute necessity of an aristocratic prerogative extended its influence over these wilderness legislators, as it did over their Parliament at home. Nor is it ever to be forgotten, that these hard-handed magistrates were the patentees of the Company, the responsible undertakers in the enterprise, whose property and worldly interests were all committed to it. With them came servants and supernumeraries, interlopers and fortune-hunters, and, from time to time, specimens of all the freaks of human nature in working itself up into every sort of strange, "exorbitant, unprofitable, and scandalous" character. The swarms of unsettled and obnoxious persons who followed the exiles from disaffected and revolutionary England had great influence in sowing here a wild radicalism. It was not always from pride or self-righteousness that the rulers stiffly asserted their prerogatives against "the common sort." The powers exercised by these magistrates, which, as Mr. Oliver says, the king had not committed to them, were the very powers which they did not believe that the king had any right to give, nor certainly any right to withhold. Cæsar and Tacitus both appear to have been struck with a peculiarity of the ancestors of our colonists, as a people *jealous of their liberties*. Upon these liberties, which first grew up in an old wilderness, the colonists fell back when they found themselves in a new wilderness. The contest for power between the magistrates and the people was in the main a struggle towards the working out and settling of untried principles. Were Mr. Oliver here to answer, we should be glad to put to him this question, — How much more tyrannical was the aim of the magistrates to retain their proprietary and legislative power above the freemen, than was the bold announcement of their own king that "he would call no more Parliaments"? Strangely, too, does Mr. Oliver wink out of sight the fact, that the freemen who finally broke the power of the magistrates were themselves also Puritans. He says: "We have shown that the Puritan Commonwealth was saved from absolute despotism only by the determined opposition of the freemen, and that the elders and magistrates were alike the enemies of popular freedom. The republican cast, into which the body politic was moulded, was forced upon it

by the freemen, *in spite* of the elders and magistrates." Of course, then, there was as much of the spirit of Puritanism in the popular resistance as in the patrician oppression. When these freemen thus obtained their rights, they imposed a fine on the magistrates. Yet it was these identical freemen who enacted the law excluding all but church-members from the franchise.

The laws of the Puritan Commonwealth, and the sentences inflicted under them in civil matters, have to us often a most arbitrary aspect. But the range which they cover, and the evident impartiality of their operation, give them for the most part a claim to our respect, as being conformed to the rigid rules of righteousness. Legislation then extended here and in Europe to matters which are now wholly omitted from our statute-books. If any one curious to gather such facts will run his eye over our recently published Court Records, we think the variety and the impartiality of the Puritan legislation will redeem its severity, in his fair judgment. It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that no class of the colonists, from the highest to the lowest, and scarce even a single individual in the higher ranks of magistrates or elders, escaped trial and sentence during the first fifty years of the settlement. There are all sorts of cases on those records, and all sorts of victims, from the Governor downward. Saltonstall, Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Pynchon, yes, even "holy Mr. Cotton," had to plead as challenged offenders. Magistrates were fined for not coming to Court, and one of them was fined for inflicting a deserved whipping without the presence of one of his colleagues. The careless firing of an Indian wigwam, the use of a man's tongue in reviling speeches, and of a woman's in inordinate scolding, drew down each its penalty. "Nich. Knopp is fyned £5 for takeing vpon him to cure the scurvey by a water of noe worth nor value, which he solde att a very deare rate, to be imprisoned till hee pay his ffine, or giue securitye for it, or els to bee whipped," &c. "Tho. Knower was sett in the bilbowes for threateing the Court, that, if hee should be punist, hee would haue it tried in England whither hee was lawfully punished or not." It would not have answered at all to allow a tongue like that to wag freely. Law-

yer Lechford, "of Clement's Inn, Gent.," found a four years' residence here enough for him, and though no admirer of our Commonwealth, he was yet so candid as to write in his "Plain Dealing," and to publish on his return home, the following sentence: "I think that wiser men than they, going into a wildernesse to set up another strange government differing from the settled government here, might have fallen into greater errors than they have done." Triumphantly did the Court urge in proof of the wisdom of their legislation, — in replying to the seditious petition of Child, Maverick, and others, — "Let the petitioners produce any colonie or commonwealth in the world, where more hath been done in sixteen yeares."

Meanwhile, Mr. Oliver constantly reminds us that these sturdy Puritans seemed to forget their duty of allegiance to the king. Here we set up no defence. The charge is true. Very grudgingly and very coldly do the records recognize the existence of that august personage. The Puritans knew him better than did Mr. Oliver, and had less respect for him. As they wanted nothing from him, they well-nigh forgot him. We have no intention of following Mr. Oliver with a searching examination of his specific statements, often of unmitigated bitterness and severity, as he relates the protracted struggle of half a century about the Charter. Kings tried in vain to recall it. A royal commission headed by Archbishop Laud, and a Parliamentary commission, to say nothing of a *quo warranto* from the King's Bench, brought their arbitrary and their legal measures to bear on the same futile effort, — futile, that is, till the commonwealth had planted itself on safe foundations. The Great Council of Plymouth, being called to account for the rebellious conduct of those whose charter was derived from them, surrendered their patent, and pleaded innocence of all trespass. But we have our Charter. We grant that nothing but the distracted state of England enabled our fathers to hold their ground. We grant that there was a good deal of sly management, and adroit intrigue, and original Yankee ingenuity exercised in the necessary playing fast and loose in those times. But the paramount necessity was to hold on to the Charter. It would have been a fatal and a suicidal act to surrender it too soon. As cogently as shrewdly

did our fathers return in answer to the demand for its transmission from the Lords Commissioners, that if they gave it up they would "be looked upon as runnigadoes and outlawed." A sly hint that they might also be compelled to put themselves under another government, and a further suggestion as to the sort of government likely to be "set up" here if the Charter was vacated, seemed admirably suited to the emergency. Now let the curious reader peruse the royal instrument defining the powers of the Commission headed by that hated prelate, Archbishop Laud, and ask what would have been gained if the outrageous, tyrannical, and arbitrary powers which that conferred, had been substituted here for the institutions of the Puritan Commonwealth. When at a later date that pestilent Andros bearded the Court, they found grace to tell him that they held their lands "by the grand charter of God."

But more especially does Mr. Oliver's zeal kindle while he traces the development of the Puritan Church. He draws out at length the story of the strifes and alienations which attended it. He tells us of its chaotic theology leading to incessant schisms, of its heresies about communion and baptism, resulting in the growth of a pagan generation, and in the exclusion of five sixths of the population from Christian ordinances. He tries hard to discredit with us the right of private judgment, and he gives us an essay on the apostolical character, origin, and authority of the Church of England. He has far more of fact than we wish he had to turn to his account in proof of the severe and bigoted character of the system which was here put on trial. We grant that the scheme was an impracticable one, and that the attempt to set it up involved injustice, cruelty, and failure. But we part company with him when he charges malice and hypocrisy on the elders and magistrates. They were as sincere and honest men as ever lived. Mr. Oliver begins by copying at length that beautiful farewell address, as breathed in the name of the exiles when they were leaving English waters, to their brethren in and of the Church of England. It is a sweet and affectionate parting outburst of yearning and struggling hearts. Mr. Oliver is horrified that those who could utter such kindly

words and prayers, as in communion with the Church of England, could so soon prove disloyal to its anointed king, and spitefully hostile to its order, its ritual, its authority, and its members. But he is inconsiderate here as elsewhere. That "Humble Request" was probably written by White of Dorchester, himself not one of the exiles. Though it did speak for all who signed it, the circumstances connected with it will not allow us to regard it as a profession on the part of all the company of a love for those distinctive features of the Church which caused them so soon to forego her communion. Why, indeed, may we not fairly interpret the document as referring rather in general to the whole Reformed Church of England? But they were schismatics as soon as they touched foreign soil. Yes, and so they were, virtually, when they left their own soil. Of all the centuries of recorded English history, that was the time when wise and good men were most anxious to leave the realm, and when no other motive could induce such men to remain than the motive of trying to help their country through the dark waves which were breaking upon it. Those who left England then were least likely to take with them any ardent love for royalty or a hierarchy.

How were the Puritans to transplant to a wilderness soil a system based on the English ecclesiastical and parochial system, with its traditionary usages, its tithes, advowsons, and inductions? Mr. Oliver seems to have forgotten that the gray churches of his ancestral land were but spoils of another creed and ritual. It is not by an ecclesiastical transmission, but by a Parliamentary statute, that the English Church holds every cathedral in the realm, with the exception of St. Paul's in London, every parish church built before the time of Elizabeth, and innumerable endowed schools and charities. The intruder Randolph, whom Mr. Oliver highly applauds, proposed to assess the support of his Episcopal minister upon the three Congregational churches in Boston. The silly story that even Roman Catholic Maryland gave Massachusetts an example of free toleration, is disallowed now by her recent Catholic historians, De Courcy and Shea. Our historian Hubbard very pertinently says of our fathers at their coming, that "they had not as yet waded so far into the controversy of

church discipline as to be very positive in any of those points wherein the main hinge of the controversy lay between them and others." He adds, that their aim was to follow the Scripture ideal in their church method, and "if they have missed of their aim, they are not to be blamed for levelling at the right mark." It was the personal influence of Cotton and Hooker, and a literal construction and reapplication of Scripture texts and authorities, that moulded their system.

In Winthrop's Reply to Vane's Answer to his Defence of an Order of Court, 1637, forbidding habitation without allowance of the magistrates, occurs a most remarkable sentence, giving us the key to the singular ecclesiastical policy of the Puritans. The sentence would appear to have been incidentally written, but it is of emphatic importance. "Whereas the way of God hath alwayes beene to gather his churches out of the world, now the world, or civill state, must be raised out of the churches." This explains everything to us in the religious institutions of our ancestors. The English Magna Charta restricted the right of suffrage in the choice of their own representatives in the Commons to *freeholders*. Puritanism restricted the right of suffrage to *Christians*. It tried to evolve a state out of a church. There have been many more fanciful, many less inspiring aims than this, proposed in the great schemes of men. Mr. Oliver misses the point of truth when he says, "The principle was asserted, that the people were the source of spiritual, before it was even dreamed that they were of political authority." It was not "the people," but the Scriptures, which had overruling sway here. Again, Mr. Oliver, in one of his most bitter passages, speaks of the Congregational *pulpit* as "a democratic toy," when "not sheltered by the altar," and in danger of becoming "the stand of an auctioneer, or the throne of a caucus." But when is it not thus sheltered? Has not the English pulpit been often a burrow for stupidity, laziness, and impiety? Our risks of that sort are slight compared with those of an Establishment.

Except for the sake of a systematic treatment of the parts of his fruitful subject, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Oliver to devote a distinct division of his work to "the intolerant spirit of the Puritan Church." The facts and inci-

dents which come under relation on this head, though abundant and most significant, are substantially of the same character, and are to be referred to the same fundamental principles for their explanation, with any other class of particulars that entered into the policy of Massachusetts Puritanism. Be it again remembered, that the court before which these stern and consistent opposers of toleration are to be tried, is not a court recognizing the principles of the nineteenth century. Rich and tempting are the materials furnished by the pens of our fathers, from which their children may draw high lessons of saddened wisdom upon the exalted theme of religious liberty. Whether those old records, — so frank in the statement of painful and deplorable facts, bearing such evidence of sincerity in the doing of the very deeds which we now pronounce the most disgraceful, and never entering into apology or plea of self-justification, — whether those records are turned to the best uses of wisdom and charity in the method pursued by Mr. Oliver, is a question to be decided solely by the spirit of the reader. No descendant of the Puritans would now undertake to vindicate either the policy or the righteousness of their intolerant proceedings in church or state. But there is no good end to be answered by an embittered or a sarcastic rehearsal of the melancholy strifes through which they learned the precious wisdom, not a single lesson of whose treasured counsels has been ratified to the world otherwise than at a fearful cost to brain and body, heart and spirit. An appreciative and grateful sentiment, caught from a survey of the fruits of all such conflicts, will cast back upon them a softening and forgiving tone, even when stern epithets must be used in relating them. During the first fifty years of Puritan rule on this soil, there were outrages committed in the name of law, and with the sanction of religion, which it would be folly now to attempt to palliate. We think it no less foolish to lavish invectives upon them. The faithful historian will always be pained at the necessity of renewing the record of them; but he will be sure of this, that the more closely he keeps to the exact truth in detail and specification, the better will the case stand for those whom it is his object to set forth in the light of their own true purposes as in conflict with the prevailing

darkness of their time. Mr. Oliver himself reminds us, though with a taunt, that "they did not sacrifice their comfortable [?] livings in England for the purpose of acknowledging fellowship with separatists, or of sharing their newly-acquired spoils with churchmen." No, they did not. The honored Winthrop wrote to better purpose. "All amounts to this summe, the Lord hath brought us hither, through the swelling seas, through perills of pyrates, tempests, leaks, fires, rocks, sands, diseases, starvings, and hath here preserved us these many yeares, from the displeasure of princes, the envy and rage of prelates, the malignant plots of Jesuits, the mutinous contentions of discontented persons, the open and secret attempts of barbarous Indians, the seditions and undermining practices of hereticall false brethren."* Truly here is a grievous list of troubles and trials.

Now we have to allege against Mr. Oliver, in the treatment of this as of each of the other divisions of his subject, an error which warped his own judgment, and has led to a perversion of the truth of history by his pen. We will not question in detail the accuracy of his statements in exhibiting the intolerance of the Massachusetts rulers and elders. Though he uses the utmost sharpness of severity and invective in heightening his censures upon the persecutors, and though he softens by epithets of commiseration and patronizing apologies the conduct and course of their victims, his facts are facts. But he misrepresents the leading motive and purpose of the exiles in coming hither, and he deprives them of the benefit of an explanation which essentially relieves the intolerance of their proceedings, as against certain individuals and within certain limits. Mr. Oliver's erroneous bias on this part of his subject comes from his misapprehension of the idea, the purpose, which prompted the planting of the Bay Colony. He says, "It was the so-called intolerance of the English Church which led to the establishment of sectarianism in the New World." Then he asks if the exiles were consistent with their purpose, if they showed their consistency and sincerity by raising a purer altar in the wilderness. He admits that they

* Answer to the Ipswich Letter, in the Hutchinson Papers.

did not come to avoid persecution; for they might have hoped to become the persecuting party at home. The plea set up for them, says Mr. Oliver, is, that they did not like to conform to superstitions and ceremonies, and sought the right to think and worship as they pleased. "Alas for the infirmity of human purpose! There was some color for the proceedings of the courts of the Star-Chamber and High Commission. These were at least performing a great and important duty to the church and state. Both prescriptive and statute laws required the unqualified obedience of the subject. It was not the fact, but the manner of presenting the fact, that rendered these high tribunals odious. But what plea could Puritanism offer in defence of persecution?" Passing unchallenged this dismal plea in behalf of those atrocious spiritual courts of England, — only asking the reader to mark the plea as indicating very significantly the mind of the writer as the defender of prelatical tyranny, — we come to a more important point. Mr. Oliver has misstated the fundamental idea, the leading purpose, of the exiles. They did not come hither for toleration. They did not believe in toleration. Not a line can be quoted from the pen of any one of them, which admits the wisdom or the abstract right of toleration. On the contrary, they spurned it, they used the utmost sharpness of rebuke and disclaimer whenever they spoke of it. At the close of a quarter of a century after the settlement of the Plymouth Colony, one of its magistrates did indeed move in its Court for a general toleration. The gentle Winslow wrote to the gentle Winthrop, "You would have admired to have seen how sweet this carrion relished to the pallate of most of the deputies." But the Plymouth Governor refused even to put the motion to vote, "as being that, indeed, which would eat out the power of godliness."

But, it will be insisted, the leaders of the Bay Colony aimed at least to secure toleration for themselves, for their own consciences, including their whims and scruples. No, we answer. The spirit which drove them was not so secular or selfish as that. They did not look for toleration from one another, they would not tolerate one another, except in subordination to a higher and nobler ideal, from the pursuit of which they derived

the whole impulse and inspiration of their work. Their positive, unselfish, and entirely ideal aim was to establish a Christian commonwealth in the wilderness, and to make themselves the subjects of it. They did not care to weigh the cost nor to estimate the endurance required, if so be they could realize that ideal. They expected to be taxed, to be fettered, to be trammelled, and to be ruled by a more rigid and exacting code than had ever before been imposed upon any race or society of men. They knew the terms and the constitution of the old Jewish theocracy, how burdensome and oppressive was its yoke, how omnipresent in house, temple, and field was its ritual sway, and how it ruled the liberty of the freemen of a divine kingdom with an iron sceptre, whose unrelenting rigor would have been called tyranny if it had not been in the hand of God. The Puritan conceived of a new theocracy in the wilderness, which should receive its statute law from the Gospel, while its common law rested upon the older revelation. Not for a more relaxed and easier submission, softened by the milder spirit of the Gospel, but for even a severer and more constraining subjection to a rule established in his will and in his thoughts, did the citizen of this new Christian commonwealth go forth with his little band into the wilderness. The Puritan believed that a holy nation might grow out of a pure church. He was bent on trying the experiment of subjecting his citizenship to a Gospel rule, and it seemed to him but a fair condition for the recognition of the right of fellow-citizenship in another, that he should give in his allegiance to Christ. We may say or think what we will of this ideal conception which floated before the believing vision of the Puritan. We may call it a chimera, or a sublime fancy, or an aim reasonable in itself, yet impracticable because of temporary or permanent obstacles in the way of its fulfilment. But we cannot do justice to the intent, we certainly cannot give a fair account of the "intolerance," of the Puritans, and, what is more than either of these things, we cannot explain the process by which our own noble institutions have been developed from Puritanism, without recognizing their leading and paramount aim in coming hither. It was not to escape fines and prisons, it was not to find a safe shelter for their own

freedom of thought and worship. They came to the wilderness to set up a Christian commonwealth, to establish a civil, social, and political order conformed to the Gospel, the citizens of which should be saints. They did not come to rid themselves of a tyrant on an earthly throne, but to subject themselves in allegiance to a Divine King. To every burden which they laid upon others they had bowed their own shoulders. They transferred their loyalty to Heaven.

The easy sentence of condemnation passed upon these exiled Puritans by some of their lighter critics, suggests that their own sufferings by persecution at home should have effectually secured them against the practice of it here. The lessons that are taught only in the passage of centuries cannot thus be forestalled by the transit over an ocean. The experience of the Puritans at home worked in fact toward a result directly opposite to that which this shallow criticism indicates for it. The English Church had trained the Puritans in the practice of persecution for opinion, and they brought the fruits of their training hither. Instead of having learned from their own perils and sufferings that intolerance was foolish and unjust, they had been made to believe that perfect tolerance was unsafe and ruinous. The whole effect of their religious nurture in England had prevailed to fix in them a conviction that religion could not and ought not to be left free from all oversight of human law. They had been taught that perfect liberty was not allowable, that persecution for opinion was allowable. They never disputed the truth of these assumptions, even when suffering under them; they but maintained that the liberty which *they* exercised was safe, and that *their own* suffering by persecution was unjust. The lesson that abstract liberty in opinion and worship must be restrained, had been indelibly stamped in their convictions by their own severe experience from it. The freest air of the wilderness could not at once dispel the effect of the vapors from their prison-life at home.

What can be more preposterous, what more false to history, than the following assertions advanced by Mr. Oliver? "The question whether the civil magistrate may lawfully punish for heresy, first [!] arose when Calvin burnt Servetus. Beza, the

associate of Calvin, maintained the affirmative; and the English exiles, who fled their country in dread of the persecuting Mary, learned from the master-spirits of the Reformation that the axe and fagot are lawful arguments in spiritual controversies. They carried these notions back to England, and from England they were brought to the New World." Passing by the reckless partisanship of this trifling with truth, — in which Mr. Oliver witlessly confounds himself by connecting the epithet *persecuting* with Mary, unless he means to represent her as a Puritan, — we find a very significant sentence on the next page. Our author, uttering a taunt, indorses the very truth which we have been pressing, in asserting that the Puritan had learned from his own mother Church that perfect tolerance was not allowable. He says: "His own vagaries had not been suffered in the land of his birth; was he to tolerate the vagaries of others in the land of his choice, in the home of his liberty?" No! we answer. It would have been expecting too much of the victims of the Star-Chamber and the High Commission to suppose that suffering for opinion's sake would make them tolerant of any notion, doctrine, or practice for which they could not find warrant in the Bible. After his unsparing detail of every case of severity here against heresy, Mr. Oliver says: "There were no laws in England for hanging or mutilating or flogging the king's subjects, because they did not profess the Puritan faith." Very true. The laws operated just the other way. The hangings, mutilatings, and floggings were for those who *did* profess the Puritan faith; the burnings, disembowellings, and quarterings, being confined to the land of their origin, among the former fellow-subjects of the Puritans, were never practised here.

With this training in the supposed necessity of violent means for repressing vagaries and heresies of religious opinion and practice, and guided by the vision of a Christian commonwealth to be established here, the Puritans began their wilderness work. Mr. Oliver, by his silence on a very important point, and the blinding stress which he lays on some other very subsidiary facts, deprives these exiles of the benefit of what they would have advanced as their main justification for their treatment of heretics. They acted under the persua-

sion that they had the absolute and exclusive ownership of the soil within the limits of their charter, saving only the rights of the red-men. From the moment in which they took possession, they had full power to keep out all whom they did not wish to have near them. Of this power they were entirely conscious. They were well aware what a degree of security it gave them, and it will be found that, in all their proceedings against obnoxious persons, they limited the sentence of banishment to the external bounds of the jurisdiction, and to that extent they exercised their prerogative with a confidence that no authority on the earth could question it. In all the previous attempts at colonization, the enterprise of the most patient and faithful had been defrauded of its reward by the disaffection or malice of individuals, generally such as filled subordinate positions. These disaffected persons would either remain to breed discord, or go home to England bearing ill-reports or scandals. The Massachusetts Company had had experience of such enemies, and knew how they had perilled or withstood the success of former undertakings. Probably we have no means of estimating the amount of mischief actually suffered from this cause, or the anxiety and apprehension which it brought with it for those who embarked their all of substance and of heart in these enterprises. In the original Plymouth Council Charter we find an emphatic reference to the case of mutinous and misbehaving persons as a possible source of harm to the projected colony. It was provided, that if any such offenders, after causing trouble in the plantation, should steal away, or be sent back to England, and should there "by insolent and contemptuous carriage divulge vile and scandalous reports of the country of New England, or of the government or estate of the said plantation or colony, to bring the said voyages and plantation into disgrace and contempt," they should be summarily dealt with by the Council of the Company in England, or else be remanded to New England, "to be proceeded against and punished" by the authorities here.

The Massachusetts Charter likewise granted full power to the Governor and Company "to encounter, expulse, repell, and resist by force of Armes, all such person and persons as

shall at any time hereafter attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment, or *annoyance* to the said plantation or inhabitants." The adventurers in this enterprise embarked their substance while they threw their zeal into the undertaking. All that came under the auspices of Winthrop and the Charter were either shareholders or their servants. The servants were subject by written contract to those who assumed the cost and risk of the enterprise. Now Mr. Oliver and other severe assailants of the Puritan leaders seem to wink all these facts out of sight, and to take for granted that the colonists opened here a free asylum for all sorts of vagabonds and fortune-hunters, somewhat like that which Romulus offered in his marauding citadel. The religious restriction upon the franchise is looked at by such censorious judges as simply an unrighteous denial of the rights of citizens. But it is to be remembered that a vote in any of the affairs of the Colony was a vote touching the security, the use, and the improvement of the private property and the corporate interests committed to it. By what rule of reason or of equity could the patentees have been held bound to allow to any chance comer among them the privilege of interfering in their affairs? They believed that their proprietary powers were absolute, that within the limits of their patent they could exercise an unfettered jurisdiction, and that they could fix the terms upon which they would receive new partners. A voter became a partner in territorial and proprietary rights. If the colonists had desired to live in social fellowship with all sorts of persons, holding all sorts of opinions, they would doubtless have remained at home; for about the time of their emigration England afforded a rare and rich variety of heretics and heresies. Their aim in leaving England was to get rid of certain things and persons, and their aim here was to keep rid of them. In nearly every case, the disturbers of their peace and the victims of their intolerance were offered the opportunity of leaving the jurisdiction unharmed. The land that lay within their bounds was theirs, — they would allow no nuisances here; there was no lack of space on the continent to harbor all intruders and malecontents: such could not stay here, — they might go where they pleased, provided they would

go off. One Philip Ratcliff, a servant of Governor Cradock, "spake boldly and wickedly against the government and governors here." He was whipped, and had his ears cut off. It was a barbarous punishment; but it was the same that Mr. Oliver's amiable Star-Chamber court, by the sentence of "that holy martyr, Archbishop Laud," visited upon Messrs. Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick. Poor Mr. Prynne was the victim of this sentence a second time, and so it was provided, that, having already lost his ears, "the remainder of his stumps should be cut off." Besse's "Sufferings of the Quakers" covers cases of outrage and violence on both sides of the ocean. Let Mr. Oliver's readers remember that Baxter and Bunyan were tried in England, not here.

A zealous champion of the stern magistrates and elders of Massachusetts might not shrink from the task of following the lead of Mr. Oliver in his detail of all their severities against heretics, with the purpose of clearing some of the darkness of the record. We attempt nothing of the kind. We have no palliation to offer, no plea to set up for their justification. Knowing how hard we ourselves should have fared at their hands, we discharge ourselves of the duty of their championship. And it is simply for the reason that we cannot justify them by our principles, that we insist upon their right to be judged by their own principles. With due commiseration for all the sufferers by their intolerance, we must remember that they never went out of their way nor out of their bounds to inflict it. Their victims came to them, and provoked punishment by their obstinacy, or offered stoutly to meet the consequences of their heresy, — with the single exception of the followers of Mrs. Hutchinson, and then the issue was a strife between parties nearly equal in strength, and fully equal in mutual intolerance. We cannot, with Mr. Oliver, single out the fathers of Massachusetts for especial condemnation as persecutors, nor can we emphasize their intolerance as standing forth in peculiarly dark colors upon the pages of ecclesiastical history, which has the same sad tale to tell of every age and every party in the Christian Church. When Mr. Oliver's friend, Mr. Randolph, set up his commission here, he commenced the same practice of intolerance.

To one who can yield to the more genial spirit which kindles over the fantastic and humorous points presented here and there in an otherwise most sombre record, there is material for pleasanter meditation even on this theme. There is something almost provocative of smiles in looking upon all the annoying, irritating, and vexatious discipline to which a most motley succession of heretics subjected those grim elders and magistrates. They seemed to be the mark and butt for all sorts of exorbitant and teasing men and women. Look at the matter as a trial of wits, an arraying of notions and scruples and extravagances often very equally matched against each other, and as an ingeniously devised and most effective process for working out some of the problems as to the fertility and the safety of free speculation. The poor Puritans were set upon by a series of the most provoking tormentors. The very gates of Pandemonium seem to have been opened upon them. Had they remained at home, they could hardly have encountered, by seeking after them, such a rare assortment of vagaries and offensive tenets as came to force themselves upon their notice in their wilderness retreat. Every headland in the Bay they found on their coming to be occupied by some mysterious and unaccountable characters, afterwards spoken of as a class by the designation of "the old planters." Each of these lonely residents had an old-world history behind him. How they came here, and when, and why, were of course matters of exceeding interest, as well as of misgiving and suspicion to the band of adventurers. Every one of them had to be "dealt with" sooner or later. Walford, the smith, with his wife, who resided at Charlestown, and who tinkered up arms for the Indians; Maverick, the man of pleasure, and "the only hospitable man in the Bay," of whose treatment of "the negro wench who had been a queen in Africa" we have so sad, though quaintly told, a tale; Blackstone, who rode over the otherwise tenantless peninsula of Boston "on a tame bull," — were all of them characters to exercise the curiosity and the patience of the Puritans. Thomas Morton, with his scandalous May-pole and other wild doings on his "Merry Mount," and Sir Christopher Gardiner, "an ecclesiastical person under Popish orders," and that pretty female cousin

of his, with whom he was suspected of living "after the Italian method," soon found a resolute hand laid upon them. Roger Williams, "the conscientious contentious person," having "a windmill in his head"; Samuel Gorton, that wild forerunner of our modern transcendentalists, who had a vast deal of method in his madness; Ann Hutchinson, with "her nimble tongue" and her odious enlistment of the "good wives" of the country in the sharp debates of unintelligible controversy, — succeeded one another just rapidly enough to prove to the Puritans how many angles there were in the problem they had undertaken to solve. What a rich and manifold experience it was! Scruples of conscience, and transcendental mystifications, and all sorts of premature intuitions, seem to have been called into being then for the special purpose of trying the tempers of our poor elders and magistrates. As soon as they had escorted a heretic out of the jurisdiction, he tried to pick up a companion, and, failing in that, faced about and got back here as soon as his conductors. As soon as one heresy was disposed of, another a little more exorbitant turned up in its place. They furnished our fathers the horn-books and the birch rods for whipping into full-grown pupils the master science of toleration. And the Puritans learned the lesson. Yes, they learned it thoroughly in the only way in which it could be taught or learned. The tuition was as difficult as would be the study of entomology beneath the full sun of the tropics, when all manner of gnats, sand-flies, centipedes, and other vermin, were strugglingly intruding themselves upon notice, and asking to have their species classified. When Mrs. Hutchinson was "convented" for heresy, Rev. Zechariah Symmes testified as a fellow-passenger with her hither a few years before, that he heard her "broach her revelations" then. Those long passages with their discussions and dreams, a constant reading of the Old Testament, the wilderness solitude, and free converse about all the shapings of mysteries and realities, were marvellous generators of heretical stuff. As soon as the material was out of the loom, sometimes before, it was brought to the notice of the men of Massachusetts, who were the constituted triers of such products, as they have since been the manufac-

turers of them for this whole continent. The Dutchmen at Manhattan, the rollicking Cavaliers in Virginia, never undertook such offices, and never were solicited to do so. Massachusetts set up for the business, and had enough of it. Mr. Oliver reads the history, finding one moral in it; we read it, finding another. The fires are out of those ashes of ancient strife, and their heat is cooled. We will grieve over the pages where we cannot help it; but we are determined at times to have our quiet smile over them. We think the heretics and their persecutors were often well matched in drawn games. What is the need of using vinegar for writing about those times now?

We have not space to reckon with Mr. Oliver at any length for his most perverse and embittered way of representing the course of the founders of Massachusetts towards the Indians. So grossly unjust is he in this part of his work, that cautious readers will find a spirit in his pages which will warn them against accepting his statements. It is indeed a sad record, even when most strictly conformed to truth, and relieved by every possible suggestion that will explain its darkest incidents and soften its most painful details. We do not undertake to show that our fathers behaved like wise, humane, and Christian persons toward the natives of this soil; for we are persuaded that they did not. And here again, as we cannot vindicate them by our principles, we must insist upon their being judged by their own. The melancholy story is too complicated to be despatched as it is by Mr. Oliver. He is not content with severity, but has recourse to misrepresentation. By quoting from Puritan writers disconnected lines, half-lines, or phrases, he appears to convict them of the most drivelling cant and of the blankest hypocrisy, as well as of the basest treachery in regard to their own treaties. If Mr. Oliver had read one tenth part of the voluminous publications printed either here or in England for the sake of exciting or of displaying the results of a Christian and humane zeal in the work of converting the Indians, he could not but have stood self-convicted by the thought that he was wronging the dead of his own lineage while pleading for the poor barbarians. There is proof, however, that he had read enough to know

that the Puritans did try devotedly and arduously, though not wisely, to be the means of civilizing and converting the savages. They engaged in the work, blindly perhaps, but earnestly and heroically, at the cost of much self-sacrifice. And they deserve the more credit for this, because of their superstitious notions and their English pride, which greatly embarrassed their measures. The savages were to them a mysterious race, unaccounted for, but of a most dark and suspicious generation. Some few of the Puritans tried to regard them as descended from a remnant of the lost tribes of Israel; but more were inclined to view them as lineal heirs and servants of the kingdom of the Evil One. Their barbarous names seemed to befit only a generation of imps and infernals. Hubbard says, that, when the Indians made their first overtures of friendship, the planters hardly knew whether to refuse or to accept, "not much unlike them who hold a wolf by the ears." The Puritans got the dark natives with their devil-worship mixed up in their minds, in some unaccountable way, with the vials and the plagues in the Apocalypse. Lechford says that none were sent out by any church to learn the natives' language, or to instruct them in religion: "First, because they say they have not to do with them without, unlesse they come to heare and learn English. Secondly, some say out of *Revela.* 15. *last*, it is not probable that any nation more can be converted, til the calling of the Jews: til the seven plagues are finished, and the seventh viall," &c.

The treaties made with these dreaded neighbors were but discreditable specimens of the science of diplomacy. Fear, policy, and perhaps cunning, influenced both parties to them, equally. That our fathers were intentionally treacherous towards the Indians in any instance, we cannot admit. The intrigues and rivalries in which the natives were constantly engaged with one another in tribes and parties, their mutual jealousies, and their sudden freaks, occasioned incessant alarm to the settlers, and at the same time made it impossible to hold peaceful relations with all of them. When the dread of midnight burnings and of the fiendish war-whoop passed through the straggling habitations of the whites, it was difficult for them to philosophize as Mr. Oliver does. While

men, women, and children, cowering in their pallets, were trying to distinguish the howl of the wolf from the screech of the human tiger, Mr. Oliver refers their fear to "guilty apprehensions," because in their dealings with the Indians they had proved recreant to all the claims of humanity and integrity. He tells us that that "master-spirit, King Philip" of Mount Hope, in his revenge, after exciting the red-men to arms from the Atlantic to the Hudson, destroyed twelve towns and greatly injured many more, slew six hundred of the very flower of the country, embracing members of every family in New England, and caused a loss of nearly a million of dollars. True. But is it strange that the Puritans feared all this beforehand from men who proved themselves able to accomplish it? In fifty years, says our author, the Puritans "swept from New England one hundred thousand human beings." But why should he have added to that appalling statement the following assertion, to which we will attach no epithet, though it deserves the worst: "For these unhappy heathen souls, no Puritan historian, magistrate, or elder, then or since, has expressed a word of pity, or breathed a penitential prayer"? Our author even complains that "the coloring of romance, which might so easily have been given to the Indian wars, and which would have served to disguise, partially at least, their amazing atrocity, is not to be found on the pages of the stern annalists of Plymouth or Massachusetts." True, again. We have observed that those who have had to meet the realities of barbarian massacres are generally quite neglectful of the romance that may be in them. That element they leave for subsequent writers. The author ungenerously conceals the painful efforts made to confine many young sons of the forest to the irksome tasks of the school-room and College at Cambridge, only one of whom escaped the fangs of consumption long enough to take a degree. He makes but an ungracious acknowledgment of the heroic consecration of Eliot and the Mayhews to their toils, while he says nothing about a host of their contemporaries and successors who labored till hope died in a most thankless undertaking. Yet he can write most gracefully and lovingly of the Jesuit missionaries, as they scoured the wilderness, bearing with them a doll dressed in

flaring bright calico petticoats as the Virgin Mary, and occasionally exciting their wild converts to sack and burn our border settlements. Most gingerly, too, can he write about the utter failure of the efforts of the Virginia Company, "proceeding on wrong, yet generous principles." He accounts for "the failure of the Anglican Church" missions in a way which we have not time to criticise.

But we must find a close. Yet we must not omit a reference to the most original and startling of all the incidental contents of Mr. Oliver's volume. If the assertion we are about to quote from him were only true, it would indeed carry with it a mortal stab at the hearts of many of our Fourth of July orators. The assertion is even this, that the rulers of Massachusetts in 1643 admitted that they were represented in the British Parliament by the knights and burgesses of the royal manor of East Greenwich, whence the tenure of their patent derived certain immunities from all feudal exactions. Yes, these rebels in the grain when they left England, these fathers of fully developed rebels, — who from the beginning omitted the King's name and inserted their own higher authority in their writs and other legal processes, who were slow to proclaim any new succession to the English throne, who bearded the commissioners of King and Parliament, who coined their own money in their own mint, and who sheltered hunted regicides, — these ever unloyal exiles, the date of whose first real declaration of independence it is utterly impossible to fix, — acknowledged that they had *bona fide* representatives among the Commons of England! Mr. Oliver is positive, and he reiterates his assertion. The reader who is curious to know what ground he has for this startling novelty must consult Winthrop (II. 182), and find it in a sly and guarded suggestion, dropped in a meeting of magistrates and elders, for the sake of getting round a weather-point.

We will part from the book before us in good temper. The author relentingly tells us, that if good King Charles — whose pious missionary zeal our fathers so hypocritically imposed upon — "could have looked further into futurity, and beheld the rising England of the New World perpetuating the glories

of the mother country, doubtless the pious monarch would have furthered the schemes of the uneasy Puritans, and rendered their secret intrigues unnecessary." We fear they would have dreaded his furtherance more than they did his opposition. He admits that "the institutions" developed from Massachusetts Puritanism "have made the wilderness to blossom as the rose." His intimation, however, is, that these institutions sprang from the discomfiture of Puritanism. Still they were reared without the slightest help, except in the way of warning, from the two principles which Mr. Oliver most adores, — Monarchy and Prelacy. England's first rebel colony has reflected back upon the mother country more honor than all her loyal colonies.

ART. VIII. — *Annals of the American Pulpit; or Commemorative Notices of Distinguished American Clergymen of Various Denominations, from the Early Settlement of the Country to the Close of the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five. With Historical Introductions.* By WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D. Vols. I. and II. *Trinitarian Congregationalists*, New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 723, 778.

WE wish the poet had put the same thought into a statelier or more eloquent form than the perpetually quoted line,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

It tells a truth which needs repeating so often, that no one phrase, unless very nicely worded, can safely sustain the reiteration. Such a royal text-book as a Lexicon of Biographical Annals supplies for this study, can of course accept so readily no less comprehensive sentiment as a just introduction to public notice.

Man, even taken miscellaneously and without classification, claims and rewards study as no other subject but his Creator can. But man, perused in historic developments, in his gen-

erations, — those of special vitality in themselves, or those most influential in their effects upon other generations, — man preparing for eras, evolving eras, or as evolved by eras, — man in the great classifications which religious, political, and social life requires and creates, — offers superlative attractions to every intellect studious of its kind. A subdivision of one section of one class of men, whose names are gathered and arranged on the line of the few generations composing our national life, is introduced to the reading world in the volumes named above.

Few treatises ever solicited public notice with fuller and richer material for *study of character*, than these. They summon our interest by unusual qualities. Ten thousand families, and twice ten thousand persons, search such annals for matters more or less personal. Dim shadows of ancestors are sought there; glimpses of forces or beauties of character, coveted or thought to be perpetuated in living descendants; links for the impaired or broken chains of family histories and pedigrees, — are looked for in such books. And when personal incentives cease, that deep instinctive interest, common to all men in the story of any human career, prolongs the charm and power of the record.

These volumes have an incidental advantage of no little force in addition to those named. Ten years' work is in them. An industry that divides our surprise and admiration, a kind of coral-insect diligence, has reared these piles. It is a law greatly creditable to human nature, that true labor is invariably respected. That which costs time-consuming toil, be it an ivory crucifix almost pulsing with life, or a cathedral needing centuries in which to grow to completion, or a poem, chronicle, or history, in which years of unwearied study have hidden their treasures, — whatever the work produced, to know that it embodies long-protracted diligence adds an interest and merit to whatever intrinsic worth it else might claim. Both the structure of these Annals and the recorded fact testify to the long and patient toil they cost. The dignity lent by enduring purpose and by manly labor, and, yet more, the true pledge of faithful endeavor involved in such labor, give a noble rank to this work.

Until we reflect upon the force of quality in a product, the worth of this element of toil is not fully felt. But let accredited scholarship, for instance, conclude, and convince the world, that the Æneid was the product of twenty weeks, instead of as many years, how would its hold upon the esteem of scholars be loosened! The confident plaudit of the cultured and learned would subside into hesitating admiration and critical scepticism. Its merit as a model would at once be denied. Truth, the child of time, would not own it as now. Build a St. Peter's by the job, and put into its history the boast of vain contractors, that the great temple was merely a six years' task, how would its stately fame dwindle! The years spent on such creations are taken in part as testimonials of the genuine merits to be looked for in them. So we are glad that these massive Annals were not a piece of vacation pastime, nor a gush from a four weeks' impulse, — a kind of flippant pretence which this hurrying and impatient age is very fond of setting up about anything it performs. We revere the work as a growth, a thing of time; it can be better trusted. The roots strike deeper, we think; and the branches stand the firmer for it.

These, too, are accounts of men held in repute in their own day. The prime and controlling incidents of any life that has come to renown, strongly and fitly engage our interest; for incidents in themselves attract us, and when they bear the lustre of a success to which they visibly contributed, when they are seen to be the necessary accessories to a final fame, they draw us by a vastly heightened force.

No department of American public life — except perhaps that of the transition career of the Revolutionary fathers — has been so fully recorded as the clerical. But the records have been among the most fragmentary elements of our literature; each life a sphere by itself, and the memorial of it designed either for local use or for the interests of local friendship. A state church or a clergy in any such connection as would have required a legal registration of names, dates, inductions, and removals, would have produced a much more accessible, though less truthful and faithful, record of the men whose names are not willingly left to die.

The structure of Dr. Sprague's work is hence quite largely compilation, — the gathering into consecutive chronicle of the vastly diffused memorials which his research through the land has found and acquired. His plan constrained him to become to a great extent a friendly editor, and the courtesy on which he was compelled to rely in collecting his materials must have sometimes precluded his careful taste and discrimination from their wonted office. But generally there is little to offend, even where much would be looked for.

Such a promiscuous authorship can hardly be found in so small a space. "About five hundred and forty contributors" in the fifteen hundred pages produce a diversity which none but a master could combine into an agreeable unity. The biographies are, some of them, sketches traced in former generations; many of them by aged persons who had survived the executive vigor of mind; and among the writers are persons with all varieties of culture, taste, and acquirement. To adjust and *adjoint* these with a tolerable harmony was a task which a feeble or inexpert hand might better have left alone. The admirable management — we want to say *manœuvring* — by which these troops are got into marching order, is a charm of the work, and a marked proof of excelling authorship, or generalship.

The reader is sometimes perplexed to say which interests him most, the writers or the men written about. Indeed, we found ourselves amused once or twice in noticing how the mind unconsciously crept away from the portrait, and gazed at the painter, as the more engaging of the two; just as dull schoolboys will sometimes show exceeding interest in the explanation of a theorem on the wall, while the interest is wholly in the master's vivacity or grace of manner, not at all in the theorem. We imagine that Dr. Sprague must often have found rich relief in his unexampled labors from this source, — a choice, excellent letter, arriving now and then, refreshing his spirit, much as the aroma from parcels of spices does the tired merchant who has brought them in his ship. This, moreover, is one of the useful services these Annals may render, — eliciting and preserving specimens of skilful biography. It will be in part a book

of models to this memoir-craving and memoir-scribbling generation. A genuine service — we hope it may be taken for — is this, of setting an example of that comprehensive, discriminating biography which is alone of real value to the living. How little a third or fourth generation care to retain of those famed in their own times, may here be learned.

We care so much to enforce this suggestion, that we resort to a few selections to illustrate, and we hope impress it. Professor Felton, of Cambridge, gives this admirable picture of Dr. Popkin: —

"My personal acquaintance with Dr. Popkin commenced in 1823. I knew him more as a teacher and Professor of Greek than as a preacher, though he still continued to supply the pulpit, occasionally, in the College Chapel, and the neighboring churches, for a considerable number of years after that time. He was a man of singular modesty, and during his connection with the Federal Street Society was constantly oppressed with a nervous apprehension that he was not qualified to discharge the responsible duties of a clergyman in such a community. His discourses, however, according to the traditions of the Society, and as appears from his published works, were able, pious, and often eloquent; and parishioners by no means shared in the opinion of his qualifications entertained by himself. In the Society of Newbury he felt better satisfied with the sphere of his labors and duties. . . . . He could not, I believe, have found a congregation of people better suited to his habits and turn of mind, or more disposed to a just appreciation of his worth. Assured, as he soon was, of their entire confidence and affection, he felt no restraint among them from the peculiarities of temperament which he was so conscious of possessing, but enjoyed the utmost freedom in his social and parochial visits. Dr. Popkin was in truth a model minister, as he had been a model scholar. His pastoral duties, in season and out of season, were performed with a most hearty fidelity. The sick and the poor were never forgotten by him. His darling studies could not detain him a moment from any call to them. In all his parochial intercourse he was so kind, sympathizing, and generous, — so frank, pleasant, and apt in his remarks and interchange of good feeling and good humor, — that he was a most welcome guest with every class of people, and made to feel that he was welcome, not only as their minister, but as a friend and companion.

"In a technical sense, Dr. Popkin was not an orator. His nervous susceptibility, amounting at times to intellectual timidity, prevented him from doing justice in public to the great powers which he unquestionably

possessed. He always preached from written discourses. His manner, though sometimes agitated, and never conforming to the rules of polished delivery, was solemn, impressive, and well suited to command the attention of an audience. His devotional exercises were fervent and earnest in the highest degree. His voice was naturally rich and powerful, and, with the training to which a man ambitious of public distinctions would have subjected himself, might have become the organ of most effective oratory. In person, Dr. Popkin was tall, well-proportioned, and commanding. His head was large, his features massive, and his brain capacious. His walk was upright, and his step firm and vigorous, until, as he approached the age of fourscore, his figure bowed under the load of years, and he supported his yielding limbs by a staff. There was a singular power in the antique grandeur and simplicity of his presence; and his conversation, notwithstanding his melancholy temperament, was rich with racy wit, quaint expression, solid sense, and comprehensive scholarship; and his character in general was strongly marked with 'that simplicity, wherein' — to borrow the striking words of Thucydides — 'nobleness of nature most largely shares.' His religious views were what are called Evangelical, as distinguished from Unitarian and Rationalistic; but he never took part in theological controversy, and refused to be called after the leader of any particular sect. Being once asked by an anxious lady of his parish if he was a Hopkinsian, — a sectarian designation formerly much in vogue in the religious circles, — he replied, 'Madam, I am a *Popkinsian*.' A short time before his resignation, he withdrew from the College Chapel, and joined the Orthodox Congregational Society. Finally he sought rest in the Episcopal Church, finding much to approve in its quiet and moderation, and having become satisfied by the study of the early ecclesiastical writers that liturgies were used by the primitive Christians. Here, as elsewhere, his singleness of heart, integrity of life, consistent piety, modesty, and self-distrust, were daily exhibited. The confessions of sin in the offices of the Church express deep and earnest humility; but he was accustomed to say, 'I would fain have them more and deeper.' . . . . .

"Dr. Popkin was never married. In his youth and early manhood he is said to have been not deficient in a taste for social life; but many amusing stories used to be told of his shyness in the presence of women, and of his aversion to the thought of marriage. It was jokingly asserted, that the only fault he ever found with his favorite language, the Greek, was that it had a dual number. Yet there was a tradition long current in College, that, in the circle which Mr. Popkin occasionally frequented in his youth, there was an amiable and accomplished person

to whose attractions he was not insensible. But whatever feeling warmer than friendship may have found place in his breast, it probably remained a secret to all but himself, and was only a matter of inference with the spectators. Half a century afterwards, on the death of an estimable and venerable lady, Dr. Popkin, contrary to the long fixed habits of his life, attended her funeral, and followed her in his carriage to the grave. Perhaps some lingering memory of an early dream of romance, untold at the time, but unforgotten afterwards, may still have dwelt in that lonely heart." — Vol. II. pp. 436 – 438.

As an example of condensed description, we offer a part of the account of Professor Eliphalet Pearson, LL. D., given by Rev. Daniel Waldo, the nonagenarian Chaplain of the last Congress.

"Everything about Dr. Pearson was in admirable keeping. He had a noble, commanding person, which looked like a tower of strength. His face was indicative at once of strong thought and strong feeling. If you had met him casually, without knowing who he was, and he had not opened his lips, you would have been impelled to the conclusion that he was an extraordinary man. His mind was a great storehouse of knowledge, and it was not easy to introduce a subject, especially one connected with literature or science, on which he was not perfectly at home. He seemed familiar with the whole history of learning, and his conversation was enlivened by pertinent and endlessly varied illustrations. His taste was most exact; and I have understood from those who have been his pupils, that, as a critic, he was well-nigh without a rival. In all my intercourse with him, I uniformly found him courteous and kind, and, I may say, a very model of politeness; and yet I always knew that he had at his command a fearfully stern manner; if occasion required, he could wrap himself in a thunder-cloud and make every look a dagger; but I believe he never did this, except in what he considered cases of flagrant delinquency. He was quick to discover an overbearing spirit in others, and had as little patience with it, I believe, as most other people. A young man was sent to the Seminary at Andover, who not only made no profession of religion, but was said to have doubts in regard to the truth of Christianity, and withal had a severe and ungovernable temper. He became a member of the institution by his father's particular request, in the hope that he might be spiritually benefited by living in such an atmosphere, and the result was that he was really hopefully converted, and has since made a useful and somewhat distinguished minister. After he professed to hope that he had experienced a change of character, Dr.

Pearson undertook to examine him in regard to his Christian evidences, and one of the first questions he asked him was, whether he was able to keep in subjection that hitherto ungovernable temper. It was said that the answer he received was such as to show at least that grace had not had its perfect work." — Vol. II. pp. 128, 129.

Another example of comprehensive summary is found in the sketch of Seth Payson, D. D., of Rindge, N. H., by Isaac Robinson, D. D., of Stoddard.

"He was a son of the Rev. Phillips Payson, who was a native of Dorchester; was graduated at Harvard College in 1724; was ordained at Walpole, Mass., September 16, 1730, and died January 22, 1778, at the age of seventy-four. He was a highly respectable and excellent minister. He published two Fast Sermons, occasioned by the war with Spain, 1741. The son was born in September, 1758. Little is now known respecting his early youth, except that he had a feeble constitution, and was subject to epilepsy, which threatened him with loss of reason, and premature death. He was, however, free from that malady during the greater part of his life, and enjoyed vigorous health till within less than a year of his death. In 1773, he entered Harvard College, ... and when he graduated, in 1777, he received one of the highest honors in his class.

"It was universally conceded that Dr. Payson possessed much more than common abilities. His intellect was sharp and vigorous, his imagination lively, and his memory highly retentive. His acquisitions were extensive and varied; and there were few subjects on which he could not converse with intelligence, and no class of men that were not interested in listening to him. He was known as a distinguished civilian in New Hampshire, and for two years successively held a seat in the Senate of that State, and was regarded as one of the ablest of its members. But though he paid considerable attention to political economy and was somewhat in political life, yet theology was his favorite study and the ministry his favorite work. As his ideas were admirably arranged in his own mind, so he was able to communicate them to others with great clearness and force. His brethren in the ministry were always gratified and edified by his conversation. As a preacher, his reputation was deservedly high. His sermons were plain, luminous expositions of Divine truth, fitted at once to secure attention, to awaken the conscience, and impress the heart. He excelled especially in devotional exercises. Free alike from affectation, uniformity, and tedious repetition, his prayers were appropriate and impressive to a degree rarely surpassed." — Vol. II. pp. 209, 210.

A specimen of mingled eulogy and history occurs in the sketch attached to a familiar name among the elders.

"Cotton Mather's character was a strange mixture of strength and weakness, of desirable and undesirable qualities. It cannot be doubted that the ruling passion of his life was for doing good..... His learning was probably more varied and extensive than that of any other person in America. Dr. Chauncy, who knew him well, pronounces him the greatest reader he ever knew; and he seems to have remembered everything he read. He could despatch a folio of many hundred pages in the course of a morning; and he wrote as well as read with almost unexampled rapidity. His library was larger than any other private library in America in his day. In order to save himself from unnecessary intrusions upon his time, he wrote over his study door in capital letters, — 'BE SHORT.' He was accustomed every morning to read a chapter of the Old Testament in Hebrew, and another in French, and a chapter of the New Testament in Greek. He was familiar with the Spanish and Iroquois languages, and published treatises in both. There were two books in which he wrote something every day; one was his *Quotidiana*, in which he transcribed striking passages from the works that he read; the other was his diary, in which he noted passing events, and especially his religious frames and feelings.

"His publications amounted to three hundred and eighty-two. A large part of them were single sermons and other tracts; but others were of considerable magnitude. The largest and most celebrated is his 'Magnalia Christi Americana, or the Ecclesiastical History of New England from its first Planting in 1625, to the Year 1698.'.....

"His habits of devotion and self-discipline were truly remarkable. The principle of association he turned to good account in the cultivation of a devotional spirit. When he heard a clock strike, he would pray that he might so number his days as to apply his heart to wisdom. When he mended his fire, it was with a prayer that his love and zeal might be kindled into a flame. When at the table, looking on the gentlewoman that carved for the guests, he said to himself, 'Lord, carve a rich portion of thy comforts and graces to that person.' Looking on a gentlewoman stricken in years, 'Lord, adorn that person with the virtues which thou prescribest for aged women.' So when he walked in the streets, he implored blessings upon those who passed by him. At the sight of a tall man, he said, 'Lord, give that man high attainments in Christianity.' For a lame man, 'Lord, help that man to walk uprightly.' For a negro, 'Lord, wash that poor soul;

make him white by the washing of thy Spirit.' For a very little man, 'Lord, bestow great blessings on that man.' For a very old man, 'Lord, make him an old disciple,' &c., &c., &c. It appears from his diary that in one year he kept sixty fasts and twenty vigils; and the whole number of days of fasting that he observed, as stated by his son in his funeral sermon, was four hundred and fifty." — Vol. I. pp. 193, 194.

These volumes are rich indeed in finished specimens of that difficult art which chooses the really elemental and constituent forces of character, and so portrays what culture has added to the gifts of nature, as not to confound the two or wrong either. The jumble of qualities which many modern biographies display shows that the authors do not understand their own work.

We cannot forbear transferring one picture of the death of a good man, partly to extend the acquaintance with so sweet a scene, and partly as a specimen of simple, impressive detail. It is that of Thomas Hooker, 1633–1647, a fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, a minister at Chelmsford in Essex, silenced by the "Spiritual Court" in 1630, an exile in Holland three years. He fled from England in 1633, and arrived at Boston in the autumn of that year. With admirable courage and enterprise, after two years and a half, he and a part of his flock — the Church in Cambridge — set out for the Connecticut, and reached Hartford in about a month. After eleven years' service, "while he was yet in the midst of his usefulness," he fell a victim to a violent epidemic. The death-scene, as drawn by Cotton Mather, is as follows: —

"In the time of his sickness, he did not say much to the standers-by; but being asked that he would utter his apprehensions about some important things, especially about the state of New England, he answered, 'I have not that work now to do; I have already declared the counsel of the Lord.' And when one that stood weeping by his bedside said to him, 'Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors,' he replied, '*Brother, I am going to receive mercy.*' At last he closed his eyes with his own hands, and gently stroking his own forehead, with a smile in his countenance, he gave a little groan, and so expired his blessed soul into the arms of his fellow-servants, the holy angels, on July 7, 1647. In which last hours, the glorious peace of soul which

he had enjoyed without any interruption for near thirty years together so gloriously accompanied him, that a worthy spectator, writing to Mr. Cotton a relation thereof, made this reflection: 'Truly, Sir, the sight of his death will make me have more pleasant thoughts of death than ever I yet had in my life.'" — Vol. I. pp. 34, 35.

With much approval we mention the notes, or the sub-sketches of persons incidentally named in the text. They contribute greatly to the completeness of the work, and alone would form a volume worthy the endeavor of an ordinary ambition; and they are priceless here, as the elements of future extended annals. This toil was assumed wholly by the author; and, as a mere supplement, impresses the reader with the immense range of inquiry, personal knowledge, and tireless care he has expended on the work. We have been tempted to call this feature a specimen of that not uncommon afterthought of authorship which is sometimes found to be the master-thought in the real worth of a book. We have known a foot-note, of very harmless intentions, to raise a tempest of popular concern, while the discourse or treatise to which it was appended would have gone to speedy oblivion, had not the note held it back to serve as a finger-post to its own locality. Not that in any such sense Dr. Sprague's notes hold the vitality of this work; but so far as his skill and assiduity are at stake, they are rather his best pledges. We beg that the next edition may have a special index-table of the names in these notes. Some invaluable keys to fuller biography are contained in them, and there is now no special guide to them.

Another eminent merit of the Annals is the lists of publications left by the persons they commemorate. These lists bring to us the themes of thought, and outline for us the grand thought-work of the generations along which they lie. The titles of the pamphlets and books of any period are a forcible record of what the men of that period were meditating, — of what subjects and interests engaged the mind and study of their times. These now too Sibylline leaves hold the wisdom, faith, and spiritual portraiture of those gone before us. They are a species of transcript from the life-journal of their respective spheres of duty. If these

lists were gathered out of the Annals into a special catalogue, they would form a priceless *index temporum*, a choice portfolio of the minds and hearts producing them, and also of the opinions, dogmas, studies, and acquirements of the days in which they were written. The extent and apparent accuracy of these lists are remarkable, and much enhance the honors of this masterly labor.

Another quality to be spoken of is the incessant glimpses of forgotten literature and biography found here. Books long ago passed from the knowledge of most men are continually reappearing by extracts or references; not only reminding the reader of their existence, but, by the often striking selections from them, inviting him to seek them out for further perusal. It was a characteristic saying of Chalmers, that "a great part of learning is to know where learning can be found." Pre-eminently is it so, in relation to such learning as these Annals are filled with. It is a praiseworthy service to this class of letters, to point us to the chambers, closets, and garrets in which so much of the knowledge vital to a just judgment of our ecclesiastical past is hidden.

More difficult than in most books we have dealt with have we here found it to keep the author fully in sight. He is but a man, and though of special interest to us while reading, yet because he is continually bringing before us persons attractive from all the diversity of traits which men admire in one another, we continually forget the one living man in the multitude of famous and revered dead to whom he introduces us. And this has put us upon picturing the subjects of his pious toil as a long gallery, — all living, — in all their characteristic activities, busy in their sacred spheres. What a company! When had the world, in the same space, such a group of men? What other generations ever wore such jewels as these? Name a characteristic which the Christian world accounts as deserving fame, and number the examples which illustrate it, from among these. What style of heroism, of moral and manly courage, has not been exemplified, — what dignity not adorned, — what devotion, what self-denial and self-sacrifice, not equalled? What genius, scholarship, eloquence, power in argument, force in appeal, felicity in persua-

sion, charm in private virtues and personal excellences, finds not in these Annals eminent instances, yea, cherished models?

Survey the royal procession: the feet of the earliest ranks bathed by the surf of Massachusetts Bay, the footprints of the later ones midway across the Continent. Is not all their way radiant, — the path that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day"? Consider the forces proceeding from this noble line of men, outward upon society. What examples of the faith that overcomes; of singleness of heart and fervor of hope, which no temptations or trials could pervert or quench; of perception and power in philosophy, waiting yet to be matched by any school or master; of a love of learning which patiently planted the lands with schools; of a warmth of religious zeal which tamed the rude Indian, and made him a pupil of the Divine Word in his own almost unconquerable speech, and which devised plans by which missionaries of the Gospel have been sent into almost every tribe of the race? Where, we ask, were such forces of character ever shown by any equal number of men?

With reverence we contemplate the saintly throng; stopping a moment now and then, as some striking eminence or winning grace comes to view, — the masterly Robinson, the apostolic Eliot, the learned Hooker, the erudite Mathers, the seraphic Shepard, the eccentric Moodys, the subtile Edwards, the classic Stiles, the dialectic Emmons, the serenely philosophic Woods, the scholar-Christian, Bela B. Edwards; and, of youthful fame, the laborious John King Lord, ending his glowing life at thirty years, and the cultured, engaging William Bradford Homer, gaining in his twenty-four years of Christian loveliness a rank among scholars, a hold upon hearts which twice his lifetime will not loosen, and the tribute of one of the choicest memoirs extant from the pen of his revered teacher and fervent friend, Professor Park. In a letter near the close of the last volume, from Professor Huntington, concerning this gifted youth, there is another name mentioned, which, though not found in the index, claims a word from our personal affection, Henry J. Bancroft, an almost daily intimate with Homer, and like him gifted in mind, — touched with fervors of sensibility, a Christian-poet flame, before which his

life fell an early prey. "His soul was all *quick*," says the friendly letter which introduces him to this volume. The sentence is a true epitome of the character. These beloved and precious young men fitly close this remarkable group. The world, we think, will be slow to turn their eyes from them. Strong persuasions draw us to bear them in reverent and affectionate remembrance.

One of our most eminent scholars has written, "If we cut ourselves off from the past, we shall be disowned in the future." Such annals as these, beyond any work short of elaborate history, join us to the past, and teach us how to win a remembrance from the future. The powers of our life are too frail, its day too short, to complete any career so as to be worthy of remembrance, unless we bring from the past wisdom, impulse, and such portions of a finished life as can be transferred from one generation to another. This neglected, there inevitably results a barren, unshapen existence, lacking the friendly fruitage of a reverent, generous knowledge of men, and sympathy with them. These defects justly diminish our merit in the eye of our contemporaries, and provoke the future to judge, that, as we made no account of those who were ancestors to us, we can have little claim on those to whom we in turn are ancestors. Moreover, we justly owe the future a debt for the past. The services of those who went before us are a claim on us payable to those who shall succeed us. Yet further, unless we carefully gather the rills and streams descending from events of earlier times, they soon will be choked and buried by the digging and piling of this age of pickaxes and spades; and so our neglect will not only rob us of the benefits of such recollections, but will also preclude our wiser posterity from reaching them. Each generation must be a channel between those before it and those coming after, or the stream of history can have no sure and even flow. We are bound by historic gratitude to gather with care the *res gestæ* of ancestors, and to leave them within the reach of those to whom we shall yield place.

We mentioned it gratefully, that no department of American public life, excepting perhaps that of the early fathers of the Revolution, has more faithful record than the clerical; and

perhaps in point of influence and of positive public efficiency, through the earlier periods at least, this was the foremost profession. We are persuaded, however, that a similar service to this of Dr. Sprague would be a memorable benefit to the other commonly styled "professions." We should fervently welcome "annals" of the lawyers and of the physicians of our country. We think that a substantial and friendly buttress of the merited reputation and influence of these professions would be built up by such works. Scores of the *incidents in practice*, which attach public confidence and interest to the educated classes, would thus be put within the range of the current conversation, and gradually grow into impressive traditions. Vastly better for preserving the lawful but criminally abused reputation of classes of men exposed to a certain kind and measure of popular prejudice would such a mode be, than the style of indignant and retaliatory vindication now so often resorted to. Are there not members of these professions fitted by a devout love to their calling, by generous care for the honors of it, and by position and acquirement, to bestow such a fundamental and permanent benefit upon their brethren? Would it not be as truly a professional service, thus to rescue the excellent names, once adorning each of these walks of public duty, in much of their living lustre, from the oblivion which is speedily hiding them, as it would be to push a little further the boundaries of mere technical learning? But what can be done in this behalf should be done at once; for forgetfulness of what is good and great seems often to come on men, as night between the tropics, quickly and with little warning.

We lay down these volumes thankfully. We are thankful to that Divine Providence which endowed our earliest and latter periods with such men. There is pledge and prophecy in such a favor to any nation. They were a "royal generation." Theirs was a character which must more or less perpetuate itself. A good man is, in a sense, self-multiplying. An inherent vitality belongs to him, reproducing his image in descendants.

We are thankful to the author. The literature of the country has in these Annals, and will have in their completion, an

original treasury of the very elements of national growth and permanence. It is not a piece of work on a pattern set by older and abler communities; not in any sense a specimen of the imitation literature of which we have sometimes the malcredit. It is an original, unique, and purely national book of Annals, which cannot fail to bear the author's name in affectionate honors to a distant posterity.

ART. IX. — *Hesperides: or the Works both Humane and Divine of* ROBERT HERRICK, ESQ. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1856. 2 vols.

THE poet to whom this recent imprint of his works among us may draw some attention is almost unknown to the great body of the readers of poetry in this country, though he is cherished with a peculiar fondness by the few who are familiar with his writings. When he is spoken of at all, it is commonly as of the second or third rank, or even lower, among the wooers of the Muses; and this critical estimate, with the justness of which we are not disposed to quarrel, tends to insure neglect of him, in the case of the most of those whose poetical studies are guided by the opinion of others. There are those, however, and we confess ourselves to be of their number, who have an especial liking for Herrick, and for divers others also, who are often contemptuously dismissed because those who like them most will not claim for them the highest order of merit. Yet among these *dii minores* are surely many who deserve much reverence from us. Lesser lights are they, indeed, yet of a brilliancy that is all their own, and shining with a steady, pure, untroubled splendor, comparatively feeble though it be, in their far-off glorious firmament.

For our own part, we have no faith in that common opinion, which bids us set a peculiar value on "the man of one book." There is indeed *one Book* which has no likeness, and which by its transcendent virtues is raised far above

even contrast with any other; and he who drinks its spirit, and walks in its light, shall be, in like manner, lifted above his fellow-men, transformed, cleansed, transfigured by its influence to that pureness of heart, of which comes clearness of vision also, and "the knowledge of the holy" which it gives, while it confers "the assurance of incorruption," shall empower him to judge men and things here, as it will lift him where he may "judge angels" hereafter. But of books which men make, and which mainly — alas that we must say it! — men read, and which are designed to instruct us in science, or to teach us the lessons of experience, or to entertain us by an exhibition of genius and creative skill, we affirm it were sheer folly for any to confine himself to one, or to those of one kind. We are many-sided, as the Germans phrase it, all of us creatures of many capacities, and a simple regard to our own development, the culture of true manhood in ourselves, demands that we use all fit appliances to fill every capacity, and so far as such appliances are found in books, that we read or study all the varieties of them that such uses call for. How would he make his way through the world, what a figure, rather, would he present in it, who should devote his studious days and nights to so excellent a work even as Euclid's Elements? We have heard of one man, and of one only, — we are not quite sure that it was Bishop Watson, — who ascribed his success in life, and, we suppose, honestly believed it to be due, to the diligent and often-repeated perusal of a single book. The book, in his case, was "Cicero de Officiis," from which it is possible, so admirable do we too think it, that such magical effects might flow. But we have little doubt that the clever Bishop — if he it was — was as much mistaken in stating the grounds of his success, as men commonly are in giving the reasons of their longevity. One will tell you he is an octogenarian, because he has always left his bed before sunrise; another will impute his no fewer years to his having always outslept the fogs and damps of the morning. We cannot understand why the mitre should not have found its way to Watson's head, if he had as carefully conned "Seneca's Morals" also. He was, moreover, as is well known, a man of very various learning.

We choose our books very much as we choose our acquaintance and friends; some, perhaps, because they are thrust upon us, and we are forced by our professional needs, or some exigencies of our daily life, to associate with them, but chiefly because we like them. We have our private preferences, and these preferences we freely indulge. We seek the acquaintance of a man who, we judge, may be useful to us; and so we study history or metaphysics for its promise of advantage. We read magazines and newspapers, as we fall in with men in the chance in and out goings of society. But all of us have our favorite authors, and favorite books, which are ours, and not those of other men, because we like them, and there is some especial thing in them that draws out our liking; just as we have each his peculiar friend, made so by some quality of service, or genuine sympathy with us, and not with our neighbor. Now we confess — humiliating as the acknowledgment may seem — to a very strong appetency for a few second and third rate poets, and we are not sure that we do not like them the more — apart from any critical judgment of their merits — because they are rated, and because we too rate them, second and third. We would not care to have a great philosopher, or statesman, as such, and who in all hours and companies would be such, for our friend. We might like well enough to hear his wisdom now and then, but not to be vexed every day with discussions of the laws of consciousness, or planetary motions, or the perplexities of nations. We cannot bear to have our admiration always on the stretch. The great man must unbend sometimes, and come down to our sphere, or he is not fit for the companionship of ordinary mortals. Our neck aches too soon to let us enjoy a long looking upwards. We should have been glad to be sometimes present at the wit-encounters of such combatants as Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; but with all our fondness for Boswell, we could not long have endured the ponderosities of his master. A friend is for every-day endurance, and our books for every day's use and enjoyment. We demand in our friend common sense, sympathy, a pleasant humor, and some nearness to our own level that there may be a mutual appreciation. We do not care to have

him always wise or always witty. We should choose, of all things, to have been present that day when Johnson was constrained, by his own yearning after simple human fellowship, to lay aside for once the lexicographer and the moralist, and invite Boz to a hearty "talk." So it is with our books. We would not be strangers to Plato and Sophocles, Bacon and Milton. We would reserve our choicest hours for them. We would visit them on high festivals, in solemn state, with our souls girded up, in grave and earnest expectation. We resort to them for sage counsels, and lofty inspirations, for the encouragement and sustaining of heroic purposes, that our feeble manliness may be replenished by an infusion of the highest temper of humanity. We would not profane such presence by our careless and familiar intrusion. But we need companionship also; and must have in our books companions whom we can visit in undress, whom we can call upon for good advice, or pleasantry, or cheerful, gentle, graceful chat, just as our mood inclines us. And as no one suits all these purposes, we must have a variety of books; and we would call Burton to our aid when we are in a melancholy or fantastic humor; Fuller, when we are disposed to enjoy quaintness and jest; Sir Thomas Browne, when fibres of the brain are twisted beyond their usual tension; or, if we are in the mood to laugh and weep, to be wise and silly, all at once, — to hear from the same lips, in the same outpouring, the gravest severity of truth, and merriment the most uproarious, — then Shakespeare. In our confessed preference of fellowship with those whom the world has not yet called great, we have simply owned what we believe all men feel. For one who reads Milton with a sincere appreciation, and returns to him, year after year, with the unabated relish of true love for his grand and supreme magnificence, how many thousands there are among us who read and re-read, quote and remember the more intelligible and familiar Cowper! Multitudes are they, who claim too some measure of poetic taste and insight, to whom Spenser is tedious or a mystery, and Herbert crabbed and harsh, who yet know Byron and Scott by heart, or keep Pope under their pillow. We need no further argument to justify our fondness for many who have

stopped far short of the summit of the Aonian mount, and our complete dissent from the popular interpretation of the famous dictum of Horace about "gods and columns." We too, like the bard of Venusia, would have everything excellent of its kind; but we do not wish to have all we read of the highest kind. And now for him of the Hesperides.

What a silvery ring there is, as of a clear, far-sounding bell, in the very title of his book! Who but a true poet would have baptized the child of his fancy with so magical a name? What glowing and glorious visions the very word conjures up! We are transported, as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, to that renowned garden, richer and fairer than Tasso fancied for the pleasance of Armida, or Milton for the haunt of Comus, and of which only an austere image rose to the remembering imagination of the sightless painter who portrayed the Paradise where our first parents dwelt in their innocence, — that garden where abode in unimagined luxury of attendance on their divinely appointed watch, the beauteous daughters of Atlas, the rare melody of whose voices, like the music of the spheres, was too fine and spiritual to be caught, even in wandering strains, by gross human sense; where sprang towards the skies those mysterious trees of golden fruitage, whose branches bore, in perpetual observance from the beginning, the bridal gift which the dread mother of all offered, when Hera, in that far-off eternity, became the wife of the most high Jove; where Nature's best and noblest works were gathered, her most fragrant odors, her dreamiest and most delicious sounds, her brightest airs and warm impurpled clouds, gems from her deepest caverns, clusters from vines that inspire and never cloy, the purest light and swiftest motion of her stars, collected, blended, harmonized, in one sole purpose fitly to keep that earliest symbol of nuptial faith and fondness, — a symbol, dragon-guarded too, that its safe seclusion from mortal eyes might consecrate for ever its mystic meaning to human imagination. How high thoughts of the poet's mission were his, who could venture to associate with his works this dream of ancient fancy! From such heights the fall is sad and pitiful to the conceit, bald and prosaic, of some of Herrick's commentators, that he gave this title to his

collected works, because, having migrated from Devonshire to London, he had been long a resident in the West, which, with a simple recollection of his classics, he called, as they had done, Hesperia.

He did, indeed, reside in Devonshire. If the reader has travelled the high road which leads from Ashburton towards Plymouth, he may have noticed, soon after crossing the river Dart, — and if he be a lover of the picturesque, or reveres the spot where genius lived and sleeps, he has turned aside to examine more at leisure, — the vale of Dean Bourn, and the parish of Dean Prior. Here in the midst of a scenery of mingled wildness and beauty, of cultivated fields, and glens, and waterfalls, with the wooded highlands of Dartmoor in the background, was passed a large part of the life of Robert Herrick. He was descended from an ancient and honorable family, and born in Cheapside, London, A. D. 1591. His early years seem to have been spent in that city, and his early education to have been received at Westminster School. In 1615 he was entered as a fellow-commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge. Having taken holy orders, he was presented by King Charles I., in 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, his predecessor having been promoted to the see of Carlisle. Here he resided nineteen years, and here, as we learn from Anthony Wood, "he exercised his muse, as well in poetry as in other learning, and became much beloved of the gentry in those parts for his florid and witty discourses." Here also the larger portion of his poetry was written; and beyond this, and his presumed attention to his clerical duties, we have little knowledge of his habits and doings during his residence in Devonshire. We know, as he often tells us in his verses, that he was fond of sack, — a taste not so much censured in a parson in his day as in ours. From the same source, we learn that no wife cheered the loneliness of his vicarage, and that the faithful Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper, did not, by careless service, belie her name. There is a tradition at Dean Bourn, that he kept a pet pig also, "which he taught to drink out of a tankard," — an eccentricity which only a solitary life would be likely to lead one into, unless there was more natural coarseness of taste in him

than his poems indicate. The same authority adds, that on one occasion, becoming wroth with his congregation, who were sleeping while he was preaching, he flung his sermon in their faces, and cursed them for their inattention, — no very usual way, we believe, of securing a hearing, or of administering a rebuke, and which would hardly be tolerated, except, perhaps, in one who had already a reputation for oddity. Bating the cursing, which we venture to consider utterly apocryphal, — "a purple patch," which tradition has attached to original fact, — we rather like that puff of sacred anger, and hold him fully excused, by its prompt boldness, for the seeming irreverence of the act. Indeed, we confess a partiality for men who can do so original things as this. Whether it was the dulness of his hearers, or, more probably, his own fondness for social life of a style different from what could readily be found in the quietness of an obscure provincial town, or whatever the cause was, he had a strong dislike to Devonshire, "the dull confines," as he calls it, "of the drooping west," and of which, in his farewell to Dean Bourn, he says,

> "With whom I did, and may re-sojourne when
> Rockes turn to rivers, rivers turn to men."

In common with many others of the beneficed clergy, he was ejected from his living by the Cromwellian party, in 1648; and the feelings with which he left the spot where he had sojourned so long may be well imagined from the following verses in his invocation to London, whither he returned: —

> "London my home is; though by hard fate sent
> Into a long and irksome banishment;
> Yet since cal'd back: henceforward let me be,
> O native countrey, repossest by thee!
> For rather than I'le to the west return,
> I'le beg of thee here first to have mine urn."

On his arrival at London, he put off his clerical habit, and as his livelihood had depended on the income of his parish, he published a volume of poems, the same year, to keep himself from want. The volume appeared as the work of Robert

Herrick, Esq. (or Hearick, as he seems to have written his name), a change of title on his part, due not more, we imagine, to the recent change in his circumstances, than to the fact that the book contained some things which would not look so well, and would perhaps meet with a less gracious reception, if they were announced as the production of a sacerdotal pen. We may here remark, that, favorite as he was with many of his contemporaries, his works passed into a forgetfulness so general in later days, that the earliest reprint of the whole was made after the lapse of nearly two centuries, in 1826. A later edition, almost a fac-simile of the original one, retaining the antique spelling, capitals, &c., was issued in London by Pickering, in 1846. In the edition the title of which is placed at the head of this article, and which forms a part of the excellent collection of British Poets now in course of publication by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., the orthography has been modernized. We are by no means sure that this change is an improvement. The ancient form, the peculiar cut even of the types, seems to befit the character of the poet, and is to many readers, ourselves among them, not without its attraction.

The social relations which Herrick fell in with in London must have proved very grateful to him, after his long exile from them; though they could not have had much influence on the character of his poetry, for it appears that he wrote but few pieces after his return. The quality, however, of the selections which he printed may have been determined, in some degree, by the circumstances of his residence there. He was an ardent loyalist, and, of course, was brought into closer intercourse with those who embraced the same cause; and as both parties were then running to extremes, affecting in all points an unlikeness with each other, it is not improbable that some of his poems, inviting to loose and careless habits of thought and life, and tainted with impure sentiment, may owe their place in his volume to the free speech and licentious practices of his cavalier associates, and to his own aversion to all the forms and colors of Puritanism. His poems certainly show that he was on terms of friendship, or intimate acquaintance, with Ben Jonson, and a sharer with

him in those tavern frolics which "Saint Ben," as he once calls him, loved to indulge in, and in which, still, the wit seems to have been more than the wine; or, as Herrick himself describes it, —

> "Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad;
> And yet each verse of thine
> Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine."

In many other passages he exhibits a strong affection, as well as a high admiration, for the already famous dramatist. John Selden, so celebrated for his unequalled learning and antiquarian tastes, did not scorn to call Herrick his friend. Cotton and Denham, whom the sympathies of a kindred poetic inspiration attached to him, were on the list of his intimates, and Endymion Porter, and Sir John Berkeley, judicious patrons of poets if not successful wooers of the Muses, seem to be the representatives of a large number who esteemed and admired him. Eminent musical composers, whom the peculiar melody of his lyrics may have drawn to him, were proud to be counted among his friends; and many of his pieces, which flow so sweetly that they seem almost ready to sing themselves, were set to music by such distinguished masters in that art as Laniere, Ramsay, Wilson, and Henry Lawes. Herrick's residence in London was extended to 1660, — to the restoration of the monarchy, and the recall of Charles II. Then, the old ecclesiastical order being revived, many of those who had been put out of their livings by the Puritan party returned to them. Herrick was of this number, and passed the residue of his life in the scene of his early labors and enjoyments. He died at Dean Bourn, and was buried there in October, 1674.

The number of Herrick's poetical compositions is quite large, though all of them are short, and many of them extremely short. Very many also are hardly worth reading a second time, and of others — not a few — we can only say, it were better had they never been written. We are sometimes tempted, — when we have read a vast mass of rubbish, or what is worse than rubbish, verses stained by low and

unworthy sentiment, and unredeemed by scattered gleams of genius, — to wish that some of our older poets might undergo a careful expurgation, a cleansing by the rules of morals and decency, if not by the canons of tasteful criticism; and that the residue only — the pure in sentiment, and the excellent in poetical qualities — might be allowed to represent to posterity the sum and the worthiness of their achievement. For the greater number of the readers of poetry, we are persuaded that such selections would be far more acceptable, and of a far higher value, than a reprint of all which the diligence of antiquarian research can gather, and the partiality of fond editors will approve. The main difficulty in the execution of such a task lies in the use of a proper criticism. What is offensive to the moral feelings is offensive to all. But in regard to questions of poetical excellence, we all have our peculiar notions, it may be our caprices, which we are unwilling to deny, or to intrust the gratification of them to another. And in the case of our favorite authors, their defects even, and failures, disclose characteristic features, which are not without interest to us, just as the faults of our friend give us an insight into the man, which furnishes new grounds of sympathy and liking, if not of a loftier appreciation.

None of Herrick's pieces are attempted in the higher styles of poetry. There seems to have been nothing of epic loftiness, and but little of the dramatic element, in his character. He has given us some very graceful poetical epistles; but we think his finest efforts are among his lyrics. In these even — and the same characteristics are to be met with in all his writings — his chief merits consist in a play of fancy that is often remarkably delicate, and the expression of very apt sentiment in the choicest language. He had certainly the poetic eye, and a rare skill in conveying a picture in a well-selected phrase or epithet. His phraseology, though it sometimes runs into that luscious sensuousness in the use of words which distinguishes Keats and Tennyson, is rather marked by a rich simplicity, which presents his figures to us in perfect clearness as well as fulness, and yet does not overlay them with verbal ornament, however seducing it may be. A

couple of instances may illustrate what we have said. The first is from an amplification of a passage in Esdras, "Weigh me the weight of the fire," &c.: —

> "Or fetch me back that cloud againe,
> *Beshiver'd into seeds of raine.*"

The second is from "The Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter," and is worthy of a place in Cymbeline: —

> "Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
> And make this place all paradise.
> May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
> Fat frankincense:
> Let balme and cassia send their scent
> From out thy maiden-monument!
>
> "May no wolfe howle, or screech-owle stir
> A wing about thy sepulcher!
> No boysterous winds or stormes come hither
> To starve or wither
> Thy soft sweet earth! but, like a spring,
> Love keep it ever flourishing."

There is much also of a classical quality in him, which not only betrays itself by terse forms of expression, and a close regard to unity of conception, as in Cowper, or in the richness of antique allusion, which is a peculiarity of Spenser and Milton; but often the entire shape of his thought, be it of epigram, or of gnomic sentiment, or Anacreontic, shows his familiarity with especially the Latin poets; and the reader of Horace and Tibullus will meet with stanzas, and verses, and turns of phraseology, evidently adapted or translated from them. The following, for example, he will readily trace to Horace, Herrick's translations from whom, we may remark, will well bear a comparison with those made by any other English writer.

> "The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
> Must all be left, no one plant found
> To follow thee,
> Save only the curst cipresse tree."

And again: —

"But on we must, and thither tend,
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed.
Thus has infernall Jove decreed,
We must be made,
Ere long, a song, ere long, a shade."

He has been sometimes compared with Catullus; and in the entire range of English literature no one, we think, can be found, who in the variety of his productions, and in their general tone and temper, so fitly represents the bard of Verona. And this is no slight commendation; for Catullus is certainly the chief among the Latin lyric poets; inferior to Horace in elaborate finish and felicities of language, but in fervor of feeling, in poetic sentiment and genuine inspiration, far above him. Herrick, though his best poems are not of so high merit, possesses all the original geniality of style which Catullus has, and very much also of the free, jovial, out-speaking, generous temper, which is so charming in him. There is another point in which Herrick resembles the classical poets generally, and in which he is unlike most of the moderns. The occasions of his poetry were real. Some event occurring in his own experience, or under his own observation, — some actual circumstance, — because it interested his feelings, found expression in his poetry. Hence its freshness and life. Because the feeling was real, — sympathy with an actual occurrence, — and the utterance of it sincere, his verses affect us as the subjects of them affected him. The same is true, in like degree, of Horace and Catullus. But when Tennyson sings to us of Ulysses or of the Lady of Shalott, exquisite as is the art of the poet, we feel that the subject exists only in his fancy, and we are affected as by an image, not as by the reality. The truth — in this sense of the word — of Herrick's poetry touches every reader, and interests him, as we all are interested when a man says what he really means.

A large number of his pieces are epigrams. In this kind we do not think him particularly successful. Many of them are extremely coarse and indelicate, and few of them have a keen point. They are generally constructed very closely after the Latin model, but he is no rival of Martial, as

these examples, though they are among the best, will show.

"UPON PARSON BEANES.

"Old Parson Beanes hunts six dayes of the week,
And on the seventh he has his notes to seek.
Six dayes he hollows so much breath away,
That on the seventh he can nor preach or pray."

"UPON SIBB.

"Sibb, when she saw her face, how hard it was,
For anger spat on thee, her looking-glasse.
But weep not, christall; for the shame was meant
Not unto thee, but that thou didst present."

He seems to have put more of his heart into the utterance of graver sentiments, and so those pieces which, for the want of a better epithet, we may call gnomic, exhibit a far more skilful treatment. The two which we subjoin are fair specimens.

"PRAY AND PROSPER.

"First offer incense; then thy field and meads
Shall smile and swell the better by thy beads.
The spangling dew dredg'd o're the grasse shall be
Turn'd all to mell and manna there for thee.
Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil
Shall run as rivers, all throughout the soyl.
Wod'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mold?
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to gold."

"MATTENS, OR MORNING PRAYER.

"When with the virgin morning thou do'st rise,
Crossing thy selfe, come thus to sacrifice:
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure every thing.
Next to the altar humbly kneele, and thence
Give up thy soule in clouds of frankincense.
Thy golden censors, fill'd with odours sweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet."

A large part of Herrick's life having been passed in the

country, amid rural sights and sounds, we might naturally expect to find in his writings frequent descriptions of rustic scenes and occupations. While he gives no evidence of a poetic eye for the picturesque in landscape, as Price and Ruskin might understand that phrase, and seems to have known nothing of that communion with Nature which enters so largely into the poetry of Wordsworth, he certainly had a quick perception of minute and particular beauties in the woods and fields around him, and a genial appreciation of rich colors and sweet sounds. He knew well enough how to treat such things as symbols of the passions, of love especially, and very often does so treat them; yet he usually presents them in a manner purely objective, and is, for this reason, as a writer, far more picturesque than many who may have had a keener sense of the graceful and the grotesque. His painting of rural objects is not seldom elaborately minute and accurate, and however full of fancy or sentiment he may be, he always retains this rare faithfulness to reality in the appearance of outward things. The fancy and sentiment are made to blend with and enhance, never to disguise them. He has also a peculiar antiquarian value, as a sketcher of rustic usages and enjoyments of his day, which have now passed away even in England. His works are a rich mine of information to all who would understand the village sports, and rural merry-makings, and popular superstitions of two hundred years ago; and such treatises as Brand's Popular Antiquities owe many of their finest illustrations to him. Examples of our author's skill in such delineations, being scattered through many such volumes, are probably not unfamiliar to our readers. We prefer to give them a specimen of his powers in quite a different kind. "Oberon's Feast" is a pure play of fancy, of exceeding beauty, and every way worthy of a place beside Shakespeare's Queen Mab. We copy a part of it.

"A little mushroome table spred,
After short prayers they set on bread;
A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,
With some small glit'ring gritt to eate
His choyce bitts with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great then nice.

But all this while his eye is serv'd,
We must not thinke his eare was sterv'd;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper;
The merry cricket, puling flie,
The piping gnat for minstralcy.
And now we must imagine first
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearle of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blew
And pregnant violet. . . . . .
. . . . . A little moth,
Late fatned in a piece of cloth,
With withered cherries, mandrakes eares,
Moles eyes; to these the slain-stags teares,
The unctuous dewlaps of a snaile,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
Ore-come in musicke; with a wine,
Ne're ravisht from the flattering vine,
But gently prest from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daizie, which
He fully quaffs up, to bewitch
His blood to height. This done, commended
Grace by his priest, the feast is ended."

Herrick's versification deserves peculiar praise, and stands out in pleasing contrast with the rugged and untunable metres of Donne and the most of his contemporaries. He tried almost every variety, and with almost uniform success. His iambics and trochaics have a singularly tripping melody of movement, which well suits the free, open, *riant* character of the man, and his joyous utterance of deep-felt emotions. Many of his lyrics are remarkable in this respect. Who, that has once read it, will ever forget this still famous song?

"TO THE VIRGINS TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

"The glorious lamp of Heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And neerer he 's to setting.

"That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, goe marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

There is a kind of sentiment also which Herrick loves to indulge in, and which metrical graces help finely to set off, such as Anacreon has given us some specimens of, and Horace not a few, and which has been a favorite theme of lyric poets in all times; the Epicurean argument, we mean, which finds in the shortness of human life a new source of relish for its fading enjoyments. We trace in Herrick, too, that mingling of cheerfulness and melancholy in his views of our mortal estate, the result at once of tender sensibilities and a most sober judgment, which appeals to the universal experience of men, and, when clothed in the garments of poetry, awakens a sympathy everywhere, and which hardly any one is so philosophical as not to feel, and few so clownish as not to appreciate and admire. We can show our meaning best, perhaps, by quoting two short, yet very characteristic pieces.

"TO BLOSSOMS.

"Faire pledges of a fruitfull tree,
Why do yee fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

"What! were yee born to be
An hour or half's delight;
And so to bid goodnight?

'Twas pitie nature brought yee forth
Meerly to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

"But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'r so brave;
And after they have shewn their pride
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave."

"TO DAFFADILS.

"Fair Daffadils, we weep to see
You haste away so soone:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noone.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will goe with you along.

"We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours doe, and drie
Away,
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as the pearles of morning's dew,
Ne'r to be found againe."

Of the many erotic pieces which are scattered through these volumes, no great number can be selected which to our ear and taste would be entirely unexceptionable. Some are gross, and many are tainted, more or less, with images or allusions which would not now be tolerated. How much of this is due to the manners of his age, and how much to the temperament of the poet, we do not care to inquire. We know that amid

all the peculiarities of those times, the unrestrained and wanton license, and the jocose merriment of vice, on the one side, and the solemn and overstrained austerities, the lip-service and hypocrisies, of the other great moral division of the people, the Muse of Milton, if his alone, maintained its reserved and stately chastity; and we know, also, that no evil custom, or prevalence of excess in any way, can palliate the crime of him who would disguise the grossness of voluptuous sin under the drapery and charms of verse. With much that is evil, there are also of Herrick's love-songs a portion that may fairly claim a place with the finest effusions of his contemporaries. He knew well enough how to distinguish a pure from a debased affection; and some of his efforts of this kind, as the verses to Anthea, are marked no less by a genuine delicacy than by an earnest devotion.

Appended to the Hesperides is a collection of poems entitled "Noble Numbers," which have the appearance of being written later, though they were published, as we believe, at the same time. It contains his devotional pieces, and those which bear directly on religious and ecclesiastical subjects. These have the same general characteristics with the Hesperides. There is in them the same sincere and earnest tone, the same truthfulness, and a like glow of fancy and felicity of language. There are few verses on such subjects more frequently quoted or more highly esteemed than his, called "To keep a true Lent." His "Letanie to the Holy Spirit" is, in part at least, familiar even now to the lips of the unlettered peasants of Dean Bourn; and his "Thanksgiving to God for his House," is not surpassed by George Herbert even, in earnestness of feeling, and in its quaint and homely, yet very graceful, simplicity of expression.

The face of Herrick, prefixed to his poems, is worth looking at; the nose very prominent and deeply curved, the cheeks heavy with flesh, the lips sensuous, the eye eager, — altogether a face which, though all may not be struck pleasantly by it, few will find it easy to forget.

ART. X. — *The British Essayists. With Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by* A. CHALMERS, F. S. A. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855–57. 38 vols. 16mo.

WE felt no little hesitancy in making the appearance of these volumes the occasion for an article on their contents. We supposed that the "British Essayists" had been no less a hackneyed theme for reviewers, than they have been a part of the reading and culture of all thinkers and writers in England and America. But to our great surprise, Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature" names not a single article under either of the titles, by which these works could be designated. So tempting a subject could not have been left untouched, with the frequent opportunities offered by the republication of the Spectator especially, had not critics supposed themselves forestalled. And it may well be that other subjects, lying at the very threshold or in the open court of literature, have in like manner entirely failed of the cognizance of professed critics, because of an *a priori* probability that they had received their full share of critical treatment. We do not refer to the silence of the reviewers as a basis for any claim of our own to originality of thought or judgment in what we may now write. On the other hand, could we have found any *résumé* of the commonplaces that belong to this theme, we would have marked them for avoidance. But, as the case stands, it is impossible for us to discriminate between what we have read, we know not where, about this remarkable series of publications, and the thoughts properly our own to which they have given birth.

The term *essay* has indeed unlimited breadth, and might include all literary compositions that have no more specific name; nor has there ever been a period since the revival of letters, when some of the best thought of the time has not appeared in a form claiming this designation. Yet the volumes before us are specimens of a kind of literature which sprang into being early in the last century, culminated with its growing years, declined with its wane, and expired before its close with no presage of a revival. It employed a very

large proportion of the intellectual vigor and culture of its age, and probably a still larger proportion of the pretentious mediocrity and industrious dulness that fed the press. More than two hundred periodical papers, after the manner of the Spectator, made their appearance, and ran their narrower or wider, briefer or longer, circuit. No coffee-house could attract custom, unless supplied with the more popular of these sheets; no fashionable breakfast-table was served without them. The daily issue of the Spectator at one time reached fourteen thousand, — an enormous number for those days of slow printing, tardy transportation, and restricted intercourse between the metropolis and the remoter portions of the kingdom.

There are adequate reasons why the periodical essay should have flourished as a form of literature precisely in the eighteenth century, and neither earlier nor later. English literature can in no sense have become popular till the reign of James I. Prior to the standard version of the Scriptures, the language had been too indefinite and fluctuating in its forms for the growth of so much as a style, which should blend precision, beauty, harmony, and adaptation to the general taste. The reading of an author of a previous generation must have demanded either scholarly habits, or arduous and often ungrateful toil; and we can find little evidence of intellectual activity or curiosity among the mass of the people, or even of the privileged classes. When a popular literature became possible, there commenced forthwith the series of political agitations, fanned by the despotism of the Stuarts, aroused to internecine strife under Charles I., prolonged through successive revolutions, and allayed only by the settlement of the powers of the realm and the balancing of parties toward the close of the reign of William of Orange. During this entire period, the whole nation was in intense and never-flagging excitement on the most momentous subjects, involving the dearest earthly rights and immortal hopes. The termination of the long struggle in the consolidation of a constitutional government left the general mind alert, vigorous and earnest, intent on the current of public affairs and of social life, keenly critical of opinions, and craving objects

of fresh interest. The troubled condition of the realm, than which the generation then living had known no other state, had of course nourished the appetency for novelty in every kind, — for racy and stimulating condiments to the mind and the passions. The entire people had been less spectators than actors in a series of wild and complicated tragedies, and they could not now retire from the stage, without longing to be spectators at least at the more comic after-piece of party countermarches, literary rivalries, and fashionable frivolities. The newspaper of the day did more to feed than to appease this craving. Giving only the names of the *dramatis personæ* and the most meagre play-bill possible, it prompted more questions than it answered. The Gazette, as a form of publication, was indeed imported with the name from Italy into England in the latter part of the sixteenth century; but periodical papers were not regularly issued till during the civil war, when they were employed mainly to disseminate political dogmas or to arouse military zeal. They must, we think, have subsequently declined in the interest of the people with the dearth of stirring incident; for on the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, there was but one daily paper printed in the kingdom. This, and still more its weekly contemporaries, must have been too scantily sustained, to furnish remunerating employment for genius or erudition. So little satisfaction did they give as to certain portions of what would be now deemed their sphere, that they were outrivalled in the provincial towns by manuscript news-letters from London, written by some of the number, not even then small, of cultivated men who sought a precarious living by penwork, and *despatched* (if the word be not too gross an anachronism) to the principal cities, — each copy there circulated, and perhaps recopied for more rapid circulation, among the gentry and the rural nobility. These letters, giving sketches of London life, aptly prepared the way, and generated the taste, for the periodical essay, which, with two or three generations, filled an essential place in the public demand, which there was nothing else to occupy.

Thus was there fitness in the birth-time of this form of literature. Its decline was equally necessitated by the progress

of the age. With the multiplication of newspapers and their readers, competition enlisted, and growing patronage retained, in their service a higher order of talent. The editorial columns and the regular literary contributions covered the ground that had been occupied by the daily essay. News was served up with the condiments which Steele and Addison had first rendered essential to the public appetite. The daily paper was no longer an arid journal, but a spicy commentary on its own records; while, so far as the essays had discussed topics of ethical and religious philosophy and general literature, they were superseded by the accumulated literary productions of a prolific century, by the now teeming issues of the press, by the older magazines, and, at a later period, by the Edinburgh Review and the other quarterlies to which its success gave birth.

Among the results of the essays under consideration, we must give a prominent place to the simplification of style. With a very few noble exceptions, English prose had been lumbering, obscure, pedantic, deformed by quotations from the ancient languages, and fit for the perusal only of readers equally learned and long-suffering. Authorship had for its object display, rather than conviction, persuasion, or instruction, — the ventilation, rather than the transfer, of the writer's acquisitions, — the reputation of learning, rather than the wielding of intellectual power. The daily sheet excluded such recondite labor. The event, the rumor, the mood, the fashion of the current time, the book last read, the theme last discussed in private, must needs furnish the material for the next morning's issue. And the work must be wrought in hot haste. The expressed vintage of a life's study might indeed be poured out upon the paper, but it could not hold the crude clusters that had been awkwardly jammed in between the covers of ponderous quartos. The recoil was therefore sudden and entire to the extreme of simplicity and *naïveté;* and compositions of this type, daily before the public, and by authors of unsurpassed ability and repute, remodelled the general taste, and were the chief agency in creating the directness, transparency, and purity of diction, which characterized English literature through the whole of the last century,

and till Coleridge and Carlyle, each in his way, and for his numerous imitators, flooded the fountains of "English undefiled" from turbid sources of transcendental metaphysics and foreign tongues.

Here we crave liberty to speak of what we deem the false estimate of the two greatest names among the Essayists. It has been fashionable to cite Addison as a master of style. This rank is a tradition rather than a fact. Its basis lies in the age that preceded him. He has indeed one crowning merit for all times. It is impossible to misapprehend a sentence of his on the first reading. His words were always the most obvious drapery — that nearest at hand — for the thoughts they covered. And it is a graceful and elegant attire; for the mind that wove it has had no superior, few equals, in native taste and in liberal culture. But the shuttle flew so rapidly, that the texture often will not bear close inspection. Addison is apt to be loose and repetitious. His choice of words is better than their collocation. His sentences are seldom deficient in euphony; but his offences against syntax are neither few nor small. His essays often have a slipshod air, not by any means unbecoming in one whose fine proportions give comeliness even to a *dishabille*, but which can be imitated only at the risk of copying the carelessness without the grace that relieves and adorns it. At this risk, and with this almost invariable result, has it been imitated, especially by cultivated men who have been occasional, rather than professional authors; and there has never been wanting in England a class of writers, who, no doubt under shelter of this high example, seem to have rejoiced in grammatical solecisms, and a lax, off-hand treatment of the parts of speech, as betokening the aristocratic ease of pencraft.

Johnson, on the other hand, has had much more than his due laid to his charge on the score of verbosity and pompousness. The high appreciation in which Addison was held placed him at a disadvantage with his immediate public; and criticisms, level with the standard of the times, have perpetuated themselves under a standard which makes them obsolete. Johnsonese is the severest simplicity by the side of Carlylese.

Johnson is not so much turgid, as thought-full. His sentences are plethoric, not with wind, but with condensed meaning. They are packed full; but it is with their legitimate freight. They groan with heavy epithets; but it is with actual *epi*-thets, each adding its subsidiary idea, to define or modify the scope of the phrase laden with it. His style is not *verbose*, if by that word is denoted *superfluous* verbiage. He gives his readers, indeed, on topics that come within the range of lighter literature, an amount of analytic thought, an exactness and careful limitation of statement, and a thoroughness of mental elaboration, which hardly have precedent elsewhere; and it is this which sustains his unbending stateliness of movement. To him no literature was light,— authorship was a solemn work, performed under the goading of an imperious conscience, and beneath the forecast shadow of Divine retribution.

Here, no doubt, we are to seek the cause of his preference for words of Latin derivation. There can be no question that this part of our language is best adapted to serve the scrupulous accuracy of a morbidly conscientious writer. Saxon words, with their quick, sharp ring upon the auditory nerve, pulse upon the inward ear with a stronger *ictus;* they are more suggestive; and, because they set the reader's mind into action to find a meaning for them, it is inferred that they minister to greater precision than the portions of our vocabulary derived from the classical tongues. But, in fact, Saxon roots are traced with great difficulty and still greater uncertainty; the words thence drawn have no ultimate standard of signification; not a few of them have without any assignable cause changed, in some instances reversed, their meaning within the last two or three centuries; and there are some cases, (that of *let*, for instance,) in which in the same book a word appears in two opposite senses, with nothing to indicate in which sense it is intended. On the other hand, words of classic origin acquire only such significations as can be readily deduced from, traced back to, and verified by, their parentage; and there are no instances in which such a word has now a sense that is not involved in its *etymon*, and hardly an instance in which such a word is employed in

opposite significations, or in senses differing otherwise than as a metaphorical must differ from a literal sense. The word *prevent*, though used sometimes by the same author to denote both *hinderance* and *help*,* does not furnish an exception to our remark; for both senses are included in *prevenio*, — one may *come before* another either to thwart or to second his purposes.

To return to Johnson. His strongly Latinized style, while it no doubt impairs the electric impulse, the quickening power, of his diction, enhances its *impressiveness* in the literal sense of the word; for it makes every sentence like a motto cut on a gem by the point of a diamond, and forced down upon the recipient surface by a compact, heavy weight. Thus it is that, though he is hard to read, he is easy to understand. It may require effort to take in all that he means to convey, but it is impossible to mistake his meaning. And while we can conceive of a diminished affluence and a less painful precision of thought as adding grace and beauty to not a few of his works, yet we doubt whether the same amount of thought can be expressed with equal exactness in fewer or less sonorous words than he was wont to employ. We have tried the experiment, not only upon sentences and paragraphs, but on the definitions in his Dictionary, — some of them made ludicrous by their seeming inflation, but, when they are most so, unfailingly justifying themselves by the sharpness with which they limit the sense and use of the word defined. Thus, for instance, one can hardly read without mirthfulness his definition of *network:* "Anything reticulated or decussated with interstices between the intersections"; and the definition can be of no possible use except to some studious recluse who has abjured women and all their works, but to such a one it would be impossible to impart the idea of network in fewer or simpler words. Indeed, this is beyond measure preferable to Webster's shambling definition, which seems to have been diluted from Johnson's, and which substitutes for seeming pedantry real vagueness and obscurity:

* In a Collect in the English Book of Common Prayer, the Church still offers its petition: "*Prevent* us, O Lord, in all our doings."

"A complication of threads, twine, or cords, united at certain distances, forming meshes, interstices, or open spaces, between the knots or intersections."

We have said that the essayists of the last century exercised a decisive and lasting influence on the current style of English prose. It is impossible to say how large was their agency in the diffusion of knowledge and literary taste. There is hardly one among the numerous subjects of common interest in the last and the present century, on which may not be found in the collection under review at least a single treatise which still remains unequalled for clearness, comprehensiveness, and sound judgment. From these volumes one might derive a better knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, than in any other way is open to the merely English reader; and this remark applies not only to the authors with whom every scholar is conversant, but equally to a considerable number of writers of secondary merit, yet typical and representative of their respective times, whose works are much less read now than they were a hundred years ago. In turning over the general index, which occupies the last volume of the edition before us, we have been struck with the idea that the entire series might almost serve the purpose of a classical dictionary, so copious are the references under all the prominent titles of such a work, and so numerous are the extended discussions, the anecdotes, and the versions under titles which the dictionary despatches in half a dozen lines. Then, of recondite items of history, of quaint morsels of biographical incident, of the curiosities of literature, the various series together constitute a rich repertory, each in its peculiar vein extracting from seams now closed specimens which the learned world cannot afford to part with. Of criticisms of English literature there are here found not a few, which it were well for us, critics of a later day, to ponder diligently as models, at once of patient labor, exhaustive treatment, and the amenities which constitute the sadly neglected ethics of our craft. We would here refer to the incomparable analysis of the Paradise Lost in the Spectator, and to numerous elaborate essays on different plays of Shakespeare in the Rambler, the Adventurer, the Connoisseur, the Mirror, the

Lounger, and the Observer. These papers contain many brilliant specimens of a type of comparative criticism, now infrequent, in which an English author is placed by the side of one or more of the ancient classics, (as, for instance, Shakespeare by the side of Æschylus,) analogous passages are cited, resemblances and contrasts traced, and the underlying principles or fundamental canons of the kind of composition deduced from the collation. We cannot over-estimate the efficacy of an instrumentality like this in an age when books were costly, when there were few libraries accessible to the majority of readers, and when popular editions, translations, compends, lexicons, and cyclopædias were not so much as dreamed of. It was a privilege of the highest order for a family to have almost forced upon its perusal a daily paper, which in the course of a year might cover nearly the entire ground of a university curriculum, and that not with superficial, second-hand smatterings of learning, but with solid and thorough, though brief and miscellaneous, treatises by the very writers who were the best fitted to impart sound knowledge and just views, to awaken and direct curiosity, and to point out the sources for its gratification. It is not too much to say that the popular literature of the present day, the manuals for general use in every department of knowledge, the means of a truly liberal culture within the reach of all who can read, are the direct and inevitable result of the intellectual habits formed, the tastes nurtured, the demands created, by the British Essayists.

Not less important was their influence as critics of life and manners, of fashions and of morals, of popular fallacies and aristocratic absurdities. No phasis of the times escaped their keen cognizance; no folly, their lash of silken but knotted cords; no pretension, their delicate yet withering irony. Dress and diet, modes of reception and table manners, shops and taverns, theatres and concerts, city coteries and country neighborhoods, vulgar wealth and showy poverty, poor relations and country cousins, despotic masters and insolent servants, all came in turn under the Argus-eyed censorship. Multitudes must have felt that they were dwelling in houses of glass, nay, that their soul-dwellings were but a transparent medium, so

accurately did they find depicted in the daily sheet the transactions of their households, the habits of their families, their own inmost and unuttered thoughts. Never before nor since has the mirror been so held up to life. And, while among the series of papers to be found only in the collections of antiquaries there were undoubtedly (as there are reported to have been) some that pandered to inferior tastes and even to vicious passions, among those that had an extensive currency and an established reputation, and that have taken their places among the classics of the English tongue, there is not one whose moral standard was not just, high, unyielding, and exacting. There was intense need of such a continuous force as was thus applied for the emendation of manners and morals. The restoration of the Stuarts inaugurated the carnival of profligacy. Never can British society have been more corrupt than during the last two reigns of that dynasty; nor do we find reason to suppose that the succeeding generation made any essential progress in those civic and social virtues, which were the only possible support and safeguard of the constitutional government, or rather which alone could so vitalize the forms of the constitution, that they should not stiffen into members of a more complex but not less oppressive despotism than that which had been overthrown and exiled. In this progress, the Tatler and the Spectator took the initiative; the Rambler and the Adventurer bore a prominent part; and all the leading series of essays have left permanent records of their quiet working in the renovation of the social order, in the creation of a high tone of domestic morality, and in the sentence of ban and outlawry upon excesses once fashionable, and vices which it was once prudery to condemn.

At the beginning of the last century, religion had but a feeble hold on the British mind. The successive supremacy of the Romish and the Anglican Church, Presbyterians and Independents, then almost of Romanism again, and then of Erastianism under the re-established national Church, had unsettled the faith of multitudes. Allegiance transferred often from interested motives had imparted an almost farcical air to the worship and ordinances of Christianity; and at the commencement of Queen Anne's reign nothing would have

been easier than for state craft to revolutionize the religious order of the nation into any form that would not involve the deprivation of benefices and the confiscation of goods. There was much professed and meditative infidelity; and some of the most ingenious and insidious deistical writings bear date at this period. But there was much more of non-belief than of unbelief, — more of apathy that needed to be aroused, than of scepticism that refused to be convinced. Profaneness was fashionable; sacred names and objects received hardly more reverence within many aristocratic circles, than is paid to them in a modern bar-room; while religious zeal and scrupulous conscientiousness were deemed fair game for banter and ridicule. The pulpit did little towards reverting the tide of irreligion. Proper, formal, stately, perfunctory, it kept its own sphere, and hardly meditated aggression upon the principles and practices that narrowed its jurisdiction and scorned its reproof. What was needed beyond all things else was the exhibition of religious faith and reverence in alliance with learning, taste, wit, fashion, knowledge of the world, and familiarity with the festive and comic side of life. The preacher who could find fit audience, yet not few, was he who could talk knowingly and merrily of what occupied the general mind, and could by gentle approaches, mild solicitations, and courteous appeals turn that mind into its forsaken channels of motive, duty, faith, and worship. Those who could not dispense with the pungent sarcasm, the sparkling humor, the piquant anecdote, the vivid caricature, or the flower-wreathed erudition of the five days, might be won on the sixth to read an equally graceful and attractive chapter of natural theology or Christian evidences, an analysis of the poetry of the Bible, a tractate on some neglected duty of evangelic morality, or an exhibition of the claims of the Creator on the gratitude and loyalty of his children. The Saturday's papers of the Spectator uniformly had a religious bearing, and, if collected by themselves, would constitute a compend of devotional essays, unsurpassed in variety, richness, and eloquence. Subsequent Essayists followed in the same vein; and, were the printed sermons of the century collated with the religious essays in the volumes before us, we doubt whether they would present

anything like an equal amount of sound thought, affluent learning, solid argument, and fervently solemn exhibition of the vanity of life, the imperative claims of Christianity, and the certainty and momentous issues of the life to come. These Essayists were the most efficient preachers, till the Wesleyan movement at once vivified dissent, poured new life into the Establishment, and inaugurated a better era of religious consistency, fervor, and propagandism in entire British Christendom.

Thus momentous in every aspect was the phasis of literature, whose chief memorials are preserved in the volumes named at the head of this article. These papers have lost none of their interest and substantial worth by the lapse of time, nay, in some points of view they are more precious now than ever. As we have indicated, a large proportion of them contain the thorough treatment, by minds not yet outgrown, of subjects that have a permanent interest and value; many of them, of subjects of which the habits of study of our own century would preclude an equally faithful discussion and elucidation. Those essays, on the other hand, which were level with their times, and were aimed at reigning follies and abuses, in part have a value transcending that of formal history in showing who and what were the actors on the stage of our mother country before our Cisatlantic life had grown into similitude with theirs; and in part, as the self-returning cycle of fashion brings up exploded forms, customs, and habits, they resume their original office, and wield over the descendants of the Puritans the scourge that was plied with so unsparing a hand over the shoulders of the insular cousins of our grandfathers.

Alexander Chalmers published in 1803, in forty-five duodecimo volumes, his first edition of the principal British Essayists, commencing with the Tatler and ending with the Observer. Each series was preceded by an elaborate historical and biographical preface, comprehending sketches of the lives of all the known writers, with the designation, wherever it could be ascertained, of the authorship of every paper. This collection was reprinted, in thirty-eight more compact volumes, in 1808, and again in 1823. The edition just com-

pleted is a literal reprint of that of 1823. The last volume is a General Index, so copious and minute as to answer every possible purpose and need of reference. The volumes of the reprint are uniform in size and form with those of the British Poets by the same publishers, reviewed in our last number. In mechanical execution they leave nothing to be desired. An enterprise more worthy of their national reputation the publishers could not have undertaken. We trust that they have not been deceived in the receptivity of their public. These works, the flower of the best English literature for a century, merit a place in every library. They have borne a large office in the culture of mind and style for past generations, and for our elders now upon the stage; and we can wish for those entering active or literary life access to no purer, or more copious, or more stimulating fountains of thought, sentiment, and motive, than are here opened.

Art. XI. — 1. Michelet: *La Ligue et Henri IV.* Paris. 1 vol. 8vo.
2. Jules Janin: *Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique.* 4 vols. 18mo.
3. Jules Janin: *Les Petits Bonheurs.* 1 vol. Post 8vo.
4. Dr. Véron: "*Quatre Ans de Règne, où en sommes nous?*" 1 vol. 8vo.
5. Maréchal de Raguse: *Mémoires de* 1792 *à* 1837.

There may be a doubt whether Michelet ought to rank among the historians of France; for, if judged by the hitherto admitted rules of historical composition, he is anything but a writer of history or a chronicler of events. His business is with ideas, and those ideas his own; and, meanwhile, he is possessed by the conviction that never was man so entirely a slave to facts. To those who have studied the man and read the author, a more curious subject for philosophic contemplation cannot be conceived. Whatever Michelet imagines him-

self most assuredly to be, is, you may be certain, precisely that which he is in reality the least. He believes himself to be absolutely and exclusively an historian, whereas he is really a rhapsodist; he fancies he is above all impartial, whilst he is in truth bound hand and foot and utterly given over to the extremest prejudice. He affirms that truth is his only passion and only aim, instead of which the reality is, that he has such an insurmountable aversion for truth, that he invariably refuses to recognize it wherever it may come before his eyes. He believes himself true, because for no consideration in the world would he disguise what *he sees* as truth; but his senses bear false witness, and his vision is perpetually asquint. There is in the modern literature of France another name which for many common qualities and defects may be placed close beside Michelet's; — we allude to Victor Hugo. Both are intensely though unconsciously mendacious, and both are equally persuaded of their entire subserviency to truth. Not only have both a warped judgment and eyes aslant, but the peculiar crookedness of both is nearly the same. What has, however, given his superiority to Victor Hugo, is his spontaneous, inevitable choice of the means given him by nature for entering into communication with the public. Hugo was born a poet, and this he never attempted to gainsay. Thus far his intellectual distortion has borne only upon the matter of what he writes, never upon the manner of it. He may sing what is unfitting to his voice, but the voice is there, and he sings. About this there can be no error; whilst with Michelet, on the contrary, the case stands widely otherwise. He resembles a musician who, by some unaccountable mistake, should only have studied painting, or, *vice versa*, whilst colors only are in his hand, he is in his head combining sounds, and his ear, not his eye, is interested in his painting. Conceive Beethoven forced to bring out the Pastoral Symphony upon canvas. This is precisely Michelet's position. He is required to live, to be, and to create, in an element that is not his; to translate the really prodigious eloquence with which he is swelling into a tongue he is unable to master. He is like a man who was never able to learn a language, and who therefore has never found

the right expression for what is in him. One thing may be absolutely affirmed, and that is, that never was a man more unfit for writing history, or for writing prose, than is Michelet. Perhaps he may be a poet, but then his means of expression are inadequate to what he has to express. After studying all his works, one cannot avoid thinking that his thoughts have never yet found their real form, — the form that is theirs by nature. This it is which makes Michelet so difficult to read. You feel that he is not necessarily *one* with his subject or with himself; he is full of other qualities than those you would ask from the prose-writer and the historian. He is all imagination and all color, an admirable artist, but, as we said before, certainly not a chronicler of facts. If, instead of writing history, Michelet wrote historical romances, he would far outshine Walter Scott. Two or three sentences at the close of his history of the *Ligue* are not to be left unnoticed, for they too clearly show the preoccupations, the "warps," of the man: —

"This history is, I declare, not written impartially. Its pages keep no even balance between good and evil. Quite the reverse, it is a partial history, wholly, vigorously, and unscrupulously for the right against the wrong; for the right and for the true. If one line is to be found wherein the writer has falsified, no matter what, out of respect for this opinion or that influence, he will consent to erase the whole."

Now, if, on opening the book, the innocent, ignorant reader lights upon this passage, he naturally says to himself, "What a treasure have I fallen upon!" and applauds himself for having purchased a work so divested of all party spirit, so free from a bias of any description. But here is the misfortune: this reader must, if he desires not to alter his opinion, never consult any other historian save Michelet alone; for if he does, he will soon be so sorely perplexed that he may end by throwing all historical science to the dogs. It is curious to observe upon what basis Michelet, in his own mind, rests his claims to the unswerving delineation of truth.

"I do not mean to pretend that no history save my own is sincerely written; but I say that, save and except myself, all writers, even the

most honorable, have preserved the respect of certain things and certain men, whilst, on the contrary, history, the judge of the universe, has for its first and paramount duty the absence of all respect."

If such things did not lie in black and white under our eyes, we should declare their existence impossible, and refuse to believe that in a country like France a man could be found out of Charenton to put forth as a principle, that the sincerity of history is dependent upon what would preclude the possibility of any history containing a moral lesson, — upon systematic "disrespect."

As might be guessed, this professed disrespect applies only to the "certain things and certain men" M. Michelet does not like, whilst for those whose peculiarities suit his own he is full of one-sided admiration and excessive respect. For instance, while he can find no saving clause in the character of any one of the men attached to the Catholic movement, while he can neither understand the unity they represent nor the popularity they excite, he is mentally upon his knees before Rabelais, in whom he seems to find impersonated whatever is great and glorious in the time. "*Le bon et grand Rabelais!*" he exclaims with enthusiasm; and you see that, here, the writer whose merit (but whose only one) was, that, like his precursor, Chaucer, in England, he helped to form and establish the edifice of his native language, meets, on M. Michelet's part, with a sympathy and a faculty of comprehension that fails to be awakened in him by any man whose sphere is that of statesmanship. M. Michelet judges of the actors of that dramatic period, the sixteenth century, in France, precisely as a critic might judge of actors on the stage. The political sense is completely wanting in him. Of his works may be said, what was once said of M. le Rémusat, when he wrote in the *Globe:* "Il fait le feuilleton de la philosophie." M. Michelet writes the *feuilleton* of French history. But if from the subject you pass to the execution, the praise that cannot be awarded to the annalist must be sometimes largely given to the word-painter. There are now and then pages that absolutely dazzle you; bursts of rude eloquence that carry you away; pictures, the intense coloring of which may rival Rembrandt, Rubens, or Murillo. Here and there, too, a character

strikes him forcibly; and not happening to excite his active dislike, but leaving him free to exercise whatever judgment nature originally endowed him with, he rapidly and broadly dashes off a sketch that, while it charms the graphic, does not egregiously offend the philosophic sense. His picture of Henri IV. is eminently an example of this. If the *volage* husband of "la Reine Margot" had not been a prince, M. Michelet would so utterly give himself up to his admiration for him that he would be untrue from over-praise; if Henri IV., being a prince, had always been a Catholic, M. Michelet would be so blind to his virtues, that his portrait would be false from over-blame; but as there is in the birth of Henri IV. what counterbalances any leaning M. Michelet may have towards him, so in Henri IV.'s want of all religious conviction, in his readiness to be of any creed, there is, for M. Michelet's strong atheistic tendency, that which counterbalances his birth and his royalty. The result is one rarely attained by our author's impartiality; and adding to this impartiality the brilliancy and originality of style which seldom deserts him, his portrait of Henri IV. is worth quoting.

"Great military tacticians (foreigners especially) have undervalued Henri IV. because they have not taken into account that, in France, whatever is, is in virtue of the latent fire it contains (*tout est par l'étincelle*). No one ever had more of this than Henri IV. A greater captain would have succeeded less. His vivacity, carrying everything before it, made him first strong as a partisan long before he became a general. He perhaps did not know much of the command of an army, but he created armies by his own personal charm, by his gayety, by the glance of his eye. . . . . Everything was ascribed to Henri IV. Each ruin that society rebuilt, he was said to have re-edified; he did all, restored all, invented all, — he alone, and France nothing! Such is the legendary justice, the sterile idolatry, which sees miracles on every side, and attributes everything to chance and the hazards of Providence!

"This beloved of Fortune, who above all was indebted to her for having been in the beginning so rudely tried, had also the luck of being born in the midst of the ardent fire of Protestantism. . . . . He was the instrument of the party. Coligny found him at La Rochelle, and took the little mountain prince as a chief: the Gascon was up to anything (*il ne doutait de rien*). Coligny, however, was not deceived; he

saw at once the unsafe side of the royal lad, and at Moncontour kept him in the background, in order that the little Protestant army should not be suddenly transformed into an army of courtiers only. The day was lost: Henri remained a resource, and he took care to say the day would have been gained had he been allowed to have his own way. Coligny took him to himself, taught him patience and virtue? No! the creature was a strange one; firm and steady as a soldier, for all the rest changeable as water, false as the wave.

"We will lay hands upon this Proteus.

"He was grand-nephew to the greatest braggart of all France and of Navarre, — Francis I. He was grandson to that charming Margaret of Navarre, so uncertain in her mysticism that she never rightly knew whether she was Protestant or Catholic.

"His grandfather, Henri d'Albret, who assuredly read *Gargantua* (published in 1534), enacted over again at the child's birth (in 1553) the exact Rabelaisian tale. It was he who gave him Jurançon wine to drink, and to please this same grandsire, the mother, Jeanne d'Albret, had, during her labor pains, a Bearnese *cantique* chanted to Our Lady of Jurançon!

"Henri's preceptor swears that at the sole smell of the garlic-dose the infant nodded its head, whilst the grandfather, overjoyed, cried aloud, 'Thou wilt be a genuine Bearnese at all events!' Of a truth, too, everything was done to make him this. He never learned to write, which is probably the very reason why he wrote so well. His least letter is a gem.

"His education, nevertheless, was a robust one. He learned everything verbally, and Latin by habit, and as his own tongue. His chief duty was seemingly to be for ever out of doors, scouring the country, fighting all the boys of his own age. 'When the king of Navarre,' says D'Aubigné, 'had tired out horses and men, and thrown over every one, panting from fatigue, then he got up a dance (*il forçait une danse*); but he alone then was capable of dancing.'

"Locomotion is the law of the man. He is for ever on the move. Long-winded writings, indited by Forget or Mornay, have been attributed to him; — he never wrote them; he had no patience, no wind. He never wrote save briefly; — he wrote orders to his officers, or love-letters, — nothing more.

"Now let us condense our estimate.

"First, Henry IV. was in every sense a *man*. Secondly, he was a *Frenchman*, exceedingly like his grand-uncle, Francis I., but more affable, more easily familiar with all sorts of people. Thirdly, he was a *Gascon*, with the peculiar sharpness of wit and humor that individuals

of this race add to the purely French wit (*Il avait extrêmement le gout du terrein, et dégasconna lentement*). What he kept the longest was his habit of joking, his temperance and his avarice being always sure to find a witticism that should stand him in lieu of payment in bare coin.

"Tradition gives him eight nurses; he was therefore fed from the milk of eight different constitutions and tempers. This agrees perfectly with the rest of his life, that was always subject to different influences. But Coligny and Catherine de' Medici were also among his nurses. Unhappily, he took little from the first, and an infinite deal from the last. He did not take her cold cruelty, but he took her profound indifference to all things.

"What deceived the most in Henri IV.* was his sensibility, quite real and in no way put on; a sensibility easy and inborn, springing from nature. He had eyes brilliant and sharp, but very kind, and used to moisten at each moment, — the most singular readiness of tears. He could weep for everything; he wept from love, from friendship, from pity, and was none the more reliable for that. No matter; there was about him an exterior air of goodness that made him quickly beloved."

To this *moral* portrait, M. Michelet adds the physical portrait of Henri IV. in these few words: —

"With his white plume on his head, and on his back his red cloak, scarce big enough to cover his doublet worn by the cuirass, and his hose of a rusty brown, he was not difficult to discover. Short, sturdy, his beard somewhat mixed with premature threads of gray, his countenance energetic, with a profile where the nose and chin sought to meet, Henri was the picture of the true and perfect Gascon soldier."

Whether this portrait be not more in the style of a romancer or a dramatist than of an historian, we leave our readers to decide; but it is one of the portraits of Henry IV. that best reproduce the man as he really was, that best make him live before our eyes. In the same style is also the chapter touching the king's affection for Gabrielle d'Estrées, and a more charming passage of romance or of poetry in prose has rarely been penned. Upon the whole, this new volume of M. Michelet's, failing completely of the purpose for which it has been published, is in another sense a decided acquisition to the modern literature of France. As to any serious information upon the *Ligue*, as to any political instruction, it contains

* We particularly recommend this passage, for it contains more truth than is to be found in any sketch of this same prince, who was not so much a comedian as a Proteus. "Not false, but fickle," as Lord Byron has expressed it.

none; but as a picture, conveying a lively and correct impression of the social state of France in the sixteenth century, it is a very valuable production.

For giving the general color of an epoch, for marking out the leading features of a particular period of civilization, few books can be more successful than Jules Janin's four volumes, professedly purposing to treat of the History of Dramatic Literature in France, but in reality treating of French society between 1823 and 1851. Janin's book is a magic lantern, as was, and is still, his Monday's *feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats;* everybody and everything passes by turns, front-face or side-face, and you catch a sight of every celebrity, whether native or foreign, that has reflected its image in the current of Parisian popularity during the last five-and-twenty years. They are all there, from Corcelet, the vender of comestibles, up to Guizot and Casimir Périer; from the Duchess of Sutherland down to Madame Provost, the famous *bouquetière* of the Palais Royal. If this kaleidoscope-like system gave to Janin's *feuilletons* their special charm, their superiority over all others, how much more must it adapt itself to the composition of a book in which each *feuilleton* forms a separate chapter in a literary whole, whereof the object is to furnish the reader with a general view of Parisian civilization, *à propos* to a minute and particular view of the productions of the Parisian stage!

It is scarcely possible to divide the literature of France from her society and her manners. Each is at once both the cause and the effect of the other, and a stranger may, on coming to the modern Babylon, know pretty well, by three or four visits to the principal theatres, and by attending to the attitude of the spectators on such occasions, which way blows the wind of Parisian morality or immorality. For instance, it is not difficult to see that between Victor Hugo and young Dumas (the son) a radical revolution has taken place, and that the public which wept over the woes of Marion Delorme, and the public that applauds Olivier de Jalin's castigation of equivocal ladies in the *Demi Monde*, is either composed of different individuals, or of the same persons transformed by circumstances. From 1827–8 to 1835–6, the current set against all limits, all barriers, all restraints, and whatever was *not* law-

ful was dignified as heroic. The merit was to overthrow, to outstep,— it was an aggressive merit. When this had borne its most detestable fruits, — detestable in every way, in art to the full as much as in politics or in morals,—then the current turned, and set in precisely the contrary direction. M. Guizot's sentence became the watchword, — "The only progress now possible is resistance." Within the last ten or twelve years, above all, this latter tendency has been more than ever evident, and a preaching tone has been gradually growing fashionable in France, throughout the domains of society, of politics, and of the arts. Janin's History of Dramatic Literature is especially curious to those of our generation who have a knowledge of the so-called *periode echevelée* only from tradition, and it is with deep interest that we follow him through his descriptions of what took place in the years immediately preceding and immediately following 1830. We will seize his sentiment upon the subject, for it entirely coincides with our own, and show the reader how he judges the first symptoms of what in 1827 was necessarily called the "new school."

"There is a genuine charm about these studies, which, after all, constituted the life and the marvel of our days of early youth. I may wish to advance, to speak at last of the drama of the *present* time, but I am held back; and in truth what hurry is there? Why should I not recur once again to Shakespeare?

"Shakespeare was the starting-point of the entire *new school*. He was the first master of Hugo; he reigned over all our stage, and that alone would be a reason for recurring to him. Othello filled the Théatre Français with Mlle. Mars; the second Théatre Français was full with Miss Smithson in Lady Macbeth; Kean and the Merchant of Venice were at the Théatre Italien. Shakespeare was everywhere: at the Grand Opera, at the Porte St. Martin, and even at the Ambigu. For a time he inspired with a passion for his genius the noblest minds we have, and the commonest characters; princes and subjects, grisettes and duchesses, were all alike inflamed. One day, above all, the great poet achieved a triumph that stands perhaps alone in literary history; it was a triumph achieved in his own tongue, and with his own natural interpreters.

"This was in the year 1827, (O prodigal time! so full of hopes, inspirations, and good things of all kinds!) on one of those nights when

wind and rain drive the unoccupied crowd to the various theatres. The Théatre Italien shone with all its accustomed splendors. Into her habitual box had just entered, in the midst of the acclamations of all around, the protectress of the *Gymnase* and of M. Scribe, — both just beginning to be, — Madame the Duchesse de Berry! Everywhere, on all sides, lights, flowers, and *beauties*. In corners of the house, had you looked for them patiently, the romancers and poets of the barely budding time, for whom fortune and the *right moment* were lying in wait, — M. Hugo, M. de Balzac, M. de Vigny, M. Fréderic Soulié, etc. O vision of the past! they were all there then. And in the rush of duchesses was one woman, ardent of soul, uncertain of aim, and whose name was Marie Dorval! She had come to listen, and so had also the man by her side, who was one day to be Fréderick Lemaitre! And all these infant poets and embryo comedians, and these critics of barely twenty years, they were all called together to the same intellectual banquet, by the same intellectual passions; they were all assembled there to hear the greatest actor of the nineteenth, and perhaps of *any* century, Kean! He was waited for, waited for long, — waited for till the impatient but so politely educated public began to think it had waited beyond measure.

"Kean was to play that night his great part of Shylock; his horrible, magnificent, incomparable part. But Kean had not yet come to the theatre, and the Princess Royal was waiting for him."

We need not tell our readers on this side the Atlantic, that Kean was (as too frequently happened with him) doing homage to the charms of some exquisite Bordeaux, drinking at the Café Anglais, and after still longer waiting, when he was brought to the theatre, he was in a condition in which to any one else the impersonation of any part would have been impossible. He was, however, sobered by the first burst of applause, and became Shylock from head to foot. But it is not with him we have at present to do.

The influence exercised by Shakespeare in France was exercised, as was natural, over the so-called *romantic* school, and we may perhaps astonish our readers, if we, upon mature deliberation, affirm that it was an influence the bad effects of which were immediate, and the good effects indirect. Every language has its own particular and national genius, and none more than the French. But this genius is as much opposed to the genius of Shakespeare, as that of the Germans, for in-

stance, is akin to it. Consequently, while the study of Shakespeare has been the origin of all the literary development of the Anglo-Saxon races for the last sixty or eighty years, it has been pre-eminently the cause of a period of literary perturbation in the modern representatives of the Latin race, — in the French. The *Classiques* of our century in France were a set of narrow-minded, untalented individuals; but the form of their productions was the one suited to the genius of France, only their manipulation of that form was a bad one. In a merely literary point of view, however, let it be remembered that the dramatic works of these doting *Classiques* were not worse, not more inefficient, than the mad ravings of the *Romantics*. The latter mistook Shakespeare altogether, and therefore wholly misapplied him. They, the men of the *new school*, saw, and were chiefly fascinated by, his defects. The jumble of times, places, and characters, which is one of the immortal bard's deficiencies, and which was the result of his education and habits of life, is what charmed most the men who had grown to regard the three unities as a proof of political oppression. The kings of Sicily and Bohemia mixed up in absurd confusion, delighted rhyming boys just let loose from college and from a forced admiration for Racine and the authors of antiquity, and, instead of aiming at or understanding Shakespeare's greatness, they set to work to imitate his bad taste, which was somewhat easier. Had Shakespeare been a Frenchman, he would not probably have invented in the form of Corneille or Molière, and had Molière been enabled to read Measure for Measure, or As You Like It, he would most assuredly not the less have written the Misanthrope. But had Shakespeare been born in France, it is probable he would not have written plays at all. And here we touch upon what we hinted at above, namely, the *indirect* influence of Shakespeare upon France.

The mistake, we repeat, (and herein lies the whole quarrel of the "Romantics" and the "Classics,") the mistake was the application of Shakespeare to the drama in France. The real, the strong, the undeniable influence of Shakespeare has been a wider one than this; it has been an influence exercised over all thought in general, without reference to a specific

form. It has been an influence over what was highest in France, over her orators, philosophers, historians, and statesmen; but not particularly over her dramatists. On the contrary, it has been less felt by precisely these, because their appreciation of it was a too limited one, and because they sought to bring it principally to bear upon a form which was incapable of harmony with it. Shakespeare has influenced such persons as Guizot and Villemain, as Cousin, Rémusat, Eugène Delacroix, the painter, George Sand (sometimes), Lamartine, and Alfred de Mupet; but he has had no action upon M. Scribe, and the influence he exercised over Hugo, Dumas, and the young dramatic school, as long as they persisted in adapting his form to their own national drama, was disastrous and eminently sterile. From the unintelligent worship of the composition of Shakespeare's plays sprang such monster-births as *Marie Tudor* and *Le Roi s'amuse*, which were anomalies in the national art, totally fruitless, having engendered nothing, and by no means Shakespearian after all. Poor Charles X. would seem to us, although the Romantics complained so bitterly of his tyranny, to have understood this question better than most of those around him, to have judged it from the truly national point of view, and to have manifested an extremely liberal tendency in deciding upon it. When, just before the Revolution of 1830, M. Victor Hugo had had an audience of the King to explain to his Majesty his tragedy entitled *Marion Delorme*, the whole Académie Française and its adherents out of doors were up in arms; and when they heard of *Hernani* as forthcoming, their rage and alarm knew no bounds, and they got up a petition to the throne against the man who was, fifteen years later, to be their colleague.

"Messieurs les Classiques," says Jules Janin, "framed a petition to the King, in the name of the literature, the art, and the good taste of France, alleged to be represented at that particular period of time by Messieurs Alexandre Duval, Chenier, Etienne, Audrient, and Raynouard" (names tolerably consigned since that epoch to oblivion). "To hear them talk — these fanatics — of the *Templiers*, of *Tibère*, of the *Deux Gendres*, and of other works of the same high order, — the stage and the literature of France were at an end, and the noble traditions

of Louis XIV. destroyed, if his Majesty Charles X. allowed all these youngsters to invade the theatre and take the place of older men. This appeal, however, to the might of royalty, this invocation to force, was not to the taste of the generation. . . . . To the praise of the King be it said, his Majesty was little touched by this claim laid upon him by veteran poets in behalf of their right to the monopoly of tragedy and comedy, and he cleverly answered, the excellent King! that there was in this world a republic where he could have, like everybody else, but one voice, — the Republic of Letters, — and that, in all questions like the one submitted to him, the public was, after all, the only judge."

Charles X. was doubly right in this reply, inasmuch as he was perfectly aware that the danger from the "new school" was essentially transient, and that, in fact, "French art" would be in no way injured by it. He did quite right in referring the whole matter to the decision of the pit, for, in the end, the *vox populi* pronounced, as was inevitable, against M. Hugo, though Charles X. did not live to see it.

Twenty years have passed since these disputes excited the public mind in France, and now it would be as easy, if not easier, to perform Chenier's Tiberius as Hugo's Hernani. One is not more obsolete than the other; for if Chenier's drama has become extinct from want of talent, the drama of Hugo has become extinct from its intense opposition to the national spirit and style. In this Doctor Johnson was right, when he declared that "what was strictly in conformity with the national style never became obsolete." Upon Hugo, as upon the rest of his countrymen, Shakespeare has exercised an undoubtedly strong action; but it is upon Hugo as a poet, as a thinker, and not as a dramatist. Had he never read Shakespeare, he might have written better plays; for whereas he combines all the faults of the British bard, without one of his splendors, he might, had he let himself alone and been original, have had some beauties, and have escaped what renders him, upon the French stage, grotesque. Hugo is Shakspearian when he is merely a poet. The *Feuilles d'Automne*, the *Contemplations*, and the *Châtiments* (his best work, if we set aside its perpetual strain of invective), are all the products of a mind that has thought upon and with Shakespeare; whilst

Marion Delorme, *Lucrece Borgia*, and many other of his plays, are mere copies of defects that Shakespeare owed unavoidably and solely to his age.

No one has perceived this more clearly than Jules Janin, who, though from pure liberalism of feeling he encourages Hugo to persevere against all opposition, becomes thoroughly, enthusiastically national and French when the true French and national style takes, once more, possession of the theatre. This is evident the moment Rachel is guessed at; and you then see at once with what a burst of spontaneous and national joy the critic (so exclusively French at heart) hails the appearance of this girl of sixteen, who literally with a touch of her hand, with a glance of her eye, with a tone of her voice, calls from its trance the spirit of the real French drama, and restores it to full and perfect life before an audience enraptured, because composed of Frenchmen.

Rachel was something more than merely a great actress; she was the mark of a turning-point, if we may so term it, in the public taste. The hour of her appearance upon the boards of the Théatre Français coincides with that at which French taste ceased to approve entirely of disorder and impurity, and once more returned to that admiration of the decent and the refined which had, during the century previous to the Revolution, been one of its marked characteristics. The entire and all but instantaneous success of Rachel is not an event to be lightly regarded, and without esteeming it at its genuine value we should run a risk of only imperfectly appreciating the educated population of France. Her whole career is a protest against the possibility of Anglo-Saxon influence (or, indeed, of any influence save the purely classic) over the French stage. Till she came, it had grown into fashion to say that the tragedy of Racine and Corneille was out of date, and no longer adapted to the intellectual wants of modern times; Roxane, Hermione, Pauline, Phèdre, were restored to life with all the reality, all the passion of modern diction, and it was found out that they, more than anything else, gave satisfaction to the intellectual wants of France. Perhaps there never was, in fact, a stronger proof that, save some few exterior modifications, the French of 1845–46 were

the French of 1670, and that, after such a social and political earthquake as that of 1793, the race ruled over by Louis Philippe was substantially the same race in its feelings and its tastes as the race ruled over by Louis XIV.

As to comedy, this never had been called in question; the hesitation was as to the fitness of the tragic authors of the grand *Siècle;* but Molière, Regnard, Le Sage, and others of their stamp, had never ceased to interest the French public for a day. For this reason, Mlle. Mars really was and remained, to use Janin's expression, "the representative of all the drama of her time"; for from 1800 to 1837–40 was precisely the period when, *Britannicus* and *Oreste* being made matter for dispute, the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe* had the monopoly of the public favor, and subsisted as indisputable and on all hands accepted models. This was one of the causes of the supremacy of Mlle. Mars, a supremacy no one ever doubted. Célimène was the queen of more than a quarter of a century.

"Célimène," as Janin truly observes, "was as though it had been written on purpose for Mlle. Mars. It is the part, above all, of high comedy that she likes the most and plays the best. She has in her all the instincts of the grand old French society, that society which has disappeared long ago, and she is familiar with it from her strong intuitive sense of genius, elegance, and fine taste. Irony, wit, gayety, affability, grace, — everything is contained at once in that part of Célimène, in that fine struggle of the utmost coquetry with the delicacy of an honorable man. Célimène stands all alone, defended by her beauty, and with no protection save her wit. All the loungers of the court are around her. They come to spend hours near this beauty so much in vogue, for the mere purpose of seeing her and of hearing her talk; she, on her side, only means to show them her beauty and her wit; as to her heart, she takes it not into account, — it has nothing to do there. What do these exquisite gentlemen care for the heart of Célimène? They seek only for the *éclat* that the young beauty can give them in society; they have no care for her affections. Neither one nor the other of them all aspires to exclusive dominion over Célimène; what *all* aspire to is a gentle word, *before witnesses,* a tender look, *in public,* a letter they can show to all the world; as to the rest, that may follow or not. And this is why Célimène, true to the part she has assumed, is so prodigal to all of fair words, of tender looks, of pretty

letters, — there lies her force, and she needs force to defend herself. The history of Célimène is the history of Mlle. Mars with the French public of our age."

This is not only the best portrait of Molière's Célimène that we remember to have met with, and probably the best portrait also of Mlle. Mars; it is the portrait of the Frenchwoman, of the *Parisienne par excellence*, — the reproduction of a type which was for centuries the pivot on which turned nearly all French society. It is for this reason we have thought it so important, and have quoted it entire. From the Duchesse de Chevreuse to Madame de Sévigne, from Madame de Maintenon to the Princesse des Ursins, and from all these down to the Duchesse de Duras of twenty-five years since, and to Madame de Castellane who died almost the other day, there is a spark of Célimène in every Frenchwoman of any influence, of any note. In those who want her elegance you will find her *esprit*, and in those who have not her intelligence you will recognize her charm; in all, you will find her *aplomb* and her indifference of heart. Janin has, in the sketch we have quoted, painted one of the principal figures of French civilization in all times, and he knows it well.

There is more philosophy in Jules Janin than is usually supposed. He is a profound moralist of the school once so popular in England. There is in him a spice of Sterne, of Fielding, sometimes even of Swift, though, in general, satire takes with him the worthier shape of indignation. In his book now lying before us, called *Le Traité de Petits Bonheurs*, there is as much practical philosophy as would suffice to fill a dozen *serious* works; yet it is written in that lively, pleasant tone which is so peculiarly his own, and which induces the more frivolous part of the public to regard him as "not serious" because not heavy. "In troubled times," he exclaims in the first page, "it is meet we should tell men of their happiness"; and the whole object of the work is to show what infinite resources are left to those who choose to draw their felicity from themselves, and who, from living within themselves, learn how to rise superior to circumstances and to their own fortune.

This book is eminently what the French term an "amiable book," and we are in no way astonished at its immense sale. It is a consolatory, a lovable book; naturally, therefore, one that increases a man's self-esteem, by proving to him all that lies within his grasp, if he be minded to make the best of himself and of what is in him. In the opening chapter there is what may be interesting to our readers on this side the Atlantic, the portrait, namely, of the author himself, under the name of M. de Trégeau. As it is an extraordinary likeness, and as the original has occupied for thirty years (having made his *début* at seventeen) a conspicuous place in the journalism of France, it may not be unacceptable to copy at least some of the principal features.

"Our friend," says Janin, alluding to himself under this disguise, "is not poor, neither is he rich; he is no longer young, but he is not old; he has not said farewell to all the charms of the bright earlier years, but he no longer sings the soft strain of *Lydia, dormis.*

"On such a day, at such an hour, in a bright sunshine, when all is full of life around him, our friend is in the summer of existence, and assuredly counts no more than thirty years. . . . . But on the morrow, if the day be dark and the birds silent, he dreams within himself and is sad. . . . . He is strange, this man, who is, as it were, two men placed between youth and age, between enthusiasm and negation, between love and — the *gout!* For he is gouty, yet falls in love. He is a poet, a philosopher, a musician. He is the echo of the past, the voice of the present hour. . . . . He is a philosopher, for he has left behind (after having tried them all) the vanities of our terrestrial sphere, — above all, the vanity of renown. . . . . He was already disposed for happiness. Kind, not from weakness, but from kindness first, and next from sheer laziness, and because to be *a bad man* a vast deal of ability and strength and perseverance is required. All his life he attended to all good advice in order not to annoy him who gave it, and never followed it in order not to annoy him who listened to it. He is veracious from love of truth, but also to escape the difficulties of lying. . . . . Dependent upon no one, no one was dependent upon him. . . . . And in the midst of all his crowd of small happinesses, so easy to preserve and to overlook, he had the one thing which, of all others, enabled him to appreciate them most, — he had the gout! Yes! the genuine gout, one abominable month in six; and when he was pitied by his friends, he would cry out, with a resolute

laugh, 'Well, yes! *mes amis!* I have it; but if I have the honor to be gouty, it is because I have richly deserved it.'"

The whole book is in this strain, and is the history of the little treasures of contentment that M. de Trégeau finds in life, ending with these charming words: —

"O Providence! there are in this world no *small* happinesses, for the more happiness is hidden, and the easier it is to hide, the better; and therefore, friend, the truth is, that thy 'little' is in fact a great happiness."

We should recommend the translation of this charming work on our side of the Atlantic; for it has a stronger savor of the Anglo-Saxon and domestic, than of the pure Gallic element. It is an honest and sympathetic, and we would say eminently a *happy* book.

From the famous theatrical critic of the *Journal des Débats* to the most famous of all theatrical directors in France, Dr. Véron, the transition is easy. Dr. Véron's last book, *Quatre Ans de Règne, où en Sommes Nous*, is not a success, quite the reverse; but it is an *incident*, and a remarkable one. Dr. Véron, it must be remembered, when he took to writing and signing what he wrote in the *Constitutionnel*, did so, manifestly, in order to support the Presidential, and, later, the Imperialist cause. He abandoned all his former friends who belonged more or less to the liberal, royalist, and constitutional parties, to give his vote undisguisedly, loudly, in favor of absolute government and of Bonapartism. He had been the intimate friend of Changarnier on the eve of the *coup d'état;* on its morrow, he deemed it fitting and proper that Changarnier should be a prisoner and an exile, and that the rights and liberties of every French citizen should be subject to the arbitrary will and pleasure of one man at the head of the state. All the obloquy and all the recompense that were showered upon the Doctor, on either side, were for the reason that he was a Bonapartist. It was for that cause that he both merited and suffered, with that cause, therefore, that he ought to be identified. Taken from this point of view, his volume just published is undoubtedly curious; for it admits what hitherto the enemies only of the existing *régime* are supposed to have pro-

claimed. It admits, and seems written for the sole purpose of admitting, that liberty is wholly absent from the existing order of things in France, and that its want is a positive danger.

In the book itself there is nothing eloquent, nothing new, nothing that any one can desire to copy or to retain; nothing, in short, save the fact of the curiosity of such a book's being written by such a man. It is Dr. Véron's enemies more than his friends who have shown that the work was not insignificant; for whilst those whose political opinions may be flattered by the doctrine it sets forth remain silent, and do not risk themselves in its praise, those whom its political doctrines offend are open-mouthed in its abuse, and scarcely let a day pass without pelting its author with the dirt they pick up from the bottom of their inkstands. The only journal that has attempted to say a good word for Dr. Véron is the journal least likely of all to have undertaken what might look like his defence, namely, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the most exclusive, most disdainful, and least given of all to any acts of good-fellowship. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, however, has had cause latterly to wish there were a somewhat larger portion of liberty accorded to the citizens of France, and so far M. Véron's arguments were also its own. Moreover, the direction of the *Revue* has been exposed latterly to the same wordy abuse with the burly Doctor, and consequently the men composing that "direction" have been somewhat disposed to feel tenderly towards him, and to support him. There is no doubt, however, that *Quatre Ans de Règne* is a sign of the times, and as such is decidedly not without importance. Four years — or even two years — ago, Dr. Véron would not have written this book, nor, if written, would he have been allowed to publish and sell it. Now, not only are the opinions and sentiments expressed in it those which must unavoidably be the sentiments and opinions of all reasonable persons, but they are such as the government dares not take upon itself to suppress. But it may therefore be argued, that the imperial government is itself persuaded that the hour is approaching when the political freedom it promised as "the crowning portion of the edifice of the state," will become not only possible, but

necessary. It may be said, that, by suggesting the opportunity of liberty, Dr. Véron may be far from running counter to the wishes of his patrons, but may be, on the contrary, promoting them. The answer is an easy one: it lies in what we alluded to above. There is not a ministerial paper, be it high or low in the scale of journalism, so it be but a government organ, that has not done its best to demolish Dr. Véron, and from the *Constitutionnel* down to the *Figaro* (a vile print, in which every slander, however hideous, finds its home), the name of the ex-director of the opera is held up as a sort of target for the shafts of government scribes.

Dr. Véron's book is not only one of the first in which political freedom and "parliamentary liberty" are distinctly asked for, in which the restraint upon them is pointed out as excessive and as a positive peril; it is also the first in which the persons occupying the various offices of government have their *past* and their *present* set down by the side of their names, and in no very flattering terms, though with no expression of personally disagreeable censure. If Dr. Véron's book had been what is called "full of talent," it would decidedly have been an "event"; as it is, we have said, it is an "incident," and we have designated why.

A personal question attaches also to the volumes of Marshal Marmont's *Mémoires*, and it may not be uninteresting to American readers to know how their publication was found to be possible, and was brought about. When the Marshal wrote them, he had a duplicate copy made, and deposited in safe hands in Austria, so that Madame de Damremont, to whom he left them in Paris, had in fact in her possession only a manuscript whose correctness it was at any moment practicable to verify. The Duc de Raguse died in 1852, and the *Mémoires* were not disposed of till 1856. The various publishers who were applied to refused to pay the sums required, saying that, under the present government, the public would never believe in the veracity of memoirs purposing to treat of the first empire. In the end, and for this reason, the manuscript was sold at something like a tenth of the price it had been supposed it would bring. It was also found impossible to publish the work without the Emperor's

having seen the manuscript. It was accordingly submitted to him, and fifty times in the course of its perusal, his Majesty signified that it was not to be thought of that such memoirs should be given out to the world, and that their publication was decidedly to be forbidden. It is certain that during the entire first five volumes the impression given by Marshal Marmont is all but totally unfavorable to the period of the Consulate and the Empire, and the judgment of this very foremost of his captains upon the man who made him whatever he became was as harsh, upon the whole, as could well be imagined. But those who surrounded the present Emperor begged him to wait, saying: "Your Majesty will see that the Bourbons and the period of the Restoration are treated so severely that nothing more could be wished for in the interests of Bonapartism; and by what goes before, the Marshal's impartiality and credibility will be established, and your Majesty's enemies put in their proper place." Thus adjured, the Emperor read on, and soon read enough to convince himself that his advisers were perfectly right, and the *Mémoires* were allowed to be published.

Perhaps, to appreciate this work at its real value, the character of the late Duc de Raguse ought to be taken into consideration. This was eminently a *depreciatory* character, and to his last hour there was nothing more natural to Marmont, than to oppose drawbacks to every portion of praise that was awarded to no matter whom, for no matter what. No man would have been more quickly tired of hearing Aristides perpetually called "the just," and Bonaparte's glory and fame were not, we are disposed to think, a title to Marmont's sympathy or unqualified admiration. Still, of his impartiality of censure there can be no doubt. He blames the mistakes of the Empire, but he blames bitterly the shortcomings of the Restoration also, and does not scruple, in the volume of his *Mémoires* that has just appeared (and which leads the reader to 1814), to say, that, whilst the faults of the period that had preceded were great and deplorable, they were the faults of a time and of men full of force, energy, and enterprise, the faults of ambition and over-daring, whereas the faults of the period that followed were those of a dishonest, degenerate,

weakling age. That such a sweeping accusation should be brought by the Duc de Raguse against the Restoration astonishes us from its flagrant injustice; but it is explicable from the Marshal's dislike to a parliamentary form of government. Marmont was essentially an *absolutist*, and therefore incapable of comprehending Louis XVIII. In the next forthcoming volumes will be seen his appreciation of the most really constitutional epoch of French history, — of the only period of time during which representative government was genuinely practised in France; but we do not anticipate that it has met with a chronicler able or inclined to do it justice. In the six volumes already published the reader will find an admirable account of the Italian, and, above all, of the Egyptian, campaign, and we hold ourselves authorized to affirm (the contrary of what has been very generally supposed) that the entire authenticity of the *Mémoires* lies beyond a doubt.

Art. XII. — 1. *Margaret: a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, Blight and Bloom; including Sketches of a Place not before described, called Mons Christi.* In two volumes. Revised Edition. By the Author of "Philo," "Richard Edney," &c. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1851.

2. *Compositions in Outline, by* Felix O. C. Darley *from* Judd's *Margaret.* Engraved by Konrad Huber. New York: Redfield. 1856.

Judd's Margaret has for years been familiar to our eyes, and no stranger to our pages. For this very reason we confess our greater surprise and joy at the appearance of Darley's Outlines. The highest pleasure is not in absolute novelty, but in the union of things new and old, as when we meet old friends under new circumstances, if not with a new face. Surely the artist has given a new face to the beautiful creations of the novelist, and the exquisite outline of Margaret

herself opens at a glance the very soul of the whole fiction. We have already alluded to these beautiful sketches that so ally American art with literature, and we now recur to the subject in order to speak with some fulness of the tendencies which this tale of the real and the ideal exhibits.

It is a not uncommon idea, that New England is the chosen realm of prosy prudence and cold calculation; that the yardstick is there put above the musical scale; that the multiplication-table there stands beside the Ten Commandments, and the price-current enters into the morning meditations quite as much as the Psalter; that the people are as frigid as the climate, whose most conspicuous products, granite and ice, are said to be no bad symbols of Yankee hardness and reserve. A superficial view of New England history might confirm this notion. The Puritans left behind them the poetry and beautiful arts of the Old World, and evidently had no burning desire to take them as companions, or to see them spring up in their new home. The educated and high-born men among them must have known something of the master-minds of English poetry who flourished before the migration,—something of Chaucer, Gower, Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ben Jonson. Yet in most of these authors there was so strong a recognition of the prevailing notions of government, society, and religion, as to make them distasteful to men of thorough Puritan culture, and utterly abominable in the eyes of the more ignorant zealots. Spenser's High-Churchism was enough to taint the beautiful affections and spiritual faith that pervade his poems, whilst Shakespeare's matchless creations, if then known, could have found little mercy from Puritan censors, not only because they were plays, but because they were brimful of the social habits and national associations of the court and people to whom they were addressed. The Plymouth Pilgrims were mainly men of moderate cultivation, with little taste for the Muses, and probably parted with English refinements far less reluctantly than the Puritans who founded Massachusetts Bay some ten years later. But if the stanch yeomen of the Mayflower could leave with little regret the

ancient castles and churches that had for them so little mercy, the scholars and gentlemen of the Arbella may have had deeper aversions from deeper experience, and in more than one case condemned the Siren more bitterly from the struggle between their faith and her fascinations. They said indeed, "Farewell, dear England." But they did not, in wishing well to England, wish especially well to the beautiful arts that have done so much for her glory. They thought that they were to leave these behind them in their exodus from bondage to freedom, and it was apparently the least of their regrets, that the poets and artists of the old country did not go with them to the new. They had seen so much of the pride and vanity of the civil and ecclesiastical powers as to be jealous of the fancy that had been so enlisted in their service, and were sometimes tempted to rank imagination itself among the gauds of the Scarlet Woman who still lingered about the throne and Church of England, and whose feet were never to be allowed to touch the new Canaan. Some of them evidently thought that all literature was to be chastised into Scripture phraseology, and that the human mind was to be cleared of romantic fancies by theological discipline, as easily as naughty boys or Sunday travellers were to be stopped by the solemn tithingman, and perhaps put into the stocks or tied to the whipping-post. But God knew the Puritans better than they knew themselves. The very men who condemned imaginations were full of them, and were destined by Providence to inaugurate a new era in the world of the ideal. It is certainly our deliberate opinion, that New-Englanders are eminently an imaginative people, and that their whole history has been the growth and bloom of the goodly seed which was at first sown in tears. It may take the century-plant a hundred years to bloom; but when the flower appears, is it not the expression of the life that dwelt from the first in the root? From the very first, did not that floral virtue belong to the plant, and did not the flower unfold the primal intention, articulate the primal thought? Let us see if we cannot make this position less paradoxical than it may seem to many.

Look, in the first place, at the essential elements of the

Puritan character in its independence, faith, and enterprise. The founders of New England were determined not to be kept in leading-strings by the Old World, and they started on their career with an independent purpose that could not but show itself erelong in original forms of thinking and imagining. They had the best sort of originality and the parent of every other sort, originality of character, that stout root which is sure to produce fairer and more vigorous fruit in the end than any dainty sentimentalism or speculative ingenuity. They were in earnest, and earnestness of will is the condition of all vital power, whether of mind or heart. It is the will that directly or indirectly imagines, as well as plans and works; and wherever there is this original force of character in the founders of a state, we may look for an original form of literature as well as of society, instead of stereotype copies of the current modes. In one respect, indeed, New England lost much by the sturdy independence of her founders. She lost much of the power of the old traditions, history, and manners that gave such food to the imagination by presenting topics which unite the charms of romance with the enchantment of age and distance. The Puritan, because he was so stern a non-conformist, could not draw inspiration from the rich fields of history and tradition, in which Spenser and Shakespeare had found such sparkling wells and lovely flowers and mystic groves. He left these all behind him, and turned his meditations beyond the intervening centuries to the patriarchal or the apostolic era, to the ages before modern nationality had begun; or if his imagination caught fire as he thought of the martyr age of British Protestants, this fire found little fuel from the annals of the English throne and Church during the years before Henry VIII. or after Queen Mary. New England was to be a new field in its historical associations, and centuries were to pass before the daughter's fancy could claim the mother's romance as her own, and find new ideals in the old homestead and its chronicles. But this very fact gave originality to the New England mind, and the quaint and often rude phraseology of the Puritan authors was the promise of fresher and freer forms of development apart from the dictation of European masters. It was the rough bark

which protected the tree from injury, and guided its strong juices into leaf and blossom. Had the Puritans followed the scholars and wits of England in all their modes of thought and expression, we might have had an early and graceful literature on these shores; but we could never have had our own New England, with her own thinkers, orators, and poets, who have taken their place among the originals in the Pantheon of letters. It was well that the independence which brought such originality of purpose, brought also the isolation of social and literary life, which secured to this purpose fresh soil and free development.

The Puritan's faith spiritualized and strengthened his independence, and in spite of its bigotry and superstition it affirmed the highest truth of religion, and the deepest condition of all mental power, — the privilege and the duty of direct personal communion between the human soul and the Divine Spirit. Man is very little when without God, and the ages that most heartily affirm and substantiate his influence over the mind, are sure to be seed-times of all manly thinking and ideal creation. Our forefathers may have philosophized little upon the nature of inspiration and the origin of ideas, and probably might have been enlightened by Edmund Spenser's celestial Platonism, or by Richard Hooker's spiritual politics; but they had the root of the matter in their own experience, and what many ideal theorists have speculated upon, they lived into reality. They lived with God for their King and Comforter, and the whole of the best mind of New England is proof of the quickening and inspiring power of their faith. This faith has given depth to the thought and elevation to the aim of our noblest authors. Poetry as truly as theology has shared in the blessing of that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. How can it be otherwise? How can man fail of winning creative power from direct communion with the Creator in whose image he was made, and so tracing beauty, as well as goodness and truth, to its primal source? The literature of Old England is proof of the power of the Puritan faith upon the ideal. This faith, which made Cromwell, and his heroes, virtually made Milton and Bunyan, and the whole host of free and devout poets who for two centuries turned their

pens against the despotism of the Stuarts and their successors. We do not say that the Puritan age created the genius of English poetry; but surely it gave to it its impulse, its freedom, and its faith. In New England the same ideal force was to show itself in the struggle with rude nature before it appeared in letters.

The enterprise of the Puritans bore out their independence and their faith. It was in itself a great prophecy, a mighty imagination, which has ever since been interpreting itself into fact, — this unwavering purpose to carve out for themselves by their own right hand, under God's blessing, a new kingdom in the Western world. Their imagination was not a dainty reverie, but a solemn vision, that showed them the great work to be done. They were no artists, but God was their artist, and by his inspiration imagination took pencil and chisel, and painted and sculptured for them the ideal of a state and church that were to become realities. So they were majestic idealists, and saw visions inviting them across the ocean more solemn than the dreams of ambition that lured Raleigh's courtly followers to Virginia, and more glorious than those that moved Columbus to seek, not a home, but a conquest, in the New World. Believe it, the imagination is pre-eminently a practical faculty, and is always at work when great deeds are to be planned and done. It belongs to our nature, and the boy who bestrides his father's cane and calls it a horse, or who mounts a chair and calls it a pulpit, is for the time being a poet, and, at least in his own fancy, rides like a Murat and preaches like a Chrysostom. However various its forms, this power is at work whenever the mind looks beyond the present to the future or the unseen, and it is quite as necessary to heroic daring as to ideal invention. It pens sonnets and reveals worlds; stands by the palette of Raphael, the chisel of Michael Angelo, the observatory of Kepler and Copernicus, and follows in the wake of the Santa Maria from Palos or the Mayflower from Delft Haven. It appears in all heroic grandeur, as well as in tender beauty. The rose has its own imagination; it has its plastic power, which from the little seed shapes the fragrant petals and blesses the senses with their loveliness. Has not the oak, too, the same indwelling force,

the same poetic instinct, which images not only its glossy leaf and waving boughs, but its massive strength, from the acorn? Is not the oak, too, a poem as well as the rose, — a poem that lives when the rose has faded, — lives, too, after its own leaves have fallen, and its trunk is hewn down, — lives in the stout ship, itself a goodly epic, whose heroic and rhythmic heavings chime with the roll of beating waves and the music of the winds in their harp-like whispers or their organ peals? This instinctive heart of oak in its strength and its prophecy surely the Puritan had.

Thus independent, devout, and resolute, the New England stock must be expected to show its own genius in accordance with its hereditary nature and its adopted soil. The Puritans were Englishmen, and they and their descendants had all, and perhaps more than all, of English reserve, whilst they renounced the courtly and ritual pageants that have always done so much to enliven the mother country. In respect to religious convictions, they had much in common with the Scotch Presbyterians, yet little of the convivial temper and the enthusiasm for thrones so characteristic of all Celtic races. They had nothing of the artistic taste that had at the time of their embarkation so flourished in Southern Europe, and given Italy and Spain such glory. In England the arts of design had not yet taken root, but were pursued chiefly by foreigners, and architecture and poetry were the only fine arts then native to the soil. Of these two, the Puritans brought little with them to their new home. It seems to have been no cause of repining with them, that they could not imitate the beautiful parish churches of England in Boston and Salem, and their wooden meeting-houses, with so many little windows, appeared to meet their taste as well as their convictions. Perhaps, however, we are mistaken, and our fathers had more taste than some of their children, and, as they could not build handsome churches, preferred honest simplicity to tawdry pretension, candid pine boards and shingles to lath and plaster shams, and so were saved from the atrocious gingerbread Gothic which has been the invention of our Yankee carpenters, and the admiration of many worthy persons who ought not to have the excuse of ignorance for their Vandal-

ism. As to poetry, versified poetry, the leading Puritan writers were ignorant of its first principles, and we can hardly conceive of such monstrous doggerel coming from well-educated men as we find from the pens of Puritan authors who were fellow-students at Cambridge with Milton himself. But we must not judge of John Cotton's fire by his limping verses, nor measure the inspiration of the clerical circle about Boston by the dislocated and dislocating rhymes of the Bay State Psalm-Book. We must look for the true poetry of the colonial writers in their prose; for they, as is the case with all men, did their best and most beautiful things when least straining after effect, and most earnest and spontaneous. If we thus watch for the play of the imagination, we shall not fail to see in the earliest times the movings of the genius that afterwards bloomed in our rich poetic and romantic literature.

Let us now take a few glances at the letters and life of New England, with an eye to the developments of the imagination. We find, almost without an exception, that this power shows itself most conspicuously where least expected, and constantly looks out upon us from the quaint conceits and solemn allegory of the Puritan fathers. Thus old Father Ward, minister of Ipswich, who could write verses crabbed enough to set one's teeth on edge, has passages in his prose sometimes funny enough for Shakespeare to put into the mouth of Falstaff, and sometimes exalted enough for Milton's majestic page. Hugh Latimer's humor could not better Ward's description of the fashionable ladies of his time, who seem to have given the sturdy Puritan humorist some inklings of these days of feminine cooperage; — "goodly Englishwomen imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hoodholes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them," — a style of womanhood which he looks upon as "the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kickt, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd." Where, on the other hand, is there a better word upon the nature of truth, or one more profoundly ideal, than this saying from Ward's Cobbler of Agawam? — "*Non senescit veritas.* No man ever saw a gray hair on the

head or beard of any truth, wrinkle or morphew on its face. The bed of Truth is green all the year long."

Cotton Mather was the pride and crown of the early Puritan culture, and with his characteristic passion for omniscience he of course snatched at the laurels of Parnassus, probably quite ready, if the truth had required it, to produce to order a new Iliad or Æneid. He figured as a poet, and the Mæcenas of poets, especially of Mistress Anne Bradstreet, whose volume was the first book of poems published in New England, the precursor of our whole grove of feminine songsters. But Mather is on stilts the moment he begins to rhyme, and to see anything of his humor and fancy we must watch the easy and spontaneous movements of his mind in its odd interpretations of Scripture and ingenious illustrations of Providence. His verses on the death of his children have not half the beauty of his casual and somewhat humorous biography of Ralph Partridge. He ends his description of Ralph thus: —

"Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and the poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from his nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of paradise along with the winged seraphim of heaven.

Epitaphium,
Avolavit."

Anne Bradstreet undoubtedly had considerable fancy and no usual power of diction, yet we could not do justice to the inspiration of early New England womanhood by citing her pedantic verse; and if we may presume to differ from her ghostly eulogist, Cotton Mather, we must give the preference to such lyrical natures as Anne Hutchinson's, whose presence and conversation needed no verse to make them inspiring. To have heard her and Henry Vane talk together of the divine light and the new future, would have been a far richer feast of the imagination than to have listened to Mather's ponderous colloquies with Mrs. Bradstreet, for whom "America prays that into such catalogues of authoresses as Beverovicius, Hottinger, and Voetius have given into the world,

there may be a room now given unto the daughter of our Governor Dudley and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet"; with other verbiage that is heavy enough to make one think that Mather's infancy had been fed on polyglots instead of pap.

The love of nature marks the poetic power of a people, and gives constant theme and illustration to the imagination. New England people are certainly remarkable for their love of beautiful scenery, and, cold as is their climate, they have in America taken the lead in descriptions of nature. Perhaps the shortness of their summer makes them value its treasures more fondly than Southern people do, who live amidst ever-blooming vegetation, too familiar to be prized; and the New England winters gather up not merely grain and apples for the table, but pleasant visions from summer fields and autumn groves for the inward chambers of imagery. Hints of this love of nature occur in the early Puritan poems, but we are more pleased with casual glimpses of it that appear in writers not thinking of poetic gifts. It is pleasant to read cheerful William Wood's description of New England trees in 1634: —

> "Trees both in hills and plains in plenty be,
> The long-liv'd oak and mournful cypris tree,
> Sky-tow'ring pines, and chesnuts coated rough,
> The lasting cedar, with the walnut tough.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Within this Indian orchard fruits be some;
> The ruddie cherrie and the jetty plume,
> Snake-murthering hazell, with sweet saxaphrage,
> Whose spurnes in beere allays hot fever's rage,
> The dyer's shumach with more trees there be
> That are both good to use and rare to see."

But there is quite as much suggestion in Winslow's simple and hearty account of the Plymouth country in 1621, a year after the landing: —

"All the spring-time the earth sendeth forth naturally very good sallet herbs. Here are grapes, white and red and very sweet and strong also; strawberries, gooseberries, raspas, &c.; plums of three

sorts, white, black, and red, being almost as good as a damson; abundance of roses, white, red, and damask, single, but very sweet indeed."

Has it not always been the case, in winter as well as in summer, that such roses are to be found, — single, but very sweet indeed?

This fair nature, thus noted in prose and verse by the first-comers, stole more and more upon the Puritan heart, until she in some measure replaced the old splendors of England, and won to her beautiful ritual and hallowed seasons a reverence and love that found no artificial pageants, no gems of painting or architecture, to inspire them. Nature surely helped out the Puritan's meagre rubric, and no pontiff nor bishop; and in the lovely yet solemn countenance of the great mother who looked in upon their worship from the fields and forests and hills through the ungarnished windows of the meeting-house, many a youth and maiden read lessons of faith and devotion as tender and profound as ever shone from the faces of the Madonnas in the chancel windows of the Old World's cathedrals. Not even Francis de Sales or Jeremy Taylor ever saw more poetry in a golden chalice or the sacred lily, than the stern Calvinist, Jonathan Edwards, found in that emblem of a pious soul, "such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun." This is a fair specimen of the feeling for nature in New England, which appears in her artists and poets, is so exquisitely worked up in such pieces as Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and Lowell's "Pine-Tree," and bursts out on almost every page of Judd's Margaret like wild-flowers from a rich prairie.

The mention of Edwards's name leads us into the second century of New England life, during which the foundations of our national system were laid. The events of this period acted powerfully on the imagination of the people, and the disputes and battles that are chronicled in records and

monuments have left no less conspicuous marks upon the common life and literature. But the wars did not so much create as bring out the enthusiasm of the people, and the fire that burned in the ballads and speeches of the Revolutionary era was fed by fuel that had long been gathering. Do not make merry at the reviewer for naming as educators and representatives of New England imagination in the eighteenth century two men who are generally considered as the driest and most matter-of-fact characters. I mean Jonathan Edwards, the metaphysician and theologian, and Benjamin Franklin, the mechanic, philosopher, and statesman. Edwards taught the people to combine a burning enthusiasm with logical keenness, and his great works were the schooling of many anxious and earnest thinkers in farm-houses and in colleges. He taught the great faith of the soul's spirituality, and the worthlessness of every life that is blind to the truth and dead to the love of God. With all his severity, and perhaps his leaven of superstition, he was a majestic idealist, and his works from first to last declare that a sense of ideal beauty, truth, and goodness belongs to our original nature, and that man is not himself until he supremely loves the beautiful, true, and good. He had much of the faculty of vision that gives shape to things unseen, and his sermons, with all their metaphysical sharpness, are full of graphic imagery, making abstract truths and spiritual affections visible realities, peopling the earth with supernatural beings, and endowing heaven and hell with locality and form both to the faith and the eye. In his way he was the Dante of his time, and by his logical structure of divine things he did for New England much of what Dante did for Italy by his matchless vision. The New-Englander had not, like the Italian, a Casella to instruct him in music, or a Giotto to school him in painting and architecture; but he had nature, the Bible, and the soul for his teachers, and he has written many truths and drawn many ideal pictures that Dante would have admired. Nay, it might perhaps be shown that Edwards could, in his own way, have interpreted that profound and exalted sentiment which was the secret of Dante's life and the inspiration of his great poem. There can be no true ideality without some

adequate sense of the beautiful in that form in which it has pleased God to embody so much of it, — the heart and person of woman. Dante dreamed all his lifetime of a fair girl whom he never married, and who after her early death haunted him as a heavenly presence. Whether Edwards, the severe theologian, had anything of the spirit that answers to Dante's sentiment towards Beatrice, we may judge by what he wrote at twenty concerning a young maiden of New Haven, Sarah Pierrepont, whose beauty and inspiration shamed that Puritan age.

"There is a young lady in New Haven who is loved of that Great Being who made and rules the world. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this Great God has manifested himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place, singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her."

This fair creature, this Christian Sibyl, in her eighteenth year became the wife of Edwards, and the mother of eleven children. She shared his thoughts and labors, his joys and trials, and in the very year of his death she was laid in the grave by his side. Who of us is not ready to say that Sarah Pierrepont, the Puritan's wife, has done as much in her own sphere to bring heaven near, and charm the earth with visions of spiritual beauty, as Beatrice Portinari, the idol of the Italian seer? In his domestic love, Edwards is a fine representative of the romantic sentiment of New England. He had sentiment enough to craze a whole crew of moonstruck sonnet-writers of the school of Charles I. or Louis XIV. But he had sense and strength and principle to keep his romance in its rightful channels, and his household and his God knew his joy. We New-Englanders may have too much reserve in expressing our home affections, yet we do not confess to any absence of the gentle passion; and to volatile enthusiasts, who are blown about by every wind of impulse, and easily upset by the breath of a coquette's fan, we may appear wanting in sentiment because we have stability. We seem to

carry less sail, simply because we have more ballast, and are not thought large-hearted, because we are not light-headed.

Whilst Edwards, and others of his class of thinkers more or less rigid, trained the people to spiritual vision, Franklin, the great utilitarian, trained them to material visions, and was the chief educator of the many in their imaginations of the coming wonders of science and art, industry and government. He is the Merlin of the new age of industrial magic. Prosaic as he is thought to be, quite as little poetic in his verse as in his prose, Franklin had, in his faculty of discovery and invention, what we may call the constructive imagination; and he has given to many men a more ideal inspiration than he himself followed. He has been the designer and architect of our wonderful industrial life, and he worked upon the great edifice according to plans that existed in his own mind before they existed in visible material. He imagined the nation itself before it had being, and was probably more than any other man the designer of the American Union, that structure which still survives, notwithstanding the Worcester Convention and its Southern counterpart. He had in his mind, too, the idea of natural science before he discovered it by experiment, and the lightning had leaped in his own brain before it became visibly his slave, and flashed forth at his bidding along the electric kite and rod. Surely he who did so much to construct our nationality, and our science and art, he who lived amid such hopes of a brighter future, he who "snatched from the heavens their bolts and from tyrants their sceptre," has been one of the educators of the American mind; and every New England boy who has read Franklin's life starts on his career of self-relying enterprise with braver purposes and rosier imaginations. He has turned the faculty of vision to the utilities of the earth, as Edwards turned it to the spiritualities of heaven. He has been a kind of terrestrial Newton, as Edwards was a hyperborean Dante. Boston has given Franklin a statue; the day may be when Edwards too shall stand before us in his native State in marble or in bronze, which all sects shall be wise and generous enough to rear.

We confess that nothing of the kind would please us more than to see the massive head of our great metaphysician looking out upon the new generations from the beautiful elm-grove of his Alma Mater at New Haven. These two men represent types of mind that are constantly blended in the New England character, in which pure idealism or pure materialism is rarely found, but whose most characteristic tendency is what may be called an ideal realism, or a disposition to bring ideal convictions to bear upon practical realities, and to work out into plain matter of fact every idea or conviction. The true Yankee is an idealist even in his love of money, and, unless he is false to his blood and birthright, he is sure to reveal some intellectual hobby or enthusiastic taste in the use of his stocks and lands. He makes his money *tell*, and instead of being a dead heap, it has a living voice, never wholly dumb to the appeal of education, humanity, religion. Poor Richard, Franklin's prophet of pence, in his way is as much of a spiritualist as the begging Friar Francis, and saved pennies, as the monk begged them, to secure independence from the world. Poor Richard commends competence, not because it heaps up specie in the bank, but because it sets up a pedestal of independence on which a true manhood can stand and express its thought and will without fear and without favor.

This kind of realism appears in the ripest fruits of the New England imagination since the close of the Revolution, and especially within the present century in its more ripe and accomplished culture. The best things have been said by men at work in earnest for some practical purpose, whilst comparatively little has been done by amateurs who seek the beautiful as a pastime and cultivate imagination for its own sake. The literary ease and elegance of the choicest writers and speakers have come more from the use and friction of minds in actual collision with public affairs, than from artistic elaboration. The pulpit learned fluency by melting its pedantic verbiage in the fires of patriotism, and no poet of the Revolutionary age has a passage so kindling as that of Mayhew's Apostrophe to Liberty, whom he saw before she came, and whom he welcomed as "the daughter of God, and excepting

his Son the first-born of heaven." The whole spirit of letters and speech seemed to arouse, in the school of national freedom, a quicker pulse-beat in the general heart. The war of the Revolution did much to stir the imagination by its lights and shades, defeats and triumphs, and the entire movement tended to break up the old monotone. Before, the people seemed to live and move in long metre, to the tune of Old Hundred or St. Martin's, but the Revolution put quite as much of Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia into their spirits as into their march. They did not lose the old faith, but they carried it out with more vivacity; and the best literature of the present century is fraught with the independence, devotion, and energy of the fathers.

It is in this period, or between the close of the war of the American Revolution and the first years of the present century, that the scenes of "Margaret" are laid. The author, although not by any means aiming at historical minuteness in the classification of characters, or at philosophical completeness in the exhibition of principles and events, has given us a rich and suggestive picture of the new life then budding out from the old stock. Margaret herself, and her good genius, Charles Evelyn, are the precursors of the new age coming, in which all sects and parties now more or less share, whilst Parson Wells, his good wife, and his ghostly retinue, represent the pious worth that are ever precious, in connection with a dogmatic narrowness and spectral ascetism which no leading school of New England thought now urges. Poor Chilion, with his half-developed artistic nature, is the victim of the transition struggle between the old times and the new; whilst Master Elliman is a good type of the old naturalism that was waiting for the marriage between science and faith. Margaret's origin, indeed, as the offspring of the daughter of a French adventurer and a German soldier in New York, makes her less of a New England character than if her birth as well as her education had been in New England. Yet her whole mental development was under her foster parents, and perhaps a little of the truth as well as the interest of the romance comes from the union of different lines of the ideal in her origin. Thus the author may mean to give us a

deeper insight into humanity by the combination of traits in her parentage and history. His impatience of conventional manners and religion has, we think, led him to estimate too favorably the spontaneous tendencies of human nature in his heroine, and he makes of her more of a natural saint than our faith and philosophy would lead us to look for. But he corrects in some measure this tendency, and proves himself to be nearer the Gospel of Christ than the sentimentalism of Rousseau by the influence over Margaret that he ascribes to Evelyn's lessons in Christianity, and the place that he assigns to the Church and its positive truths and ordinances in the idealized community of Mons Christi. There is quite enough, too, of the sad and sinful elements in human nature, throughout the book, to save the author from being classed with the rose-water school of reformers, and evidently no American novelist has had a keener eye to the infirmities and vices of our village and city life than the portrayer of Jean Girardeau, Raxman, Pluck, Chilion, Rose, and Mrs. Wiswall. He has performed his task so well that we cannot but wish for the coming of a novelist who shall unite his spontaneous freshness with broader philosophic and more exact historic portraiture, and do for our current life here somewhat as Bulwer's "My Novel" has done for English life. We believe that the elements for such a book are very rich and ample, and even our most practical thinkers open connections with ideal fancy.

We find marks of high imagination in the men who have dealt most closely with the convictions and interests of the people. If we were to choose Dr. Channing and Daniel Webster as examples of the New England mind in the present century, we must be struck with the fact that their best passages are inspired by actual affairs, and that the ideal moralist and the practical statesman sometimes meet on the same heights of imagination. Webster has left some magnificent proofs of his power of vision, and when the great inspirations of liberty were upon him, as they were in his best days, he had a prophet's fire. In his reply to Hayne, his eulogium on old Massachusetts seemed to bring the Bay State bodily, from the Berkshire Hills to Plymouth Rock, into the Senate, and

in his peroration, when he argued for Liberty and Union, it was as if the great mother herself, this whole America, stood up unfurling our flag before those nullifiers, and with a withering glance branding their treason as parricide. What power of vision, too, in his oration at Plymouth, when he hears as receding into never-returning distance the clank of fetters and all the horrid din of slavery, and welcomes the new generations of freedom and progress! Those words are worthy of being printed with Channing's last words to the people, — the noble discourse among the Berkshire Hills which hailed the coming of God's kingdom among men, and held every worldly interest as naught in comparison with that glorious future of humanity.

Channing, in spite of the difference of creeds, wears Edwards's mantle of spiritual vision, and among our moralists he is the conspicuous representative of the imagination which penetrates into principles, and strives to bring the common thought and life up to the standard seen on its mount of vision. Webster has more of the combining, constructive imagination, and he carried much of Franklin's solid sense and mechanical genius into the art of statesmanship. Both Webster and Channing belong not only to the literature, but to the society, of their age, and New England romance and art will find a niche for them both in its shrines.

Not only in eloquence like Webster's and Channing's, but in the calm studies of history, the New England mind shows its tendency to idealize facts and embody truth in imaginations. There is an almost epic life and unity in her master historians; under their lead, the men and events of Spain, Holland, the United States, Mexico, Peru, march forth in their own form and color upon their destined path; and in the New England town libraries, Prescott's and Bancroft's histories, (and may we not add Motley's to the list?) prove by their well-thumbed leaves, that fact, when vividly told, is more charming than fiction, and quite as stimulating to the imagination. No modern state has celebrated its famous places and names more brilliantly than our own Massachusetts, and Everett's orations in point of artistic completeness might have won the crown from the hand of Pericles himself.

The same tendency to idealize realities, or to see and image forth the ideas that are in realities, appears in the speculations of the most sagacious and practical men. In Rhode Island, the mantle of Bishop Berkeley, who once lived at Newport, seems to have fallen upon a solid, broad-shouldered judge, and the Pan-Idea of the late Chief Justice Durfee is a metaphysical treatise that might have emanated from Berkeley's own pen. It is quite as remarkable a fact, that the most skilful and fascinating interpreter of Swedenborg's mystical theology is a Yankee lawyer, and Theophilus Parsons finds leisure from his professorship of law to elucidate the doctrines of spiritual correspondences, the celestial marriage, and the New Jerusalem. Nay, mathematics itself figures as an idealist, and Professor Peirce, probably the first mathematical genius now living, is quite Pythagorean in his philosophy, reasons of the numbers and periods in planets and stars much in the fashion of the great transcendental sage, and so makes algebra the note-book from which the spheres sing their music. In not a few minds the drudgery of the workshop and the farm catches the lyrical passion, and in Whittier's Songs of Labor, and in the heroes of the Blithedale Romance, work threatens to turn into play, and sometimes has not failed in the attempt. The most conspicuous of New England editors, or editors from New England, is full of this idea of elevating and harmonizing industry, and has had no small success in inspiriting and idealizing the popular notions of labor and production. Horace Greeley, in this point of view, with all his crotchets and *isms*, is a kind of orphic Franklin, who is setting the machines and workshops of the land into a grand harmonial dance, and perhaps our notable fellow-citizen will not quarrel with us for fancying him in his drab coat and ponderous boots calling out the figures for a huge industrial waltz, in which the steam-engine leads off the printing-press, and this couple is followed by the power-loom and reaping-machine, with the whole band of arts in their train, all keeping step by the time-beat of that harp of many and marvellous strings, the electric telegraph. There is surely a lyrical element in New England industry. Grim Vulcan in his workshop likes to be cheered by Apollo's lyre, and some-

time beats the chorus by the ring on his anvil. After work, too, he washes his hands and face, and has a chat with his old crony, Minerva. New England itself is a work of art under the hand of educated mechanism, a marvellously carved granite Memnon statue, whose harmony awakes with every sunrise and continues to play till sunset in all the cheery voices of enterprise and toil.

The same disposition to connect imagination with matters of fact, and to idealize common life, appears in the poetry of New England. It is eminently in earnest, and its strains are human life set to music, with little trifling in dainty indolence for the sake of making pretty verses. How intimately that prose-poetry, the romantic literature of New England, connects itself with common scenes, and finds its gems in our daily paths! It is a fact not by any means alone, but representative of a general principle, that an earnest parish minister like Sylvester Judd created a new school of romance before he knew it by his close sympathy with human life around him, and all unconsciously inspired American art with perhaps its most original theme; and under Darley's genial touch, we have here the great promise of the alliance between the poet's pen and the artist's pencil.

Our poetry breathes the same spirit; and even its most marked eccentricities move in accordance with some instinctive law. Sometimes it is hard to distinguish verse from prose in our sententious thinkers. Alcott's Orphic Sayings are poems in their way, and in spite of their obscurity they contain meaning and point enough to give lasting fame to the author, could they be dated backwards some centuries, and so have the prestige of time. The most peculiar, and perhaps the most imaginative, of all our poets, Emerson, is a very earnest man, and, fond as he is of a joke, he never loses sight of his transcendental theory of human nature, or his thoroughgoing independence in glorification of the First Person Singular, in which personality soars so high as to become impersonal, and the Egotist is lost in the All. He makes it our wisdom to live in our own individual hermitage, and to seek the universe in ourselves, and returned from Europe blandly declaring that he had seen it all before at home. He found a

consistent interpreter in his young disciple, Thoreau, the hermit of Walden Pond, who gave up the world for nature and himself, whose house cost him $28.12½, and whose living for eight months cost him, with clothes and oil, but $33.87¼, — a mystic of the Poor Richard school, a Yankee union of philosophy and prudence indeed. So it is that extremes meet, and the mysticism of the Oriental Sufís is found on the borders of our old battle-field at Concord. Usually, however, the New England poet is more in the path of our daily life, and his imagination, alike in its pathos and its humor, aims to cheer and help us in our thought and work.

No man deserves better to be named as a type of New England imagination, than Bryant, — not even Dana with his meditative depth, Longfellow with his peerless melody, Lowell with his sparkling point, Parsons with his sculptured strength, or Whittier with his lyrical fire. Bryant perhaps as no other poet reflects the independence, the manly faith, the devotion to nature, the reverence for woman, the love of country and of home, the unfaltering passion for liberty, so characteristic of the best New England minds. New England honors him for not forgetting the high inspirations of his Muse in the pressure of affairs, and will always have laurels for the harp that in its thrills of gentle feeling has never ceased to ring out its stirring tones for liberty and humanity in the hour of their danger. Honor to Bryant for keeping his New England heart so true to itself in his tempted position, and for being none the less a Massachusetts man from being a citizen of the world.

Even the humorous poetry of New England is eminently practical, — always fond of raising a laugh to the discomfiture of some absurd pretender, or of cheering some downhearted worthy who has had small beginnings and a hard road before him. Lowell and Holmes, in their comic poems, are the literary exponents of the passion for practical jokes, and the late wheelbarrow feat between Newburyport and Boston was a broad exemplification of the sturdy practical humor that has made the Yankees laugh from the days of the Cobbler of Agawam and the Boston Tea Party. In fact, Mr. Ben Perley Poore rendered himself unconsciously a kind of

parody on the history of New England. The lot of Jonathan has almost always been, like this wheelbarrow hero, to work with inadequate means, and very often his indomitable pluck has led him to push on over hill and through valley to his aim, not ashamed to go on one wheel without any horse but shank's mare, until at last he comes in conqueror, and the military escort and the banquet make his pilgrimage famous.

Now for more than two hundred years New England has been doing her work for herself, for the nation, and, we trust, for mankind. Great as have been her achievements in the workshop and the field, the memorials of her imagination, her pathos, her humor, are not insignificant, and her orators, poets, historians, and novelists are known throughout the globe. The alcove that holds her imaginative literature would not disgrace the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh; and the great Britons who have flourished during the same time, Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, Scott, and their peers, might linger fascinated by its creations. Yet notwithstanding all these literary trophies, and the high promise of her artists, she has not yet spoken out her full thought in letters, and her literature is fragmentary, as the not fully articulated voice of a civilization not yet matured, but waiting the good time coming. Her literature is not, like Italy's, the tomb of a majestic past, but the promise of a hopeful future; and it denies itself the moment it claims to be perfect, and shuts out the spirit of improvement. New England, herself an imagination in process, not yet worked into material, and all her utilities the growing fruit of a brave purpose not yet embodied, waits to take her place in the true civilization that is to be, and should be happy that her leading thinkers have a name among the architects of the ages, and have given so many hints of an age better than humanity has yet seen. There is a deep hopefulness in all her poetry, which its habitual seriousness can never hide, and its pensive tone is the wholesome shading of brave energies, not the darkening and blighting of cheerful faith. Her art is full of hope, and will be more hopeful when more closely allied with her daily life, and taking its due place in popular education. Let the claims of art be placed on no ground less solid or sacred. Insist that

art is educator of the beautiful in itself, and in its manifold relations with the good and the true; and in the better time coming let New England art build the gate called Beautiful to the stately temple of humanity, whose walls have been rising for centuries in this land of promise. The new beauty will not shame, but crown, the old Puritan strength.

Throughout his whole story, and especially in the closing description of his Mons Christi, the author of Margaret shows his deep conviction of the practical worth and power of the beautiful arts. It is evidently a leading idea with him, that life itself is the great art, and that all other arts are honorable as they minister to this by their utilities and refinements. We do not think he has been so successful in his specific plans as in his guiding spirit, and we should probably quarrel with the architecture of the church and the villas of Mons Christi, if we did not think much of its landscape-gardening and ornamentation fantastic. But his purpose is eminently practical, and the arts must languish in New England until it is carried out, — till the characteristic zeal for popular education accepts the element of taste as an exalted and wholesome part of our nature, and we provide for its culture in our schools, homes, public grounds and buildings, in our social recreations, our civic festivals, and our religious services. The New England mind has been remarkably fertile in artistic genius; yet our artists have had little popular appreciation, and many towns that have noble schools and academies do not present to the eyes of their youth a single picture or sculpture that deserves the name. A better time, we trust, is coming, — a time which shall bring about in art what has already been widely brought about in our literature, — the reconciliation between the real and ideal as essential parts of human life and Divine Providence. We hope to see a realism such as appears in Stuart's flesh-and-blood portraits, combined with an ideality like that which ennobles Allston's poetical creations, to educate and cheer our sons and daughters in our homes and schools and public walks.

We have our share of artistic enthusiasm, however latent it may be. The solemn Puritan from the beginning has been unconsciously an idealist, and without knowing it he stamped

the symbol of himself upon his first coinage, the pine-tree shilling, refusing, in his sturdy independence, to put upon his money the head of King Charles. The pine, how noble and eloquent a symbol of the New England mind! — so lofty and self-relying, never more independent than when rising in proud individuality in a forest of its fellows, with adhesive and burning gums in its veins, and the comfort of good homes and the strength of tall masts in its trunk, with sweet and pensive music in its waving branches, and unfailing verdure in its leaves. The pine is the Puritan's tree, and before the oak of Old England it need not hide the head whose glory is green when the oak's leaves are fallen.

> "Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
> Lusty father of Titans past number!
> The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
> Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
> And thee mantling with silence."

In these remarks upon the imagination in New England, we have all along the way had an eye to Darley's masterly illustrations of Judd's Tale of the Real and the Ideal, and we have made frequent reference to the story as a truthful and original portraiture of the intellectual, social, and religious elements that have been working within us. The artist himself deserves the thanks of every American, as well as of every New-Englander, for producing a work which, in point of vividness and insight in the conception and spirit, and power in execution, has to our mind never been surpassed in the art of outline illustrations. Flaxman's designs bear marks of rarer antiquarian study, and often of sublimer invention; but they are comparatively spectral and unreal, and their lines have nothing of the stereoscopic light and shade of nature. Retzsch's outlines are marvels of fertile invention, in fact, linear poems with the pencil instead of the pen; but in point of vigorous touch and speaking truthfulness Darley is his superior, far more a realist in the drawing of his figures, whilst in the expression of his faces, as in Rose and Chilion and Margaret, he shows an ideal power not inferior to that of the famous German illustrator of Shakespeare and Schiller. Darley's inferiority to Retzsch is in picturesque symbolism, or in so group-

ing figures and objects as to express the relation of each drawing to the leading idea, and in so arranging the details of the entire series as to make the sketches tell the whole story of themselves. These outlines are a great success, alike in their own excellence and in their remarkable popularity, yet they do not sufficiently interpret their meaning without the printed text, and we think that two or three more sketches are positively needed to give dramatic unity to the whole, especially to bring out the brighter features of the plot, and to show the bloom as well as the blight in the fortunes of Margaret and her friends. There should be at least some glimpse of Charles Evelyn and Mons Christi, some hint of the heroine's new life under his genial guidance, and of the beautiful Utopia built up by their combined thought and labor. If it would have tasked the artist too much to reduce to drawing the shadowy geography of Mons Christi, with its symbolical avenues, statues, and temple, or if the planting of the cross, with the solemn procession, might have alarmed our good Protestants with the fear of returning Romanism, it would not have been difficult for his genius to have told in a few expressive groups the cheerful *dénouement* of the story, and left upon us at last the impression of Margaret and Evelyn's happy marriage, instead of quitting us in sight of poor Chilion's dungeon and the ghostly figures of Parson Wells and his wife. The defect may easily be remedied, and two or three more expressive sketches would not fail to make this beautiful volume a perennial instead of an annual in American art and literature.

Art. XIII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims.* By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 342.

This, if not the most scientific form of genealogical writing, is at any rate the form in which we prefer to receive and read the investigation of family history. We prefer the art which can bid the dry bones live, to the industry which merely collects the dry bones from their graves. Mr. Sears is an artist and a poet, and is, moreover, fortunate in having ancestors who give material for such sketches as these. They come to us at his command as living men, and bring with them the age, the companions, and the scenes with which they were concerned. And what scenes! — the persecutions of the nonconformists under Henry VIII., with London and its people, the buccaneering exploits of Hawkins and Drake on the Guinea coast and the Spanish Main, the tragedies of Flanders and Holland softened by the simple pictures of burgher life, the strife of Arminian with Calvinist, Barneveldt's death and Robinson's Church, and the final scene of a Pilgrim settlement in a recess of New England, all drawn with a taste and enthusiasm, a reverence and a moral earnestness, which mark the union of genius with faith. Such a tribute to one's ancestors is far better than a long list of names, dates, births, marriages, and deaths, which are as great a trial of patience to him who must read as to him who must gather them.

If Mr. Sears has not seen the localities which he describes, he must have read very carefully. Most of his pictures are as accurate as daguerreotypes. The mistakes are few and slight. The description of Amsterdam, however, "as a great, busy city, in which there is no sound of rattling wheels," is rather strongly stated. The Dutch capital is not a Northern Venice, though canals are in all its streets, nor do its barges do the work of gondolas. There are lumbering omnibuses, and awkward cabs, the driver of which runs along by the side of his horse. Amsterdam is more noisy than Brussels. Another mistake is in representing St. Paul's Cathedral in 1535 with "a dome, surmounted by a huge ball." Old St. Paul's was a Gothic edifice, without dome or ball. The present building bears no likeness to that which existed in the time of Henry VIII. It is extremely improbable, too, that a "Crucifixion" by Raphael should have been found at that time in St. John's Abbey, Colchester. And we may add, that the hymns which Job and Lottie sing are quite unlike those which people of their class, or indeed peo-

ple of any class, sang then in England. In Mr. Sears's estimate of Catharine Howard and of Cranmer we cannot fully agree. We are glad that he insists so strongly on the difference between the Pilgrim settlers of the Old Colony and the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts. The former have unreasonably suffered in being confounded with the latter.

---

2. — *The Trees of America.* By R. U. PIPER, M. D., Woburn, Mass.

WE can here only call attention to the first two numbers of this elegant and elaborate work, hoping to make it the subject of an extended article in our issue for July.

---

3. — *La Vie Arabe.* Par FELIX MORNAND. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1856. 16mo. pp. 319.

THE latest production, we believe, of M. Mornand's brilliant pen, is a demonstration of the physical origin of the phenomena of Spiritualism. But his most charming and characteristic work is this volume on the Life of the Arabs in Algeria, which contains the most truthful, graphic, and entertaining description of that people which we have ever found in so small a compass. The page runs over with fun, and the sentences are turned in that deliciously piquant way which only a quick French wit can manage. The whole of Arab life is presented, its light and its shade, its manner and its spirit, its externals and its ideas, its monotony, its passions, and its faith. Wise observations are interspersed with comical experiences, sagacious inferences with grotesque pictures. We have profiles of the pirate, the maraboot, the peasant, and, most amusing of all, of Si Djoha, the Arab Punchinello. The anecdotes related of this last personage will shake the sides of the reader. A volume of such anecdotes would make a fit companion to Mr. Alger's volume of Oriental Poetry.

---

4. — *Rachel et le Nouveau Monde. Promenade aux États Unis et aux Antilles.* Paris: A. Cadot. 1856.

THIS work of M. Léon Beauvallet has been translated, and its absurdities have been laughed over by thousands on this side of the ocean. But the best flavor of a book so thoroughly French vanishes in a translation. Those who would know the style, the sentiment, the rat-

tling egotism of a genuine Parisian *litterateur*, will find here an extreme specimen. No Yankee or Englishman could possibly have written such a description of life on board an Atlantic steamer.

---

5. — *The Constitution of the Human Soul. Six Lectures delivered at the Brooklyn Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.* By RICHARD S. STORRS, Jr., D. D. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1857. 8vo. pp. 338.

NOT the least interesting portion of this elegant octavo is the short Preface which explains its origin and occasion. The Brooklyn Institute, with the Graham Lectures which are under its management, is a repetition, on a somewhat smaller scale and with some modifications, of the Lowell Institute in Boston. The various donations of Mr. Augustus Graham to the Institute, which is substantially of his foundation, during his lifetime and by his will, amount to nearly fifty thousand dollars; and these are but a fraction of his munificent gifts. Of his donations to the Institute, more than half the amount is for the purpose of maintaining free courses of lectures on various branches of science, the interest of twelve thousand dollars being appropriated to courses of lectures on "the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as manifested in his Works." Of this last endowment, the volume before us is the first fruit.

The theme which Dr. Storrs has chosen, as at once most fit for an introductory course of lectures on the general subject, and most congenial to his own tastes and habits of thought, is the "Human Soul." He has not attempted an elaborate work on Psychology, or advanced any new views concerning the position of the soul in the world, or its relation to the lower works of God. The thought of these Lectures is the average thought of the enlightened Christian pulpit. What is peculiar about them is the brilliant, striking, and forcible manner in which the thought is presented, the rush and fervor of a style which is at the same time clear and logical, the variety and abundance of illustration, the earnestness of conviction sullied by no dash of bigotry, the profoundly religious tone, which is yet entirely free from all cant or pious phrasing. The progressive arrangement of the Lectures, beginning with "personal life" as an endowment of the soul, and exhibiting in succession its faculties for knowledge, for virtue, for good work, for happiness, and for immortal progress, is natural and obvious; but this climax is wrought up with rare subtilty and power. The criticism of such a volume must be wholly of admiration and praise.

So choice a series of discourses merits the dress of type and paper in which it appears. Yet we are afraid that the very elegance of these broad pages will be a hinderance to the wide circulation which they ought to have. A book like this ought not to be confined to a few readers, though these may be an audience fit. And it has seemed to us that the courses of Lowell Lectures, when published, should be so published that the multitudes who were disappointed of their hearing might get part of their benefit. The purpose of the testator would thus be better carried out.

---

6. — *Souvenirs Contemporains d'Histoire et de Littérature.* Par M. VILLEMAIN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Didier. 2 vols. 12mo.

M. VILLEMAIN is one of the few writers of France who have been able to maintain unimpaired popularity through two generations, to unite the suffrages of all parties in their favor, and to disarm criticism by the commanding excellence of their works. No mere writer of miscellanies has a fame in France comparable to his. The most refined of aristocrats praise his choice and tasteful phrases, and the most sturdy of radicals confess his broad and generous candor. That frantic royalist, M. Baptiste Capefigue, who has deluged France with his voluminous defences of tyranny, apologies for superstition, and eulogies of the house of Bourbon, is forced to speak respectfully of the great Academician; while Augustin Thierry, the first of modern French historical writers, pronounces Villemain to be the *creator of a new science*, the science of "Literary History." Journalism and Literature claim a man whom Science, the State, and even the Church, would call their own. Yet Villemain has produced no great original work, whether of science or history. His studies are essays and disquisitions rather than fresh contributions, — splendid and masterly criticisms, but not constructions from original materials. His "Tableau of the Christian Eloquence in the Fourth Century," his most remarkable work, is nevertheless, with all its wealth of suggestion and of diction, not an ecclesiastical history of that period. As a writer, Villemain belongs to the same class with the Schlegels and with Hallam, though incomparably the superior of the latter in keenness of thought and grace of expression.

His declining years are to be given to the pleasant task of gathering up the recollections of his crowded and honorable life, his memories of great men, great scenes, and great crises, of statesmen, scholars, wits, and poets, of social, literary, and political life. Two volumes of this

series have already come to our hand, and a third, we believe, has been issued in Paris. The first is chiefly a biography of that half-forgotten minister of an unfortunate king, and aid to an unfortunate emperor, M. de Narbonne. Happy the man who can find such a biographer, and can gain such full, even if tardy, justice. The biography is something more. It is a grand historical picture of France and Europe in the days of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire. The second volume is occupied with the events and scenes of the "Hundred Days," that extraordinary interval of modern history, in which such marvellous issues and tendencies were brought together to a single point of time. This, too, is a monograph of remarkable power, unrivalled by any account of that famous epoch. In the first volume are contained also a couple of shorter sketches, of the Sorbonne and of the Salons of Paris in the first half of this century. We trust that M. Villemain may live long enough to make the volumes of his Souvenirs as numerous as those of M. Capefigue's histories.

---

7. — *History of the Jewish Nation after the Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus.* By the Rev. ALFRED EDERSHEIM, Ph. D., Old Aberdeen. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 592.

DR. EDERSHEIM is a Jew by lineage, a Christian in faith, an eloquent writer, a careful investigator, and a well-furnished scholar; and with these qualifications he has made a very instructive and entertaining book. Much of the matter will be wholly novel to English readers, and even a well-read Jew may be taught many things concerning the people Israel by this learned proselyte. The history commences (after a short but skilfully arranged opening chapter) with the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, and ends with the final dispersion of the Jews in the fifth Christian century. Into this narrative is condensed an amazing amount of information of every kind, historical, biographical, social, literary, and religious. The work is wrought with a completeness which leaves nothing to be desired. We learn how the Jews lived, as well as what they suffered, how they disputed, as well as how they fought. The training of their homes, the teaching of their schools, the discussions of their assemblies, the explanations of their wise men, the shades of sect and party, the tenets of Halachist, Hagadist, and Cabalist the progress of thought from Hillel to Jehuda the elder, and the decline of power from Herod to Jehuda the younger; the forms and methods of industry, the rules of economy, and the system of common

law; how land was tilled, trade was directed, fortunes were secured, and justice was administered; the customs of the people on their work-days and feast-days, at weddings and at burials, in time of peace, of war, and of pestilence; the act, the thought, and the spirit of the nation, — are all graphically presented in Dr. Edersheim's story. The enthusiasm of the writer is surpassed by his copious fidelity.

Some of the sketches of character are admirable. Rabbi Akiba is the historian's favorite, and his gifts and virtues are set forth in glowing language. The rival schools of Hillel and Shammai are sharply contrasted, and there is no lack of candor in dealing with those Rabbins who distinguished themselves by the fiercest hatred of the Christians. Dr. Edersheim fails most, we think, in his estimate of Josephus; and his account of Philo and the Alexandrine school, though quite full, is not quite satisfactory. In local and geographical matters, he generally adopts the views of the Talmud in preference to those of the Christian historians; while he is rather too anxious to thrust back Christian dogmas into the theology of the ante-Christian age. He presses too far the typical character of the Hebrew religion, — farther than a fair interpretation of the Scriptures will sustain him.

A second volume, which shall give the mediæval and modern history of the Jews, is announced as in preparation. When that shall appear, we hope to take in this Review a more extended notice of so valuable a work.

---

8. — *A Journey through Texas; or, A Saddle Trip on the Southwestern Frontier, with a Statistical Appendix.* By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 550.

THE object and the teaching of the second volume of Mr. Olmsted's travels in the Slave States seem to be those of the previous volume. It is a clear and satisfactory demonstration of the practical evils of the slave institution, economical, moral, and social. He has here, however, a chance which he admirably improves, to show the superiority of free labor over slave labor even in a Southern State. The German colonies of Texas, which he describes with minute fidelity, are a living refutation of the assertion that white men cannot work under a Southern sun, and that the culture of cotton requires the forced labor of black men. The solid statistics which Mr. Olmsted has gathered needed only such a supplement to their abundance. We believe that the wide circulation of these volumes of the "American Farmer" will do more to enlighten public opinion and to hasten emancipation than any passionate speeches

or any works of fiction, however exciting and pathetic. They are calm, candid, and impartial in their statements, leaving the reader to draw the inevitable inference. There is about them all a judicial accuracy which constrains confidence.

Beside this crowning merit of Mr. Olmsted's work, it has all the qualities of an interesting journal of travel. A good many books have been written about Texas, histories of conquest and colonization, narratives of survey and adventure, grave and gay and thrilling; but none, on the whole, is so thoroughly readable as this Saddle Trip. It combines graphic description with careful observation, facts with impressions, personal details with general views, good sense with enthusiasm, in a remarkable degree. It corrects false notions of a region and people unjustly handled in the proverbial speech of the North. Mr. Olmsted evidently likes Texas, and hopes more from it than from any other Southern State. His travel extended over all its principal sections; he visited most of the larger towns, saw all the great rivers and all the varieties of soil, tried its fluctuations of wind and climate, made himself acquainted with all classes, from the legislators of Austin to the Lipan Indians, and all races, Yankees, Creoles, Germans, and Mexicans, tested its pretensions, its difficulties, and its risks; and his verdict, on the whole, is favorable and cheering. A great future is in store for that region, if by any means it can be saved from the blight of slavery.

Joined to the narrative are a carefully prepared map and a valuable Appendix, and prefixed is a letter to a friend on the subject of slavery, which gives, in temperate but firm language, the necessary conclusion of the whole matter.

---

9. — *Prue and I.* By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 214.

THE separate sketches under this name, first published in Putnam's Magazine, are now gathered into a most genial little book. An English critic pronounces it "an imitation of Charles Lamb"; but we have failed to discover any other resemblance than that naturally arising between two writers who have the power of clothing keen satire in genial words, and mingling the deepest pathos with the merriest humor. Without any pompous pretence of morality, this pleasant little book has a ministry of its own, which will make it dear to many readers. It must have already found welcome at many a fireside. Wherever there are tender hearts and kindly natures, the reveries and speculations of the quaint little bookkeeper will interest and please. Wherever, especially,

there are weary women, whose youthful romance has been silenced by daily struggle with prosaic realities, this book will be like a magic wand to awaken the long-sleeping consciousness within them, and bring up gentle memories of the olden time. Even the man of business, who looks as if always reckoning up "profit and loss," may be cheated into rose-colored dreams for a while, and imagine a Prue of his own in the demure companion of his industry and his economics. Mr. Curtis is deservedly popular, and has already so large a number of admirers, that his works need no other introduction to the good graces of the public than his name upon the title-page.

---

10. — *Words for the Hour.* By the Author of "Passion Flowers." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 165.

When "Passion Flowers" appeared before the public, it astonished its readers by its strength of thought and powerful grasp of the subjects chosen. At the same time it disappointed and annoyed them by its crude expression and frequent want of musical harmony, which were all the more provoking for the occasional occurrence of verses of exceeding melody and finished beauty. After the lapse of three years, we have a second volume from the same pen, which retains many of the peculiarities and mannerisms of the first, but is, we think, decidedly inferior to it in fervor and power. It presents the same inequalities, the same contrasts. We have the rough satire of "High Art," the fierce anathema of "The Sermon of Spring," side by side with puling verses fitter for insertion among the scented leaves of some Blanche Amory's "Mes Larmes," than in the printed pages of a New England matron. There is a degree of obscurity in many of the poems, quite puzzling to the general reader, though perhaps more intelligible to the author's own coterie; and as she professes to write for the public, this becomes a blemish. Many of the poems lack universality of application; they are "specialties," newspaper paragraphs done into rhyme, and needing an appendix for explanation. It requires the most glowing drapery of language, and the most skilful handling, to make of such incidents as checker political strife poems that cling to the memory and claim repeated reading. The facts are but presented to us in a metrical prose if they have only the bald indignation of an individual to set them forth. The gift of the great poet is to present each separate incident in its relations to the general consciousness, to make each the incarnation of some sentiment, and thus to touch the key-note which shall call forth a response from the universal heart.

The choice of subjects for some of these poems indicates also a lack of delicacy in the introduction of the names of the living. It may be questioned if even the title of the book be a sufficient excuse for such unreserved mention as is made of some of our contemporaries, though the withholding of the names would alarmingly multiply the oracular utterances of the volume. As examples of unnecessary freedom, and also of an arrogance in equally false taste, we would cite "Fanny Kemble's Child," and "A Word with the Brownings"; while, as a specimen of the inexplicable, "The Park" may be suggested. There is, withal, about these poems too much self-consciousness, too little self-forgetting inspiration. The unnamed and apparently unnamable woe that peeped out amid the Passion Flowers has become chronic in the present volume, and we are tempted to quote the author against herself, and say, —

> "My soul is weary of this chant of woe,
> Where rhyme attends on rhyme, as tear on tear."

We confess a half-wish that, of her "guardians twain, of Silence and of Song," her grief, which is "constant as Fate, inalienate as life," had made better friends with "Silence," and given "Song" a respite.

We find, however, in "Words for the Hour," with all its palpable defects, many strong thoughts and noble sentiments, — so many, in fact, that we wonder the more at its shortcomings. One poem in particular, entitled "Dilexit Multum," is a charming conception charmingly expressed, and a short passage from the piece on Fanny Kemble's Child may be quoted as a happy adaptation of language to idea.

> "The tree that sheds its blossoms ere their time,
> Bears not the autumn glory of its fruit.
> The drop that in its cavern cannot wait
> The infiltration of a thousand years
> Shall never shine, a diamond. Earth herself,
> Hoarding rebellion, were chaotic still,
> Foiled of her beauty, joyless, purposeless."

The reader will find passages like this scattered through the book, awakening his desire for more, and rendering him more susceptible to the defects. Perhaps an explanation of certain roughnesses may be found in the fact that the copious overflowings of our modern Muse are so often merely graceful nothings and polished puerilities, as to constrain the revulsion to crude and hard sentences in minds that prefer strength to finish. The successful attack upon some of the difficulties of our English language, made by master-spirits, fires emulation also. But if difficulties are looked at and not conquered, it would be wiser to confine attention more to the docile monosyllables with which our good old tongue abounds. Why assemble such a regiment of unmanageables

as straggle through some of these poems in the trailing garments of four or five syllables? They must strike a well-aimed blow if they would make themselves welcome. Why let half a dozen quietly disposed monosyllables tumble at last, in the sheer desperation of uncertainty, into one burly word at the end, as thus:

"The heaped green grasses rise up in their congregation?"

The ear refuses to place such a line as this anywhere upon the metrical gamut.

We regret to see these defects in a volume which, after all, makes a decided impression on the reader's mind. They might have been avoided without weakening the general nervous force. Some of the gems which lie among the pages are worthy a daintier setting. The true artist does not disdain the last touches which make his picture beautiful, and the hand of genius may show itself in the most delicate strokes of the pencil.

---

11. — *Calderon: his Life and Genius. With Specimens of his Plays.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1856.

In this small and unpretending, but most engaging book, Mr. Trench succeeds not only in making his subject interesting, but also in winning his reader to his own judgment, even when that differs from certain standard authorities. In the memoir and essay which occupy half of the volume, the claims of Calderon to the rank which his own countrymen have assigned him, but which some foreign critics deny him, are set forth in temperate but positive terms; in the translations which follow, this position is sustained by Calderon himself. These translations are so full of interest and beauty, that we regret that so skilful a translator and so discriminating an admirer as Mr. Trench proves himself, should not have indulged us with more specimens. This book stands, in some sense, as a vindication of Calderon before the English public, whose opinions heretofore of the Spanish dramatist have been formed upon the insufficient ground of inferior or badly chosen versions. While endeavoring to place his author in a more worthy light, Mr. Trench avoids both the sweeping condemnation of Sismondi and the extravagant and undiscriminating laudation of the Schlegels and other German critics. He seems rather to sympathize with the tone of Goethe's judgment, though he goes beyond Goethe both in the knowledge and the praise of Calderon's dramas. He thinks that Goethe was familiar only with those which had been translated into German. Mr.

Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," speaks with some admiration of Calderon as an idealist and a versifier, yet does not place him so high either as poet or dramatist as Mr. Trench would pronounce him. But there must of necessity be ample room for difference of opinion concerning a dramatist who wrote some two hundred plays, in which, of course, the degree of merit and beauty must vary very greatly.

A large part of the injustice done to Calderon by popular English translations is, as Mr. Trench observes, owing to the almost insuperable obstacles presented by Spanish metres, and to the absence, in our own language, of any equivalent for the *assonants* so prevalent and so musical in the original. Much of the spirit and beauty must necessarily evaporate under the degree of handling requisite when both language and metre are to be translated; and passages of exceeding melody in the flowing vowellings of Spanish utterance, are stiff and harsh in the baldness of blank verse. Mr. Trench overcomes this difficulty in the fragments he gives, to a remarkable degree, and thus strikes a fair and honest blow for the fame of his author. Through the whole of his book he proves himself a right worthy and generous champion, wise in the choice of his weapons, and skilful and courageous in the use of them.

---

12. — *An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures; or, The Bible presented under Distinct and Classified Heads or Topics.* Edited by JOHN EADIE, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Presbyterian Church. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1857. 8vo. pp. lxiv, 776.

WITH many of our clerical readers, Dr. Eadie's reputation as an accomplished Biblical scholar is all that will be needed to commend this work. We can best describe it in his own words. "It is an attempt so to classify Scripture under separate heads as to exhaust its contents. The reader will find under the respective Articles or Sections what the Bible says on the separate subjects in relation to Doctrine, Ethics, and Antiquities." This plan is so thoroughly carried out, as to give us substantially the whole of the Bible, arranged under forty-two general titles, with subdivisions that comprehend and "exhaust" all the "contents" of each title. Of the method of subdivision we may find a fair specimen under the (alphabetically) first title, — Agriculture. It includes under separate heads the Distribution of

Land, its Tenure, modes of Transfer in Early Times, and under the Jewish Law, Ancient Charters, descriptions of the Soil of Canaan, Agrarian Enactments, Cultivation and its Methods, Plenty, Reaping and Harvest, Gleaning, Threshing, Grass and other Products of the Fields, Failure of Crops, Instances of Famine, God's Care of his People during Famine, Means against Famine, Unreclaimed Land, and Noxious Vegetation. These secondary divisions are again parted whenever there are various particulars included under them, so that the entire number of sub-titles under the head of Agriculture is no less than forty-five. The manifold uses of such a work will at once suggest themselves to every theologian and to every diligent reader of the Scriptures. We can anticipate but one possible objection to it; namely, that in the dogmatic portion of his arrangement the author has, of course, been governed by his own views of systematic theology, and may have suggested fallacious arguments for his own creed by the misplacing, and thus the misapplication, of ambiguous texts. Such was our suspicion on opening the book; but we are disabused of it on examination. Dr. Eadie's system has indeed supplied his dogmatic titles; but we cannot find that in a single instance he has sought an undue advantage by the misplacing or the suppression of a text, and his opponents may on every head by his aid measure both his strength and their own. So far as theological discussion is to be conducted by "proof-texts," and not by a broad induction of the import and spirit of Scripture, men of all parties will find in this book their best armory; while still its highest value is for those who study the Bible that they may imbibe its teachings, breathe in its spirit, and be guided by its counsels and examples.

---

13. — *Religious Truth, illustrated from Science, in Addresses and Sermons on Special Occasions.* By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 422.

THERE are several aspects in which we attach a very high value to this volume. It exhibits, with great variety of detail and rare perspicacity of statement, the harmony of science in general, and especially of geology, with the fact of a revelation and the contents of the Christian revelation. It defines the mutual relations, rights, and duties of the philosopher and the theologian. It claims for both equally the right of

independent investigation, and discredits equally the attempt to cast doubt on religious verities from the postulates of incomplete science, and the arrogance which would anathematize science for conclusions at variance with Church tradition. Dr. Hitchcock has undoubting faith in the Bible, and a faith no less strong in science as the interpreter of God's "elder Scripture." He deduces, from the numerous instances in the past in which the very scientific researches hailed at the outset by infidelity have resulted in its discomfiture, the assurance that science has nothing in store for Christianity but enhanced stress of evidence and weight of authority. For this reason he would have investigation pushed fearlessly, and is content to abide the issue. Thus, while he does not assent to the recent theory opposed to the unity of origin of the human race, he deprecates in its behalf the *odium theologicum*, maintaining that, if established on competent scientific grounds, it has as strong a claim upon universal assent as the Copernican system has, and that the fears for revelation and religion on this score are as childish and futile as were those of the Romish Church that the diurnal motion of the earth would invalidate the Bible and overturn the faith. We have derived both pleasure and instruction from this book. The author's style, indeed, is not always graceful. His attempts in two separate discourses to trace the counterpart of certain mineralogical formations and astronomical laws in the varieties of human character and experience, are almost utter failures, and indicate an imagination more suggestive than plastic, — a fancy prolific of forms, but deficient in the artistic tact which can round them into perfect symmetry, and the Promethean gift to vitalize that symmetry. While he has read and written the very best of "sermons in stones," we cannot but suspect that his literary falls too far short of his scientific culture to enable him to do full justice to his own conceptions. But for what he has done both for science and religion we heartily thank him, and feel the highest satisfaction in urging the volume before us upon the general regard and interest, as covering richly and admirably a department of thought on which we doubt whether so much has been so well written by any one man before.

---

14. — *Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress.* By E. L. MAGOON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1856. 12mo. pp. 445.

AFTER our deserved castigation of Dr. Magoon for his Life of Spurgeon, we are most happy to speak of this last book of his in an

entirely different tone. We should not recognize the same hand in the two books. The Memoir Spurgeon himself might have written, for any evidence of taste or scholarship that it bore; this is the work of a scholar, and, with now and then a mixture of incongruous metaphors, has little in its style that we can reprehend, much that has our unqualified praise. The thesis which the book maintains is that civilization, with its attendant arts and its resultant power, has pursued, with its growth, a uniformly western path through the past ages. The corollary of course is the destined exaltation, and, still more, the solemn responsibleness for the world's well-being, of this country of ours over which the "star of empire" is now fast culminating. The epochs which pass successively under review, as marking the stages of progressive civilization and also its westward march, are the Age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo X., and of Washington, representing respectively the eras of sensuous though artistic civilization, of the supremacy of military power, of the inventions that transformed society in the Middle Age, and of the principles of universal freedom inaugurated with the American Revolution. Had we undertaken the same task, these would not have been our epochs, and a large part of our labor would have been devoted to what Dr. Magoon treats very cursorily, the westward movement of civilization in the ages before Pericles, and before the civilized occupancy of the Grecian peninsula. But our author's arrangement has served for the grouping of a very large number of the typical facts of history, with comments always worthy of regard, often original, often striking and impressive. The work, too, is redolent of a cheerful faith in Providence, hope for man, Catholic sympathies, and enlarged philanthropy.

---

15. — *Lays of a Lifetime. The Record of One Departed.* New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 157.

We hardly know how to describe this beautiful book. It is a memoir without surnames, dates, or closely defined localities, — the sketch of a charming life, — not idealized, for all that is given us is lifelike, yet so full of character, and so meagre and fragmentary in incident, as to remind us of an angel's face painted upon a cloud. The narrative describes the budding, flowering, and maturity of a female spirit of wonderful sweetness, grace, and power, its manifestations of a more than earthly loveliness through weary months of slow and agonizing death, and its serene passage from death to life. The child "lisped

in numbers"; the wife and mother under the shadow of the grave breathed her thoughts of peace and Christ and heaven under the same inspiration. The poems of her life are tastefully inwreathed with the poem which her life was. By themselves they might not be deemed remarkable; as twined in this love-woven garland they have an inexpressible beauty, so manifestly are they the spontaneous flow of a nature pure, gentle, heroic, saintly; and as from the playful verses of childhood we pass on to the lyrics gushing from a heart that had already won its final victory and found its dawn of heaven before the last of earth, we seem to hear the strain prolonged behind the veil, echoed by the golden harps, and blending with

> "the unexpressive nuptial song
> In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

The book in its form and mechanical execution is in admirable harmony with its contents. Of rare and rich, yet simple and modest elegance, it is just such a memorial as befits the hidden life which it half reveals.

---

16. — *Designs for Parish Churches, in the three Styles of English Church Architecture; with an Analysis of each Style; a Review of the Nomenclature of the Periods of English Gothic Architecture, and some Remarks introductory to Church Building, exemplified in a Series of over one hundred Illustrations.* By J. Coleman Hart, Architect. New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 108.

We hardly feel competent to notice this splendid work, and should be glad to furnish room in some future number for its analysis by a professional hand. In a form which has not been surpassed in beauty by any American book, it presents the general features of Gothic Church Architecture, the requirements in shape, material, and symbolism of the essential parts, members and furniture of an adequate church edifice, and the distinguishing traits of the Early, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular English Style, with plates of perspectives, plans, elevations, and details in each style. Many of the details are applicable only to the architecture of the Episcopal Church; but the general principles, the outlines and proportions of the several models, and a large part of the more minute arrangements, deserve the careful study of all who would make the house of worship suggestive and typical of its sacred use, and would banish the shams and subterfuges of a grovelling utilitarianism from the precincts where the very

stones and timbers should betoken the sincerity and fervor of their consecration.

---

17. — *A Biographical Dictionary: comprising a Summary Account of the Lives of the Most Distinguished Persons of all Ages, Nations, and Professions; including more than Two Thousand Articles of American Biography.* By the Rev. John L. Blake, D. D. Thirteenth Edition. Philadelphia: H. Cowperthwait & Co. 1856. 8vo. pp. 1366.

It tells much for this work to say that its first edition appeared in 1835, and that the perfecting of it has been an object ever since held constantly in view by the author. Less attractive in form than the Appletons' Cyclopædia of Biography, and with less full and satisfactory articles on a few great names of every age, it has greatly the advantage of that work in proportion and completeness. Where that furnishes only the dates of birth and death, with an abbreviation sometimes ambiguous to denote the profession, this gives of the less important subjects all that for ordinary purposes of reference we need and seek. That, with its defects, has merits which send us often to its columns; this, could we have but one, we should prefer for a table-book. We have consulted it especially under German and American titles, and in both it seems to us rich and full beyond any other similar work within our knowledge. As to the American portion, we can bear testimony to the author's painstaking fidelity in seeking accurate information from first-hand authorities; and we doubt not that he has exercised equal diligence in the compilation of materials from other sources.

---

18. — *The Life and Recollections of John Howland, late President of the Rhode Island Historical Society.* By Edwin M. Stone. Providence: George H. Whitney. 1857. 12mo. pp. 348.

John Howland was born in 1757, and died in 1854. A native of Newport, he went to Providence in early boyhood as a barber's apprentice, and, with an interval of service in the army of the Revolution, he was a resident of that city for the remainder of his life. For many years he practised and adorned the profession to which he had been trained, and before he abandoned it he had become one of the most influential of citizens, a learned antiquary, an elegant writer, and

a leading member of the various associations of his adopted city and his native State. The Master's degree conferred upon him by Brown University in 1835 was fairly his due thirty years earlier. He is the acknowledged father of the public school system of Rhode Island, and was for many years engaged in the supervision of the public schools of Providence. He was identified, as a prime mover or as an energetic helper, with every public institution and benevolent enterprise that originated in the city, from his early manhood to his late old age. His public addresses were many, and of a high order of excellence. His diaries were minute and copious, comprehending much of the else unwritten history of Rhode Island, and many interesting details of his military service and experience. He was withal a consistent and devout Christian, for many years officiated as Deacon of the First Congregational Church, and honored this sacred function by a life of eminent purity and sanctity. Mr. Stone has done his work well and faithfully, and has prepared a biography which, with that of Amos Lawrence, we should rejoice to put into the hands of every young man in the land, as an exhibition of the power of self-culture, integrity, and piety to supplement the deficiencies of early training, to develop true greatness of soul and character, and to convert obstacles into helps, disadvantages into privileges.

---

19. — *Memoirs of Washington.* By MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 517.

THIS work is specially dedicated by the author to young readers; but many of every age will, we apprehend, enjoy it more than any other life of Washington. The only mark of its peculiar adaptation to those of tender years is the omission of many "details of battle and statesmanship, the cruelties of war and politics," and the insertion in their stead of numerous personal anecdotes, not a few of which now first see the light. The writer has succeeded better than any other biographer in vivifying the image and memory of Washington, and had the book been written by a member of his own family, it could hardly have furnished a more thoroughly lifelike exhibition of the great man. Mrs. Kirkland's skill and grace as a writer are too well known to need our praise. Suffice it to say, that she has never done herself more ample justice than now.

20. — *Canterbury Tales.* By HARRIET LEE. In two volumes. New York: Mason Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 363, 384.

THE first volume of Canterbury Tales, by Sophia and Harriet Lee, was issued in 1797, and was succeeded, at brief intervals, by four other volumes. This republication contains the Tales written by the younger sister, the superior genius of the two. In structure they resemble more nearly the Waverley novels than those of the last century. The style is somewhat overwrought, and occasionally approaches the Radcliffe vein; but, with this sole exception, it is characterized by purity, ease, and grace. The plots are highly artistic, and are developed with the skill of a master hand. By far the most striking of the series (and a story of more thrilling and tragic interest can hardly be found) is "Kruitzner," from which Lord Byron borrowed the characters, incidents, and much of the language for his drama of "Werner."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Annual Report to the Executive Committee of the Salem Provident Association, rendered December, 1856. By John Ball, City Missionary. Salem. 1857.

A Special Report of the Commissioner of Public Schools, on Truancy and Absenteeism in Rhode Island, made by Order of the General Assembly, at its May Session, 1856. By Robert Allyn, Commissioner of Public Schools. Providence. 1856.

Seventh Annual Report of the Association for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females. Boston. 1857.

Twelfth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell. 1857.

Reports of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, presented to the Corporation at their Annual Meeting, January 28, 1857. Providence. 1857.

Annual Report, presented to the American Antislavery Society, by their Executive Committee, at the Annual Meeting, held in New York, May 7, 1856. With an Appendix. New York. 1856.

First Annual Report of the North Middlesex Sunday-School Society, presented at the First Annual Meeting of the Society, held at Groton, Wednesday, October 8, 1856. By Augustus Woodbury. Lowell. 1856.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large, in the City of Providence, presented at a Public Meeting, held in Westminster Church, Sunday Evening, January 25, 1857. By Edwin M. Stone. Providence. 1857.

Thirty-ninth Annual Meeting of the Baptist Education Society, of the State of New York, held at Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y., August 17, 1856. With the Reports of the Board and Treasurer, and other Documents. Hamilton. 1856.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, in Boston, April 30, 1856; at Worcester, October 21, 1856. Boston. 1856.

Account of the Proceedings at the Inauguration of the State Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster, August 27, 1856; with Addresses by H. B. Rogers, Esq., Hon. G. S. Boutwell, and others. Boston. 1856.

Proceedings of the State Disunion Convention, held at Worcester, Massachusetts, January 15, 1857. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrington. Boston. 1857.

Annual Report to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan, made October 15, 1856, by Henry P. Tappan, D. D., LL. D., President of the Board. Ann Arbor. 1856.

An Address delivered before the Graduating Class of the Law Department of Hamilton College, July 16, 1856, by William Curtis Noyes. New York. 1856.

Liberal Education: an Address delivered before the Union Literary and Philalathean Societies of Hanover College at the Annual Commencement, August 6th, 1856, by James C. Moffat, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, Princeton. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan. 1857.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Meadville Theological School, for the Academical Year 1856 – 57. Meadville. 1857.

Religion and Education. An Oration delivered at the Annual Commencement of Iowa College, Davenport, July 30th, 1856. By the Rev. Truman M. Post, D. D., of St. Louis. Davenport. 1856.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Iowa College, for the Academic Year 1856 – 57. Davenport. 1856.

Seventh Annual Catalogue of the Corporation, Faculty, and Students of the Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. December, 1856. Oshkosh. 1856.

Harper's Story-Books. By Jacob Abbott. — No. 26. Aunt Margaret. — No. 28. Carl and Jocko. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857.

Catalogue of the Teachers and Students of the Newburyport Female High School, from December 19, 1843, to December 19, 1856. Newburyport: M. O. Hall. 1856.

A Sermon preached on Sabbath Afternoon, January 25, 1857, with reference to the Death of Nathaniel Davis, Ruling Elder in the Second Presbyterian Church, Albany. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Albany. 1857.

A Thanksgiving Sermon: delivered in the First Unitarian Church, Stockton Street, on Sunday Morning, November 23d, 1856, by Rev. R. P. Cutler. San Francisco. 1856.

A Sermon, preached in the First Church, Concord, November 9th, 1856, being the Sunday succeeding the Death of Hon. Samuel Hoar, LL. D., by the Pastor, Barzillai Frost. Concord. 1856.

Dying with our Friends. A Sermon on the Character of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., delivered in the West Church, Boston, Sunday, December 7, 1856, by C. A. Bartol. Boston. 1857.

Facts and Duties of the Times. A Sermon, delivered before the First Congregational Church, Chicago, Illinois. By Rev. G. W. Perkins. New York. 1856.

Sunday-School Instruction. An Address delivered before a Convention of the Sunday-School Society, at Salem, October 29, 1856. By George E. Ellis. Together with an Abstract of the Annual Report; an Appeal to Unitarian Parishes; the Constitution of the Society; and a List of Officers for the ensuing Year. Worcester. 1857.

Confirmation; or, Laying on of Hands: its Authority and Nature. By Rev. Samuel Fuller, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, Andover, Massachusetts. New York: Dana & Co. 1857.

Slavery and its Prospects in the United States. Cambridge. 1857.

Criminal Insane: Insane Transgressors and Insane Convicts. By Edward Jarvis, M. D., of Dorchester, Mass. Utica. 1857.

Case of Hon. Charles Sumner. By Marshall S. Perry, M. D., Boston. Boston. 1856.

Prayer for the Christian Life; adapted to the several Seasons of Morning, Evening, Closing Year, Trouble, Thanksgiving, New Year. Translated into Bengali by Rakhaldas Haldar, a Member of the Brahma Samaj. Calcutta. 1856.

The Wreck of the Golden Mary, being the Captain's Account of the Great Deliverance of her People in an Open Boat at Sea. A new Christmas Story, being a Christmas Number of Household Words. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856.

The Arctic Queen. New York. 1856.

The Arguments in Favor of the International Submarine Telegraph in the Senate of the United States. Prepared by Richard Sutton, Reporter. Washington. 1857.

Supreme Court of the United States. No. 7. — December Term, 1856. Dred Scott (a Colored Man) *vs.* John F. A. Sandford. Argument of Montgomery Blair, of Counsel for the Plaintiff in Error. Washington. 1857.

The American Church Monthly, Successor to "The True Catholic." Hugh Davey Evans, LL. D., Regular and Independent Contributor. The Rev. Henry N. Hudson, M. A., Editor. Vol. I., No. 1. January, 1857. New York: Edward P. Allen.

Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations. Edmund Flagg, Superintendent. Vol. I. Washington. 1856. 4to. pp. 827.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. I. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 802.

The Constitutional Text-Book: a Practical and Familiar Exposition of the

Constitution of the United States, and of Portions of the Public and Administrative Law of the Federal Government. Designed chiefly for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges. By Furman Sheppard. Philadelpha: Childs & Peterson. 1857. 12mo. pp. 324.

Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1857. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, etc. Together with a List of Recent Scientific Publications; a Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men; Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1856, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 406.

Memoir of Warren Colburn, written for the American Journal of Education. By Theodore Edson, D. D. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 1856. pp. 27.

Doubts concerning the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Addressed to the Christian Public. By Charles Hudson. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 41.

Yahveh Christ; or, The Memorial Name. By Alexander MacWhorter, Yale University. With Introductory Letter, by Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 179.

Our Grandmother's Stories, and Aunt Kate's Fireside Memories. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 132.

A New System of Phrenology. By John L. Hittell. New York: Calvin Blanchard. 1857. 12mo. pp. 96.

Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 375, 405.

Songs of Summer. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857. 16mo. pp. 229.

Poems, Original and Translated, by William W. Caldwell. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 276.

Pleasures of Religion, a Poem: in Two Parts. With other Poems. By O. Prescott Hiller. London: William White. 1856. 16mo. pp. 136.

Services at the Induction of William E. Starr, Esq., as Superintendent of the State Reform School at Westboro', January 15, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Albany Academy, 1856–57. Albany. 1857.

An Introduction to Theosophy, or the Science of the "Mystery of Christ," that is, of Deity, Nature, and Creature. Vol. I. Complete in itself. London: John Kendrick. 1856. 12mo. pp. 511.

The Tragedies of Euripides. Literally translated or revised, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, by Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church. In 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 402, 334.

The Science of Logic; or, An Analysis of the Laws of Thought. By Rev. Asa Mahan. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 387.

Jachin and Boaz; or, An Authentic Key to the Door of Freemasonry,

both Ancient and Modern. Calculated not only for the Instruction of every new-made Mason; but also for the Information of all who intend to become Brethren. Interspersed with a Variety of Notes and Remarks necessary to explain and render the whole clear to the meanest Capacity, to which is now added, a new and accurate List of all the English regular Lodges in the World, according to their Seniority, with the Dates of each Constitution, and Days of Meeting, to which is added, Masonry Dissected, by Samuel Prichard, and The Freemason's Winepress, consisting of Toasts, Sentiments, and Anecdotes. New York: William Gowans. 1857. 12mo. pp. 205.

The Schoolfellow; an Original Monthly Magazine for Boys and Girls. With Illustrations. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1856. pp. 438.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. In 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 1079.

Sermons. By Alvan Lamson. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 426.

El Gringo; or, New Mexico and her People. By W. W. H. Davis, late United States Attorney. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 432.

Kathie Brande, a Fireside History of a Quiet Life. By Holme Lee. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 339.

My Step-Mother; or, The Power of Love. By Sarah Roberts, Author of "My Childhood," "Our Opposite Neighbor," etc. New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 203.

The Old Farm and the New Farm: a Political Allegory. By Francis Hopkinson, Member of the Continental Congress. With an Introduction and Historical Notes, by Benson J. Lossing, M. A. New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 76.

The Children's Bread, in Crumbs, from the Master's Table. New York: Dana & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 220.

The Sinless One, or the Life Manifested. By Joshua T. Tucker. Boston: S. K. Whipple & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 324.

About New York: an Account of what a Boy saw in his Visit to the City. By Philip Wallys. Profusely Illustrated. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. pp. 102.

The Private Correspondence of Daniel Webster. Edited by Fletcher Webster. In 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. pp. 540, 575.

The Progressive First Reader, for Primary Classes in our Public and Private Schools; with Original Designs and Illustrations. By Salem Town, LL. D., and Nelson M. Holbrook. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, Bazin, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 112.

The Progressive Second Reader, for our Public and Private Schools: containing Exercises in Articulation, and Easy Lessons in Reading, Spelling, and Defining; with Original Designs and Illustrations. By Salem Town, LL. D., and Nelson M. Holbrook. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, Bazin, & Co. 1856. 16mo. pp. 208.

The Progressive Fifth or Elocutionary Reader; in which the Principles of

Elocution are illustrated by Reading Exercises in connection with the Rules; for the Use of Schools and Academies. By Salem Town, LL. D., and Nelson M. Holbrook. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, Bazin, & Co. 1856. 12mo. pp. 504.

The Inaugural Address of the Rev. J. G. Binney, D. D., as President of the Columbian College, D. C., Wednesday, June 17, 1855. Washington. 1857.

Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association; the Sixth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Mercantile Library Hall Company, of St. Louis, Mo. January 13 and 19, 1857. St. Louis. 1857.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By Dr. Hermann Olshausen, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. First American Edition. Revised after the Fourth German Edition, by A. C. Kendrick, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. To which is prefixed Olshausen's Proof of the Genuineness of the Writings of the New Testament, translated by David Fosdick, Jr. Vol. II. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 624.

Arctic Explorations and Discoveries during the Nineteenth Century. Being Detailed Accounts of the several Expeditions to the North Seas, both English and American, conducted by Ross, Parry, Back, Franklin, McClure, and others. Including the First Grinnell Expedition, under Lieutenant DeHaven, and the Final Effort of Dr. E. K. Kane, in Search of Sir John Franklin. Edited and completed by Samuel M. Smucker, A. M. New York: Miller, Orton, & Co. 1857. 16mo. pp. 517.

Science *vs.* Modern Spiritualism. A Treatise on Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General, and Spirits. Translated from the French of Count Agénor de Gasparin, by E. W. Robert, with an Introduction by Rev. Robert Baird, D. D. In 2 vols. New York: Kiggins and Kellogg. 1857. 12mo. pp. 470, 469.

Doré. By a Stroller in Europe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 386.

Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, presented to the Corporation at their Annual Meeting, January 28, 1857. Boston. 1857.

Familiar Astronomy, or an Introduction to the Study of the Heavens. Illustrated by Celestial Maps, and upwards of 200 finely executed Engravings. By Hannah M. Bouvier. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. 1857. 8vo. pp. 499.

Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa. By Charles John Andersson. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Dix, Edwards, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 433.

Step by Step; or Delia Arlington. A Fireside Story. By Anna Athern. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 1857. 12mo. pp. 448.

INDEX

TO THE

EIGHTY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

Addison, over-estimated, 506.
Aldrich, T. B., his Daisy's Necklace, noticed, 271.
Alger, William R., his Poetry of the East, noticed, 260.
Ampère's Histoire Romaine à Rome, characterized and quoted, 210 — its graphic power, 211.
Arctic Search, its results, 104 — a school of science, 107 — a discipline for character, 116 — a test of physical endurance, 119.
Art, aim of the Grecian, 385 — modified by Christianity, 388—mediæval, in contrast with the classic, 389 — relation of, to nature, 399.

Beaumarchais, article on, 122 — his early life, 124 — his introduction to the French court, 125 — his title of nobility, 126 — his first appearance as an author, 128 — his lawsuit with Count de la Blache, 129 — his entanglement with the Goëzmans, 130 — his employment as secret emissary in England, 131 — his part in American affairs, 135 *et seq.* — his waning fortunes, 143 — his death, 145.
Belcher, Sir Edward, his Arctic Voyage, reviewed, 95 — his inefficiency, 99.
Biography, article on, 406 — its conditions, 407 — its abuse, 411.
Blake, John L., his Biographical Dictionary, noticed, 575.
Bodenstedt, Friedrich, his works on the East, reviewed, 291 — his Persian pilgrimage, 292 — his acquaintance with Mirtsa-Schaffy, 294 *et seq.*
Bodmer's cultivation of English literature, 314.
Boker, George H., his Plays and Poems, noticed, 268.
British Essayists, article on, 502 — constituting a peculiar phasis of literature, 503 — their agency in the formation of style, 505 — in the diffusion of knowledge and taste, 509 — in the reformation of morals, 510 — in the revival of religious faith and reverence, 511 — Chalmers's editions of them, 513 — Little, Brown, & Co.'s republication of Chalmers, 514.
Burton, Richard F., his Pilgrimage to Medinah and Meccah, noticed, 256.

Cayley, C. B., his translation of Dante, noticed, 275.
Channing, Edward T., his Lectures, reviewed, 34 — his early life, 35 — his character as a teacher, 36 — his social character, 39 — his literary merit, 40 — his Lectures, quoted, 43 *et seq.*
Channing, Walter, his Physician's Vacation, noticed, 265.
Charicles, noticed, 263.
Child, Professor, his merits as an editor of the British Poets, 245.
Christmas, its worth as a holiday, 344.
Cleaveland, Backus, and Backus, their Village and Farm Cottages, reviewed, 146 — commended, 179.
Collier's Emendations of Shakespeare from the lately discovered Folio of 1632, their worth estimated, 186.
Convention for the Adjustment of Claims between the United States and Great Britain, Proceedings of, noticed, 277.
Curtis, George William, his Prue and I, noticed, 566.

Dana, Richard H., Jr., his Memoir of Professor Channing, quoted, 40 *et seq.*
Danish Sound Dues, article on, 48 — origin of, 49 — basis of, 50 — negotiations concerning, 52 — commission to regulate, 54 — proceedings of the United States concerning, 55 *et seq.* — plan for capitalizing, 65.
Danubian Principalities, article on, 70 — their geographical situation, 72 — their fertility, 73 — their climate, 74 — their population, 75 — their government, 78 — their religious affinities, 80 — their superstitions, 83 — their poetry, 84 — their

houses, dress, and manners, 84 — periods of their history, 86 *et seq.* — their future, 93.
Darley, Felix O. C., his Compositions from Margaret, noticed, 271 — reviewed, 535 — their surpassing artistical merit, 558.
De Foe's Robinson Crusoe imitated in Germany, 330.
Donne's Hymn in Sickness, 251 — his Sermons, 252.
Drayton's notice of Robin Hood, 18.

Eadie, John, his Analytical Concordance, noticed, 570.
Edersheim, Alfred, his History of the Jewish Nation, noticed, 564.
Edwards, Jonathan, his imaginative character and influence, 546.
Eliot, Samuel, his History of the United States, noticed, 276.
English literature, article on its influence on German literature, 311.
Esquimaux, the, their mode of living, 110 — their snow-houses, 112 — their character, 114.

Flagg, Wilson, his Studies in the Field and Forest, noticed, 267.
Florence Betrayed, by D'Azeglio, translation of, noticed, 254.
Franklin's imaginative character and influence, 548.
Fulton, Robert, Tuckerman's sketch of him quoted, 418, 420.
Gardiner, Frederic, his Commentary on Jude, noticed, 274.
Gerlach and Bachofen, their Roman History, reviewed, 227.
German literature, article on its indebtedness to English literature, 311.
Goethe's reverence for Shakespeare, 327.
Gordon, William R., his Threefold Test of Spiritualism, noticed, 258.
Goucourt, Edmond and Jules de, popularity of their *La Lorette*, 224.
Guizot, Guillaume, his *Alfred le Grand*, characterized and quoted, 208.
Gutch, Matthew, his edition of the Robin Hood Ballads, reviewed, 1.

Hall, Charles H., his Notes on the Gospels, noticed, 274.
Hart, J. Coleman, his Designs for Parish Churches, noticed, 574.
Henri IV. of France, Michelet's portrait of, 518.
Herder's interest in English poetry, 326.
Herrick, Robert, his Hesperides, reviewed, 484 — sketch of his life, 489 — style of his poetry, 493 — its classical flavor, 494 — compared with Catullus, 495 — his epigrams, *ib.* — his gnomic pieces, 496 — his descriptions of nature and rural life, *ib.* — his Oberon's Feast, 497 — his versification, 498 — his Epicureanism of sentiment, 499 — his love-songs, 500 — his Noble Numbers, 501 — his countenance, *ib.*
Hickok, Laurens P., his Empirical Psychology, reviewed, 364 — his division and treatment of the intellect, *ib.* — of the susceptibilities, 368 — of the will, 371 — his too technical style, 378.
Hitchcock, Edward, his Religious Truth illustrated from Science, noticed, 574.
Holidays, article on, 334 — indicative of national character, 336 — their conservative power, 340 — their indigenous origin and growth, 342 — commemorated by Lamb, 345 — their utilitarian character in America, *ib.* — those of various nations celebrated in New York, 349 — why lacking zest in America, 357.
Hooker, Rev. Thomas, his death-scene by Cotton Mather, quoted, 478.
Hudson, H. N., his edition of Shakespeare, reviewed, 183 — his annotations quoted, 195 *et seq.* — his biography of Shakespeare quoted and commended, 201.
Hunter's Tract on Robin Hood, reviewed, 1.

Independence, American, desecration of its anniversary, 352.

Janin, Jules, his *Histoire de la Littérature Dramatique*, reviewed, 521 — quoted on the influence of Shakespeare in France, 522 — his *Les Petits Bonheurs*, described and quoted, 529.
Jenks, Joseph W., his Rural Poetry, noticed, 275.
Johnson underrated, 506 — source of his peculiarities of style, 507.

Kane, Elisha Kent, his Arctic Explorations, reviewed, 95 — his equipment and embarkation, 101 — his adventures and sufferings, 102.
Kirkland, Mrs. C. M., her Memoirs of Washington, noticed, 576.
Klopstock's Messias, suggested and inspired by Milton, 318.

Lamartine's Entretiens Familiers, eloquence of the tenth number, 225.
Lamb, Charles, his relish for holidays, 345.
Landscape, article on, 146 — arts included in its improvement, 150 — unformed notions concerning it, 153 — falsities in its treatment, 158 *et seq.* — relation of art to it, 169 — what may be done for its improvement in America, 173 — Ruskin's theory of it, 382 — sources of pleasure in it, 383 — different attitude of the ancients and the moderns with regard to it. 384.
Latimer's mention of Robin Hood, 573.
Lays of a Lifetime, noticed, 573.
Lee, Harriet, her Canterbury Tales, noticed, 577.
Literary festivals in America, 355.
Loménie's Beaumarchais et son Temps, reviewed, 122.

Lowell, Anna C., her Seed-Grain for Thought and Discussion, noticed, 279.

Magoon, E. L., his Westward Empire, noticed, 572.
Massachusetts Bay Colonists. See *Oliver.*
Mather, Cotton, memoir of him in Sprague's Annals, quoted, 477.
Michelet's La Ligue et Henri IV., reviewed, 514 — his untrustworthiness as an historian, 515 — his portrait of Henri IV. quoted, 518.
Milton read and imitated in Germany, 316.
Mirtsa-Schaffy, his poems as translated by Bodenstedt, reviewed, 291 — his introduction to Bodenstedt, 294 — specimens of his poems, 296 *et seq.* — his first love, 298 — his second love and marriage, 307.
Mommsen, Theodore, his literary career, 231 — his Roman history, reviewed, 232 — his antiquarian learning, 233 — his theory of the transfer of magistracy in Rome, 237.
Moore, Thomas, grossly wronged by his biographer, 412.
Mornand, his *La Vie Arabe,* noticed, 561.
Morris, Gouverneur, Tuckerman's sketch of him quoted, 423.

New England, article on the Real and Ideal in, 535 — independent spirit of its early colonists, 537 — their devotion, 538 — their enterprise, 539 — their early literature, 542 — their love of nature, 544 — their idealization of common life, 553 — their poetry, 554.
New Year's Day, its celebration in New York, 356.

Oliver, Peter, his Puritan Commonwealth, reviewed, 426 — purpose of his book, 429 — his ancestry, 431 — his biases, 433 — his charges against the settlers of Massachusetts Bay, 437 — his view of the purport of their charter, 438 — of its transfer, 441 — of its perversion, 447 — of the Puritan laws and their administration, 449 — of their ecclesiastical policy, 451 — of their intolerance, 455 — of their treatment of the Indians, 465.
Olmsted, Frederick Law, his Journey through Texas, noticed, 565.
Ossian, admired and imitated in Germany, 321.

Payson, Rev. Seth, sketch of him by Rev. Dr. Robinson, quoted, 476.
Pearson, Rev. Eliphalet, sketch of him by Rev. Daniel Waldo, quoted, 475.
Peter, Carl, his Roman History, reviewed, 231.
Poetry, defined, 240—its historical office and value, 242 — especially in England, 243.
Poets, British, Little, Brown, & Co.'s edition, reviewed, 240 — its contents and merits, 253.
Popkin, Rev. Dr., Professor Felton's sketch of him, quoted, 473.
Potter, C. E., his History of Manchester, noticed, 266.
Puritan Commonwealth. See *Oliver.*

Rachel et le Nouveau Monde, noticed, 561.
Raguse, Maréchal de, his *Mémoires,* noticed, 533.
Reade, Charles, his It is Never Too Late to Mend, noticed, 280.
Robertson's Charles the Fifth, new edition of it, noticed, 281.
Robin Hood, article on, 1 — his life as gathered from the ballads, 3 — his death, 14 — popular commemoration of him, 17 — notices of him in old English literature, 18 — Thierry's theory concerning him, 20 — his probable history, 21 *et seq.*
Rosse, J. Willoughby, his edition of Blair's Chronological Tables, noticed, 262.
Ruskin, John, his third volume of Modern Painters, reviewed, 379 — his theory of landscape stated, 382 — discussed, 383 *et seq.*

Schiller's love of Shakespeare, 328.
Schwegler's Roman History, reviewed, 230.
Scribe's character as a dramatic writer, 218.
Sears, Edmund H., his Pictures of the Olden Time, noticed, 560.
Shakespeare's influence over German literature, 324 *et seq.* — his influence in France, 523.
Sheep-shearing in Nantucket, described, 350.
Sigourney, L. H., her Past Meridian, noticed, 279.
Singer's edition of Shakespeare, reviewed, 182 — described, 184.
Skelton, John, his character as a man, a priest, and a poet, 246 — his peculiar metre, 247 — illustrated by a specimen, 248.
Southey, Tuckerman's sketch of him, quoted, 421, 422.
Sprague, William B., his Annals of the American Pulpit, noticed, 272—reviewed, 469 — vast labor bestowed on the work, 470 — its promiscuous authorship and skilful editorship, 472 — affluence of its notes, 479 — its historical worth, 482.
Sterne's influence in German literature, 323.
Stewart, C. S., his Brazil and La Plata, noticed, 264.
Stone, Edwin M., his Life of John Howland, noticed, 575.
Storrs, Richard S., Jr., his Lectures on the Human Soul, noticed, 562.
Surrey, Earl of, his poetry characterized and quoted, 249.
Switzerland, popularity of English literature in, 315.

Thierry, Amédée, merits of his History of Attila, 206.

Thiers, his *Consulat et Empire*, considered as a military history, of great value, 214 — deficient in the dramatic element, 215.
Trench, Richard Chenevix, his Calderon, noticed, 569.
Tuckerman, Henry T., his Biographical Essays, reviewed, 406 — described and characterized, 416 — quoted, 418 et seq.
Turner, Samuel H., on the Epistle to the Galatians, noticed, 273.

Ubicini's Provinces d'Origine Roumaine, reviewed, 70.

Veron's Quatre Ans de Règne, reviewed, 531.
Villemain's Souvenirs Contemporains, noticed, 563.

Walton, Izaac, the model biographer, 414.
Washington's birthday, its appropriateness as the great national holiday, 362.
Wayland, Francis, his Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches, noticed, 269.
Whitehead, William A., his History of Perth Amboy, noticed, 278.
Wieland's studies and meditations of English literature, 324.
Worcester, J. E., his Historical Atlas, noticed, 276.
Words for the Hour, noticed, 567.
Wordsworth quoted as to the principles that should govern biography, 410 — his character open to biographical misconception, 411 — his sonnet to Izaac Walton, 415.
Wyatt, Sir Thomas, his poetry characterized and quoted, 250.

Young's Night Thoughts, popularity of, in Germany, 320.

JUN 6 1939